

AUGUST
1927

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



SPEAKING of MEN by INEZ HAYNES IRWIN
of WOMEN by ACHMED ABDULLAH

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AUGUST, 1927

A wonderful two years' trip at full pay— but only men with imagination can take it

ABOUT one man in ten will be appealed to by this page. The other nine will be hard workers, earnest, ambitious in their way, but to them a coupon is a coupon; a book is a book; a Course is a Course. The one man in ten has imagination.

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Thru other days the heads of accounting departments will guide you. On others, men who have made their mark in office management; on others, traffic experts, and authorities in commercial law and



credits. Great economists and teachers and business leaders will be your companions.

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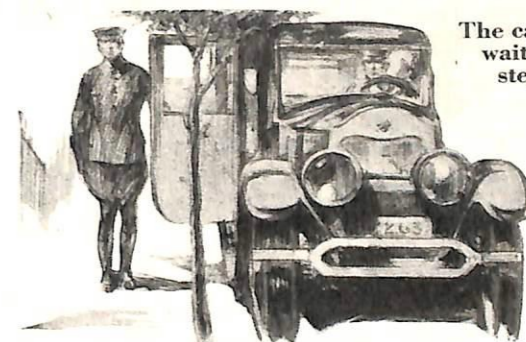
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Should PARENTS be SHOT at SUNRISE? By Albert Payson Terhune



WHAT further use are Parents, now-days, once their children have gone out into the world equipped for leading their own lives? Parents as Parents, must become extinct as soon as their parent-ing job is finished. So says Mr. Terhune in the September issue in "Should Parents Be Shot at Sunrise?"

TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR AUGUST

The Imperial Potentate's Page 7
Revenge

A woman and a ship battle
for a man's allegiance—By
Webb Waldron

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

Speaking of Women

Man's superiority in the
harem is a myth, says—
Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Rea Irvin

Speaking of Men

An answer to Achmed
Abdullah's "Speaking of
Women"—By Inez Haynes
Irwin

Illustrated by Rea Irvin

Just a Couple of Heroes

Two soldier boys who were
disgusted with the war—By
William S. McNutt

Illustrated by D. W. Robinson

The Barker

Broadway is talking about this play which shows
the crudeness and fineness of the Circus lot—By
J. Kenyon Nicholson

Cover Charges—and Nancy

An out-of-town boy who tried to fight New York's
charm—By Margaret Culkin Banning

Illustrations by Arthur D. Fuller

The Era of Chains

Some illuminating facts about Independents and
cash-and-carry stores—By Earl Chapin May

Illustrated by George Wright



Parents can avert the "shooting at sunrise" catas-trophe if they will follow the alluring alternative in

"SHOULD PARENTS BE SHOT
AT SUNRISE?"

By Albert Payson Terhune

In the September Issue

Mystery House

Peter Buchanan hears of a
father's treachery to the girl he
loves—By Leroy Scott

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

WITHIN THE SHRINE

Around the Caravan Campfire

—By Roe Fulkerson

The Shrine Editorials

Who's Who in Shrinedom

Activities of the Temples and

Other News Matter

—By J. Harry Lewis,
Fraternal News Editor

The Nobility at Atlantic
City

Syria Temple's Fiftieth
Anniversary

SHRINE SERVICE
DEPARTMENTS

Conducted by Mrs. Christine Frederick, nationally
known expert on Home-making

Ask Mrs. Frederick

Canning in a Cool Kitchen

Shrine Service Travel Bureau

Conducted by Anne C. Granbeck

Shrine Service for Investors

Advice on Financial Investments—By Jonathan
C. Royle

The "Just So" of Selecting an Oil Burner

Devices Tested by Shrine Service

Cover design by C. B. Falls

AUGUST, 1927

BIG MEN WHO KEEP "FIT" MENTALLY ~ An Explanation of Success



Judge Ben B. Lindsey,
Juvenile Court, Denver



Charles M. Schwab,
Financier



T. P. O'Connor,
"Father of the House
of Commons"



H. R. H. Prince Charles
of Sweden



Jerome K. Jerome,
author and dramatist



Sir Harry Lauder,
the famous comedian



Frank P. Walsh,
former chairman, Na-
tional War Labor Board

HERE is an explanation of suc-cess, with some weight of sci-entific authority behind it, and yet practical enough to be useful to everybody. We all realize the im-portance of being physically fit. Few of us, however, understand that it is equally, if not more important to keep fit—men-tally; to strengthen those particular mental faculties in us that may be weak or unde-veloped, just as we build up parts of the body that do not function properly.

It may seem difficult to do this. In fact, it has been proved to be quite easy, by means of a system of scientific mind-train-ing that has been used successfully by hun-dreds of thousands of people, in every walk of life. Among them are many of the most celebrated personages in the world. For lack of space, only a few of these notables are shown here. These men, and many others like them, not only advise that this method of keeping mentally fit be followed. They practise what they preach!

Big and Little Men

All of us are born with exceptional men-tal capabilities. The real difference between the great and the obscure, between the out-standing success and the self-condemned failure, is that one develops and makes use of his mental faculties; the other allows these faculties to remain unused and undeveloped.

The average man—the little man—prob-ably does not use one one-hundredth of his mental powers. His very senses are dulled by lack of use. He does not see nor hear a fraction of what goes on around him. He doesn't know how to reason properly. His powers of attention are completely un-trained, and his memory, therefore, is like a sieve. He is altogether lacking in any power of sustained concentration. When his mind is not a blank, it flits from one in-choate idea to another. Finally, he has no Will-Power, for seldom in his entire life has he used this God-given faculty. As a result he has become like putty in the hands of clear-thinking men who do know what they want.

Are such people fore-ordained to failure? Not if they have the intelligence to realize

By B. C. McCulloch
President, The Pelman Institute of America

their condition, and the "gumption"—there is no better word—to do something about it.

The Rise of a Great Idea

About twenty-five years ago, in England, a movement was set on foot to enable the average man to put to use in his own life some of the truths the science of psychology had discovered, especially with regard to the training of particular faculties.

The movement became known as Pel-manism, after the man who originated this simple and sane idea. It was not taken up by faddists, but (strangely enough to some people) chiefly by those who would seem to have needed it least—by men and women who were already highly successful.

Slowly Pelmanism spread—and then, with ever-increasing swiftness, to every corner of the civilized world. Today over 600,000 individuals, in every walk of life, from ruler to peon, have made use of this remarkable system of mind-training.

How to Exercise Mentally

Exactly what is Pelmanism? A great many people, knowing nothing of its sci-entific background, still think of it as some-thing hard to understand, obscure and somehow "unnatural." The fact is (as ex-plaind) it is nothing but the principles of psychology, developed into an understand-able system that can be used by anyone to develop his own particular mental faculties. This is done under the direction of a staff of expert and trained psychologists. Its pur-pose, in particular, is to strengthen those men-tal faculties which are undeveloped in you. It does this, mainly, by means of exercises.

The various muscles of your body develop only because you use them. The more you use them the better you can use them. Cease using them, and soon they become powerless. It is no different with your mental faculties.

By means of simple and fascinating exer-cises, done intelligently and in moderation,

under the guidance of expert instruc-tors, you find your senses sharpened, you find it possible to observe more, to remember more easily, to attend more keenly, to concentrate more deeply, to reason more logically, to imagine more vividly and, above all, to strengthen your will-power! You live a fuller and happier life in every way.

Finding Yourself

There is no space here to tell of the unnumbered cases of people, who had given themselves up as confirmed failures, and then found that all that was the matter was some undeveloped, untrained, unused men-tal faculty—that was easily and quickly strengthened by a few simple, natural, easy mental exercises! It is interesting to note that those who are helped in this way usually describe the change, enthusiastically, as "at last finding themselves."

If you are interested in knowing more about this remarkable system of keeping "mentally fit"; if you feel, like the notable men pictured here, that you are using but a fraction of your mental capacity—you are invited to send for a brochure which de-scribes Pelmanism more in detail. It gives many striking examples of what Pelmanism has done for people.

This brochure is called, "Scientific Mind Training." If you wish to have a copy, send the coupon below, or write a letter. Your request will involve you in no obligation.

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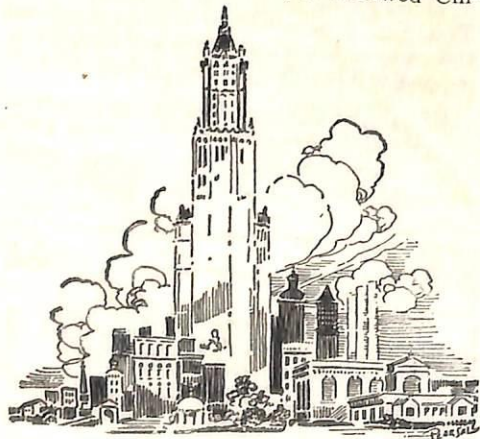
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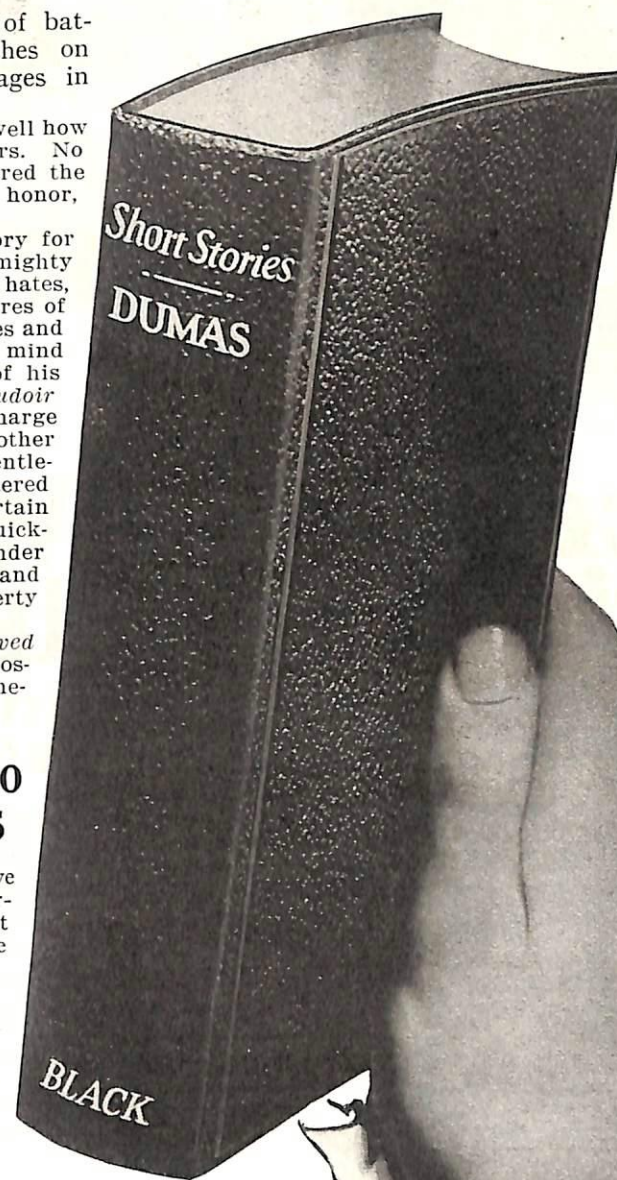
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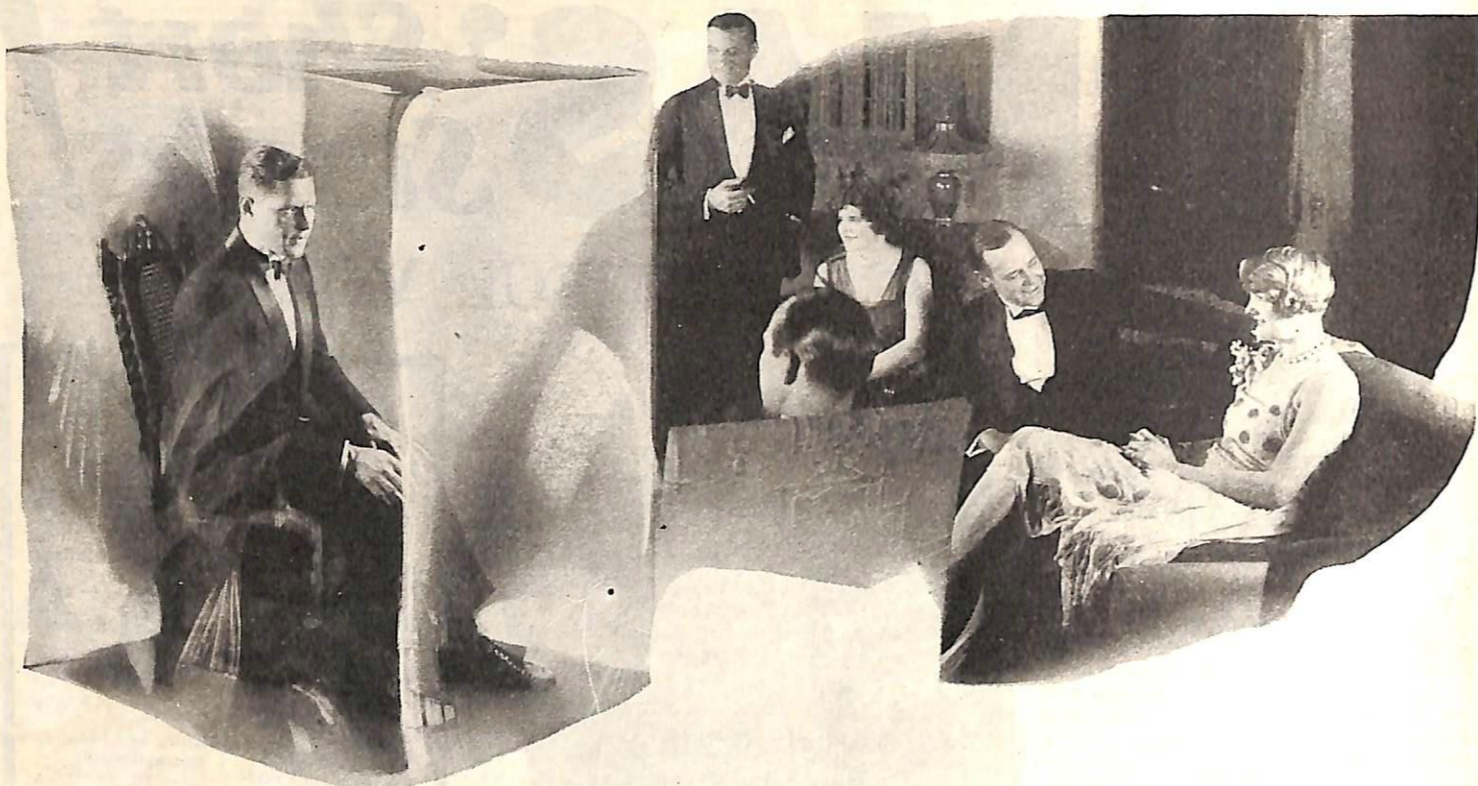
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I HAD always been painfully bashful. When trying to carry on even the most commonplace conversation my voice would sound unnatural and my hands and knees would tremble. Often I would listen to an argument among a group and become so keenly interested that I would want to voice my own opinion—yet timidity would keep me silent. I never had the courage to stand up for what I knew to be my rights—I was always afraid of "what people will say," or ridicule. Since my childhood I had had a secret desire to appear in public—to be active in politics—but my shyness was so great that I turned to ice when I tried to talk—in even the smallest gathering!

My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise—I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice—having to express myself. I didn't know how to present the ideas which I was sure the firm could use. I was just a plodder—a truck horse, capable of doing a lot of heavy work but of no use where brilliant performance was required. Often I would see men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I, promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1927

FROM YOUR IMPERIAL POTENTATE

Now comes the month to which we have been eagerly looking forward, when we leave our homes and go away to enjoy a long-looked-for and needed rest and vacation; away from care and the daily routine of work and business.

I love the month for I know at the end there will come to me many stories of how it was spent, especially from two of my very dear friends and associates in business.

One of them will come back with great stories of the true fisherman, how he, arising at four A. M., went forth for his daily sport and with small boat waited hour after hour, sunburned and hungry, but returning to camp at last tired but happy with the largest catch of the season. The other who walked in the same hot sun chasing the little white ball over hill and dale, across bunkers (and in them) and at last in the final tournament won the silver cup he so proudly displays to me.

Isn't it a great month to look forward to when we may have the vacation and pleasures we enjoy?

I hear of others who motor into different parts of the country visiting towns and cities they have never seen before, looking up old friends and making new to rejoin perhaps another year. Then those who go to the seashore, to mountains, and others who travel to other countries all pleasure bent to enjoy what is to their liking. But have any of you taken a day or two and visited the old home and met those who are near and dear to you, renewing old acquaintances of perhaps your school friends? That's the real pleasure of a vacation, to live again the days gone by and be for a while with those who still have our loving memories.

We are all going so fast now we should take all the vacations we possibly can to rest and refresh ourselves for the remainder of the year. And even in our vacation time we have opportunities as Shriners to do something for those less fortunate than ourselves. Did it ever occur to you that a ride for some little girl or boy whose parents can not take them from our cities or towns would be a memory never to be forgotten should you take them? Why not visit some camps for under-privileged children, taking with you something they will enjoy and show them that a great big Shriner man thinks a great deal of them? If you have a boat, give them a ride, if a camp, ask them to have lunch with you, if a farm, let them have your apples or any fruit you know they like. We all have so many ways of doing good for others that we should not forget them in our days of play and pleasure.

To me, it is going to be a month of travel into the mountains and to cities I have never visited before, and what a pleasure it will be to meet so many friends of long standing. May we renew those friendships and be for a while together in the bonds of fraternal love and kindness for one another, ever remembering the great principles of our Order and with the thought that with our joy and pleasures we have an underlying charity of which we are all so proud.

May Allah guide and protect you in your days of vacation and pleasure and return you in better health and spirits for your daily tasks which will be before you.

Yours in the true Faith,

Blair D. Dwyer
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



REVENGE

By Webb Waldron

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

JED STARK, second engineer of the Maritora, was bitterly in love with Sylvia Jespersion, the wife of his captain, old Dave Jespersion. Sylvia had taken several trips on the Maritora. She was a flighty blonde, eager for admiration, and undoubtedly she had flirted with Jed Stark. But Jed had no reason to think she was any way in love with him, or even really interested in him. Did Jed hope by the trick he played on Captain Dave to swing Sylvia's favor from the Captain over to himself? That seems hardly likely. In fact, Jed didn't think the thing out or plan it ahead at all. It wasn't in his nature. He simply snatched a suddenly offered chance to make Captain Dave ridiculous.

The Maritora had finished loading at the Missabe Dock and in midforenoon was ready for a quick get-away. But just as Captain Jespersion was leaving the company offices on Superior street to hustle to his ship, he got a telephone message that his Chief Engineer, Charley Crandall, couldn't crawl out of bed. Crandall had been groaning with sciatica all the way up the lakes. He told Jespersion that his family doctor and a day's rest in bed would set him up. But it hadn't.

"Oh, damn the luck," exclaimed George Calcutt, the Vice-President. "We'll probably have a heck of a time picking up another engineer here in Duluth today. Who's your second engineer, Cap?"

"Jed Stark."

"Is he capable of handling the engines?"

"Yes. Good bright steady boy."

"All right, it's up to you. Maybe you can pick up an engineer in Buffalo. Go to it. I want you to squeeze in three trips on wheat before the ice comes."

"You bet I want to."

Captain Dave took a taxi to the dock. The minute he reached his cabin, he telephoned aft to the engine-room for Jed Stark.

Jed, slim and dark, his hands smeared with grease, his black hair glistening in the soft October light that wavered across the harbor, hurried forward along the deck.

Captain Dave, a big lumpy man with a round smooth face and pale blue eyes, was striding up and down his sitting-room, chewing a ragged cigar.

"The Chief's laid up," he announced. "Can you handle the engines, Jed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Calcutt put it up to me whether I'd trust you with the responsibility. I suppose the coal's all right. The Chief said we had plenty to reach the Soo."

Just then Sylvia Jespersion, in a fluffy blue chiffon, appeared

in the doorway of the captain's cabin. Jed didn't know whether she was aboard or not. He had seen her go ashore with the Captain when the Maritora docked the day before and she might have stayed ashore with her mother, who lived here in Duluth.

"Why, hello, Mr. Stark!" she chattered.

"How-do," Jed growled.

"The Chief said there was plenty coal to reach the Soo," Jespersion persisted.

The devil of mad jealousy leaped up in Jed and almost choked him. He hesitated, then said slowly:

"Yes, sir."

It was a lie. Jed knew there wasn't enough coal to reach the Soo. Charley Crandall's one weakness was an optimism about coal. He always imagined that he burned less than he did and had more in the bunkers than he had.

"I'm mighty glad we got enough," Captain Dave exclaimed. "If we hadn't, we'd have to wait over here till day after tomorrow. Neither Berwind nor Hanna nor Pittsburgh has got a ton and they won't have till the Sturdevant gets in on Thursday. All right, let's go."

Jed turned with a flash of a glance at Sylvia, strode out of the cabin, ran down the ladder and aft to his engines.

"Coming up, Sylvy?"

Captain Dave climbed the steps to the pilot house, stuck his head out of the window and bawled to the first mate to cast off the lines, then rang half speed astern. The long lean Maritora quivered, then moved slowly out from the shadow of the great ore-dock.

A soft blue haze lay on the bluffs that towered behind Duluth.

"Steady! Keep her on the buoy!"

The wheelsman spun his wheel, the Maritora glided on at half-speed through the Duluth-Superior bridge, then swerved to port. Ahead lay the long, low sandbar that divides Duluth Harbor from open lake. In the sandbar appeared a narrow gap—the ship channel.

"Full speed ahead," Captain Dave telegraphed.

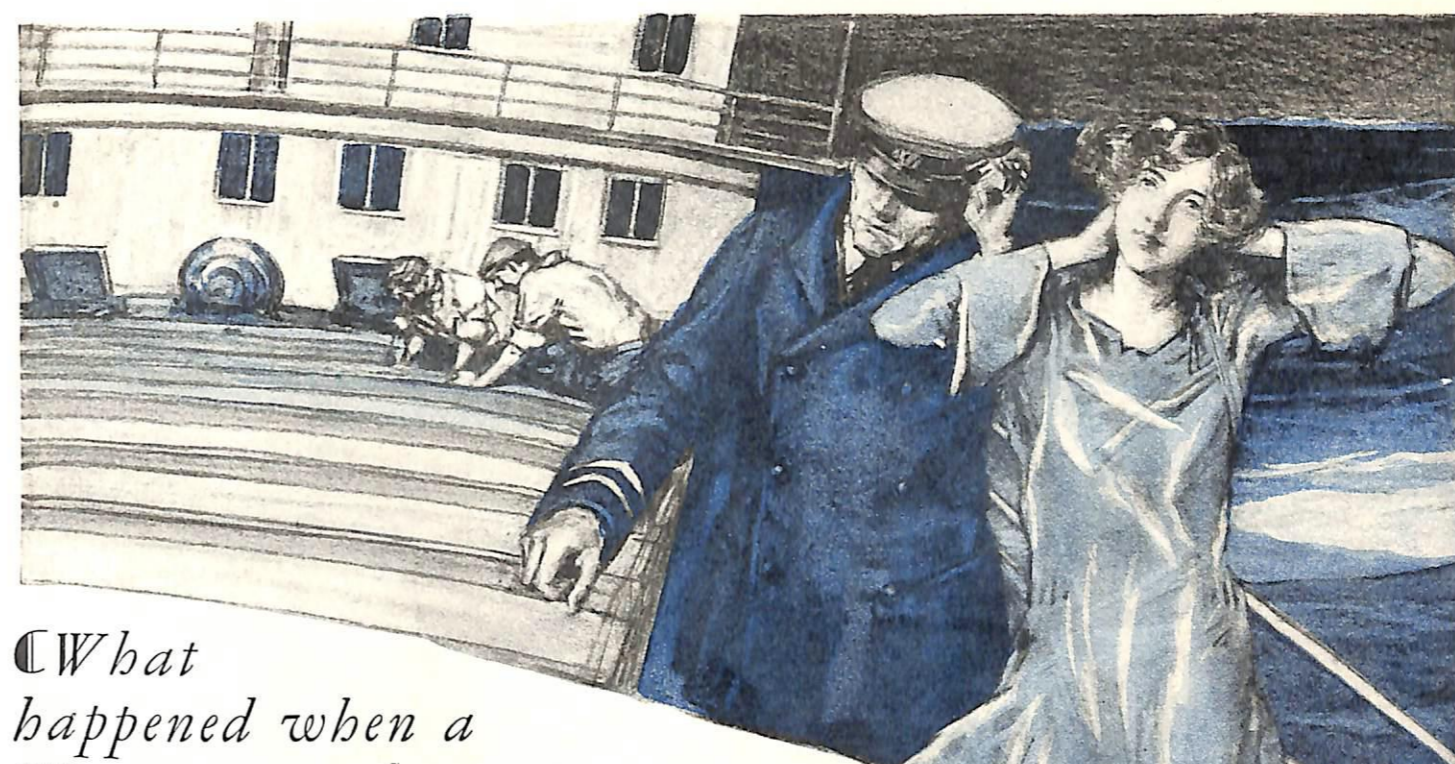
The Maritora shot through the gap.

"Why, Dave," exclaimed Sylvia, staring out over the great blue lake, "look how flat it is! Not even the teeniest waves!"

"But it looks as if we might have some wind," Captain Dave said slowly, just as Sim Richards, the first mate, entered the pilot-house. "Think so, Sim?"

Richards, desiccated and fifty, a man with master's papers who had never had a ship, gazed sourly ahead.

"Mebbe."



What happened when a Woman came between a Sailor and His Ship

"It's a good thing we got enough coal to reach the Soo," said the Captain.

"Yes, sir."

"Coming to dinner, Sylvy?"

"Yes, Dave."

Sylvia ran down into the cabin, powdered her nose, fluffed her bob up above her ears a little more bewitchingly, and pranced on her high heels down the long narrow lane of deck between the hatches and the rail. Captain Dave walked heavily behind her. Two deck hands, finishing up the clamping of the tarpaulins, watched Sylvia slyly and desirously out of the corner of their eyes. Sylvia was vividly aware of their gaze and gloried in it.

In the dining-room, Gustavsen, the second mate, hunched over his plate, gobbling an apple dumpling. The other chairs were empty.

"I'm glad we got enough coal to reach the Soo," Captain Dave said, as he and Sylvia sat down. "We'll pick up enough in the river to take us to Buffalo and scoot right on. Sylvy, I believe if I can make three more trips before navigation closes, I'll beat out Stewart for the bonus."

Sylvia was not listening. She was looking across the table at Jed Stark's empty chair and wondering why he was not here to worship her through his brooding black eyes.

Down in the engine room, Jed paced back and forth in front of his throttle.

Just when would he go up forward and announce that Crandall had been wrong—that there wasn't enough coal to reach the Soo? Well, he'd wait till night—till the Maritora was well past Devil's Island. By that time, there wouldn't be enough coal left even to get back to Duluth. The Cap would have to wireless for a tug to come out and tow him in, or else signal some upbound vessel to give him a tow. What a laugh would roll up and down the lakes! Everybody knew that Captain Dave was racing to win the bonus offered to the captain of the vessel that earned the biggest profit for the season on the Great Lakes Navigation Line. And now, stuck out in open lake, with no coal, towed in, two days lost, maybe three—that would queer him sure! His rival, Captain Tom Stewart, would cop the bonus again. And what a howl of laughter! Sylvia would laugh too, you bet she would. Revenge on Captain Dave for possessing that maddening unattainable little devil, Sylvia. To know that Sylvia would laugh too was enough pay for losing his job, yes, even for being blacklisted on the lakes, and maybe that's what the Cap would do to him. What of it? He'd quit the lakes and go back to an engine room on shore. Or else go down to salt water. The farther away from Sylvia and the torture of her the better.

For four hours the Maritora drove on through a flat pale blue sea. Her course was roughly parallel to the high North Shore, but gradually diverged from it. Now, in late afternoon, those towering bluffs were twelve or fifteen miles distant, shadowy in autumn haze.

Imperceptibly, as the afternoon drew on, a saffron cloud in the northeast crept upward till it touched the zenith and cast a queer yellowish light on softly rippling Superior. As yet there wasn't even a breeze. Then, suddenly, out of the northeast came a sharp cold puff of wind. For all the world like a gust from the icy outdoors in a warm room. Then another. Then quiet again. And then a strange thing happened. A long

Sylvia, fluffing her bob bewitchingly, pranced down the deck, vividly aware of the sly glances of the deck hands and glorying in it.

low wave came from somewhere, passed under the ship and vanished. Then another. Then another. And quite abruptly the soft rippling surface changed into a long smooth oily roll. It was vaguely menacing, the great lake rolling from horizon to horizon under the immense windless arch of saffron sky. The deckhands paused at their scrubbing, stared upward uneasily. Captain Dave walked out on the bridge, gazed around at sea and sky, came back and descended into his sitting-room to stare once more at the glass.

"By God, down to 29.20 and still dropping! But where's the wind? Them waves look more like the left-over of a blow than something ahead of one."

Jed felt the Maritona's roll. Curious, a little uneasy, he climbed the engine-room ladder. He halted at the door of the gangway, staring. What had happened? Had the Maritona jumped into another world? And then, as he stood there staring, the wind came.

A blast that riffled the crests of the long rollers into foam.

Dazed, Jed walked to the rail.

This wasn't quite so funny.

The door of the galley slammed like a pistol shot. The mate's yell came barking down the wind. A deckhand ran forward. A sliver of spray flicked Jed's cheek.

No, this was not so funny. How had it come up so quick? If he only hadn't stayed down in the engine-room these four straight hours, never once stuck his head on deck! He turned, climbed down the ladder and crawled on into the stoke-hole. The two stokers on the watch gave Jed an odd look. He brushed past them and peered into the bunkers, climbed back into the engine-room, took another turn in front of his throttle. Then, with sudden decision, he climbed again to the deck and ran forward. In these few minutes, the wind seemed to have doubled in violence. Jed galloped up the steps of the forward deck-house and his fist clattered on the captain's door.

"Come in!" Captain Dave sat in a straight chair at a little table directly under the barometer, jerkily playing solitaire. In the big easy chair in the far corner lay Sylvia, reading a novel. Captain Dave slapped down a card, glanced up at the glass, then around at Jed.

"Captain," Jed gasped, "I—" His gaze wavered toward Sylvia; he would have given a million to have had Sylvia out of hearing, but there was not a second to waste—"Captain,



"I—I was wrong! There isn't enough coal to reach the Soo!"

"What?" "There's hardly more'n eight tons down there. Maybe less."

"Well, for God's sake!" With one stride, Captain Dave reached the stairs and bounded up into the pilot-house.

Sylvia dropped her book. Slowly she stood erect.

This was to have been Jed's moment of triumphant revenge, when Sylvia was to have laughed the captain to scorn. Instead, she stood there, staring at Jed in bewilderment.

"Did you know there wasn't enough coal, Mr. Stark?" "I, I—" his tongue twisted between lie and truth—"I hoped there was enough."

"You're funny!" Then she laughed. But her laugh was not at the captain. It was at Jed, a tantalizing mocking laugh.

Jed wanted to stride to her, to seize her in his arms, kiss her or choke her or both. But, with an iron effort, he forced himself to turn, forced himself step by step to the stairs and up into the pilot-house, with her mocking laugh tingling in his ears.



(This was to have been Jed's moment of triumph, when Sylvia was to have laughed the Captain to scorn. "Captain," he gasped, his head down, "I was wrong. There isn't enough coal!")



windows, at every moment nearer the proportions of a gale. In a blow on rocky-shored Lake Superior, the proper seamanship is to stand out to mid-lake and ride it out. But — without coal! Suppose this should turn out to be one of those terrific autumn blizzards that have snatched such a toll of lives and ships on the unsalted seas? How long could he breast it before the fuel was gone and he drifted helpless to be tossed on rocky Keweenaw or the savage North Shore?

Would it — or wouldn't it — be better to take a chance, the chance of reaching the nearest port before the coal gave out?

"All right," Captain Dave snapped, "get back there and give her all she has! Port your helm!"

The wheelsman spun his wheel, the Maritona swung to westward and headed quartering across the seas.

Jed, scrambling aft, felt the ship's sudden roll. A quartering sea, flopping through the

low wire fence, caught him across the knees, flung him down on to a hatchway, then sucked him back toward the icy lake. He snatched the wire fence, hung on till the wave had passed, then picked himself up and ran on, drenched. He fell rather than climbed down the engine-room ladder.

"Fire up!" he shouted into the stoke-hole. He peered up at the steam gauge, then shoved his throttle open to the last notch. A shiver ran through him from head to foot, but not from his drenching. What if there shouldn't be enough coal to make Two Harbors? What if the ship, her engines useless, should be hurled upon the North Shore and lost with all hands? Yes, a revenge, a fine revenge!

"By God, Crandall's a damn careless cuss! Why did he tell me he had enough coal? I ought to have checked on him myself. Jed ought to have. I'm surprised at Jed. I thought he was a careful young fellow!"

"Careful?" Sylvia thought of Jed's black eyes smouldering at her.

"He always seemed so," growled Captain Dave.

He ran up into the pilot-house again.

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10

Low in the angry west blazed a sudden crimson streak, then swiftly died, and darkness fell upon the lake.

The wind had climbed to a howling sixty-mile gale that ripped the crests off the seas and flung them horizontally to leeward. Each time the Maritora slewed down in a trough, a following wave went clean across her deck diagonally from starboard to port.

"No dinner tonight, boys, I'm afraid," said Captain Dave. "I was going to have the cook try to bring us up a basket of grub, but no man can live on that deck."

Again and again Jed Stark ran up to the deck to peer ahead through the gale. Then, at last, a white flash on the horizon—Two Harbors Light. Then the red flash of the light on Two Harbors breakwater.

"Thank God," he breathed, "we've made it!" He slid down the ladder and ran into the stoke-hole.

"Shovel it in!" he yelled. "Are we almost there, Dave?" called Sylvia from the cabin where she was slipping into her negligée. "It hops and bumps so!"

"Yes, we'll be inside the breakwater in a little while, dear."

Then, suddenly, something amazing. The two lights ahead dimmed, vanished! Captain Dave, the mate, the wheelsman, gaped, astounded. The captain ran to the door, wrenched it open. Javelins blinded him.

Snow! The door was flung shut in his face.

The lights emerged slowly as two blurs, then vanished again, as utterly as if they had been switched out.

"My God, you can't see anything!" "Not a damn thing."

THE mate ran around the wheel and lowered the center window. The three men strained their eyes into the whirling white curtain. It hid even the bow of the ship, thirty feet away.

The captain reached out his arm to the telegraph and rang down to half.

"How far are we from the breakwater, Cap?"

"Less than a mile, Sim."

The ship plunged on, blind, through the roaring blizzard.

"God," the captain ejaculated at last, "I never thought it would turn to snow! I don't dare risk it, Sim. We'd run on to the breakwater or the rocks, sure."

"What'll we do, sir?"

For a minute the captain stood there, clutching the chart-table. He seemed stunned.

Then slowly his hands moved and lifted the engine-room telephone.

"How much coal you got left, Jed?"

"About three tons, Captain."

"Well, spin it out as long as you can."

"Yes, sir."

What did the captain mean by that? There was plenty coal to get inside the breakwater.

Just at that instant Jed felt an unexpected lurch of the ship, as if her course was sharply changed.

"What to hell's he doin'?" demanded Alf Ehmke, the third engineer. "Feels like he's swinging her right around!"

"I'll run up and see," exclaimed Jed.

Before he reached the top of the ladder, he felt the blast of snow whirling through the gangway. Blinded, he peered out into the storm. The lights of Two Harbors vanished!

The wind on the port beam instead of the starboard quarter! In a flash, he realized what had happened. The Cap had headed her round for open lake. And that meant—what?

"We'll keep her on this course half an hour. That'll set us six or seven miles off shore. Then we'll come round on the course to Duluth."

"Yes, sir."

What else was there to do except run with the blizzard back into the narrowing western end of the lake? Of course the coal would give out long before they reached Duluth. But the blizzard would carry them on and in two hours or so hurl them on Minnesota Point, that narrow sand-bar that divides Duluth Harbor from the open lake. But better than that be smashed on the fangs of this North Shore. If they went on the sand-bar, most of the crew and perhaps all would probably get ashore alive . . .

"Sorry, Sylvy, we can't get into Two Harbors. We're going

back to Duluth." Captain Dave stooped over the bed and stroked Sylvia's blonde bob. "And you haven't had any dinner! I thought we were going to be inside Two Harbors breakwater in just a little while and the steward could bring us up something."

"Never mind, Dave. I finished that box of chocolates, so I'm not hungry. Say, Dave, dear—"

"Yes?"

"I guess when we get back to Duluth, I'll get off the boat and stay with mother till the season's over. I don't like this tumbly weather."

"All right, Sylvy."

Captain Dave stooped and kissed her hair and stole out of the cabin.

"GOOD God, look at that!" The mate stared. The Maritora's bow was lifted on one wave, her stern on another, and her midships seemed to hang in midair.

"She won't stand much of that," said the wheelsman, shaking his head. "I'll tell the cross-eyed world she won't! These lake boats ain't built for it!"

Now the midships was lifted on a crest and bow and stern hung in midair.

"Woo!"

A solid wave went right over the aft deck-house, smashed in a gangway door and came down into the engine-room. And just then Jed heard a frightened cry from the stoke-hole.

"What's the matter?"

A stoker pointed upward to the cargo bulkhead. Between two slightly buckled plates came a tiny gush of water.

Jed ran back to the telephone.

"Captain, there's water in the cargo hold!"

Captain Dave made his way down through the forecabin, where the deckhands huddled frightened in the gangways peering out at the storm, on through the windlass room and down a ladder into the cargo hold.

He flashed his torch. Above were the great arched steel girders spanning the ship from side to side. Below was the red ore, mountainous heaps of it stretching the length of the ship. And yes, there was water, two or three feet of it, sloshing about in the valleys of the ore. As he stood there, he felt the bow and stern lifted again on the crests of two waves, felt the sag of the midships, the crackle and groan of beam and girder, the stretch of plates, the tugging grip of ten thousand rivets, and then their slow relentless shear—the invisible gush of water through the ship's bottom.

"God, it's coming in fast!"

He climbed back into his sitting-room, peered in at Sylvia sleeping amid all this roar and smash, a yellow tousle of hair on the pillow. He tiptoed to her.

"Sylvy."

"Y-yes."

"Guess maybe you better get up."

"Oh, Dave, I'm so sleepy."

EVERY time the bow rose on a wave, it came up more heavily, every time it went down, it sank deeper.

The two lifeboats on the aft deck-house had both been torn out of their davits and carried away, but on the forward deck-house were lashed two life-rafts, over which waves and spray had frozen a coating of ice.

"Sim, take a couple men and go down there and chop loose them life-rafts. Get 'em all ready."

"A life-raft's no damn good," the first mate muttered under his breath. "Might as well jump in the lake."

"As soon's you got 'em ready, let me know."

"Yes, sir."

"No, no, can't stay in there any more—she's sinking—drown like rats—"

The stokers came crowding out of the stoke-hole.

"All right," said Jed. "Go on up! You, George, go on up too, and you Alf and Jack," he said to the third engineer and the two oilers. "I guess we're going to sink. You'll be caught like rats down here, all right."

"But what about you, Mr. Stark?"

"Never mind me—go on! I'm sticking here."

Sylvia came up into the pilot-house wrapped in a long coat. Captain Dave was at the wheel alone. "Will you hold the wheel a minute, Sylvy? Hold it steady, right there. I got to 'phone aft to those boys in the engine-room and the stoke-hole to get out. If we sink, they'll all be caught like rats."

"Dave, we going to sink?"

"I don't know, Sylvy. I pray God not! Hello! Hello! 'phone's dead!"

A wave lifted the propeller out of water. Madly the engine began to race. Jed leaped to his throttle, throttled her down sharply.

As Jed toiled alone in the stoke-hole he realized he was trying to square himself with the ship for his treachery to it.



then ran into the stoke-hole—which was awash with a foot of water—flung open a fire-door, drove a shovel into the tiny pile of coal in the corner, tossed the shovel into the furnace, slammed the fire-door, ran on to the next, flung a shovel into that, slammed it shut and then scurried back to his throttle.

"They've got a life-raft ready, Sylvy. Now you put this coat on over yours and go down there with Sim. He'll tie you to it."

"Aren't you coming, too, Dave?"

"No, I got to stick here in the pilot-house, Sylvy. You go ahead with Sims."

"Well," Sylvia's little slender body grew taut, "I stick here with you! Of course I do!"

A strange figure, sheathed in ice, peered down from the top of the ladder into the engine-room.

"Jed! Come up out of there!"

"Captain, how'd you get here?"

"Crawled down the deck on my hands and knees! I come

to get you boys out of here! Come on, Jed!"

"I got to stick here, Cap!" Jed yelled back against the roar of engines and storm. "Say, Cap!"

"What?"

"Found almost two tons of anthracite up in the cook's galley! Lowered it down in buckets! Helped a lot! And Cap! Look here! Got a hose and pump rigged up sucking the water out of the stoke-hole! Sucks it out almost as fast as it leaks in!"

"Jed! Listen!"

"What!"

"There's twelve feet of water in the cargo hold! She can't ride much longer! Come out!"

"No, I stick here, Cap. I got to keep the screw turning as long as there's a scrap of coal left!"

"Never mind the damn engines! We'll let her drift and hope to God she floats till she hits Minnesota Point! Come on!"

The captain started up the ladder again. "I got to get back for'ard quick! She's up there in the pilot-house alone! Come on, Jed!"

"Captain!"

"What!"

"Captain! Listen! I knew there wasn't enough coal! I told a damn lie—"

"Shut up with that, Jed! You're off your nut!"

"I did!"

"Shut up! Men don't lie about things like that! You coming?"

"No!"

"You damn fool, Jed! Well, I got to go!"

He vanished.

And as the Maritora wallowed on through the night something new and strange was born into Jed Stark's soul.

When Jed had got a job on a lake freighter two years before, it had been merely another job. No different from any job he had held in stoke-holes or engine rooms on shore. The ship had meant no more to him than a factory. And all these two seasons on the lakes it had never become anything else.

But now, as he toiled down there alone, leaping from throttle to stoke-hole and back again, into Jed dawned a dim realization of the meaning of a ship to a man. A ship is not like a factory or an office building, or any other of man's creations. It has a personality and individuality of its own. It demands allegiance. When Jed told that lie about the coal, he was unwittingly doing something far more despicable than playing a trick on his captain. He was being disloyal to a ship. The trick marked him as a landsman to whom a job is a job.

But now, dimly at first, then more vividly, the utter treachery of his act dawned on him, and as he toiled he was, without quite knowing it, struggling to square himself with the ship. Even the captain and Sylvia up in the pilot-house became unimportant. He had heard the captain say that there was no chance of saving the ship, that the best he could hope for was to beach her, yet Jed worked on in the blind desperate belief that somehow his efforts could save the ship. But how could they?

"God," said Captain Dave, "it's over three hours since we saw Two Harbors Light. We ought to be right on top of Minnesota Point this minute. It's wonderful how Jed has spun that coal out! If this damn snow would only lift half a second—"

"Dave, look!"

Right out of the raging snow and leaping seas flashed two lights, straight ahead, only a ship's length beyond the bows. A great wave lifted the Maritora and carried her straight between the two lights. Down she [Continued on page 57]

Illustrations
by Rea Irvin



Speaking of WOMEN

Achmed Abdullah,
himself a Moslem, smashes
the old myth about man's
supremacy in the harem

I USED to wonder why, when the conversation—as it will—switched to the discussion of women, my American friends would turn to me and ask my opinion on the subject, as if I were a Delphic Oracle in matters of the other sex. After all, my facial beauty is not exactly the sort which would launch a thousand ships, would in fact hardly launch a dozen; and my figure—well—I am rather what a kindly soul would call a “stylish stout.”

Still—there would be the recurrent appeal to my wisdom: “Well—let’s hear what *you* have to say, old man!”

And, presently, I discovered the reason.

Quantity—not quality!

I mean, I am an Asiatic, a Moslem. My people practise polygamy. We have harems.

A thrill in the very word, isn’t there?

Maybe to you!

Not to me!

For—I know!

There are a good many American husbands who imagine—and, I am afraid, envy—the average Oriental husband as a sort of Benito Mussolini and who have an idea that, returning in the evening from whatever business he is engaged in or from such quaint national pastimes as slaughtering Armenian babies or burning Greek villages, he removes his turban, kicks the cat, and commands:

“Fatima—my pipe!”

“Zuleika—my slippers—get a move on!”

“Habeebah! O Habeebah! One of those—you know—with a drop of absinthe!”

“Fan me, Ayesha!”

“Look here, Mabrouka! Go light on the garlic when you mix the salad dressing . . . I’m going out tonight. Where! None of your business!”

“Surge about, everybody! Get busy!”

And to a large, frizzy-haired, scarlet-burnoosed Nubian: “I say! Let me have a peep afterwards at the new batch of Circassian slave girls I picked up the other day at Ali Mustaffa’s bargain counter!”

What an attractive picture—and how I wish it were so! But alas!—it isn’t so.

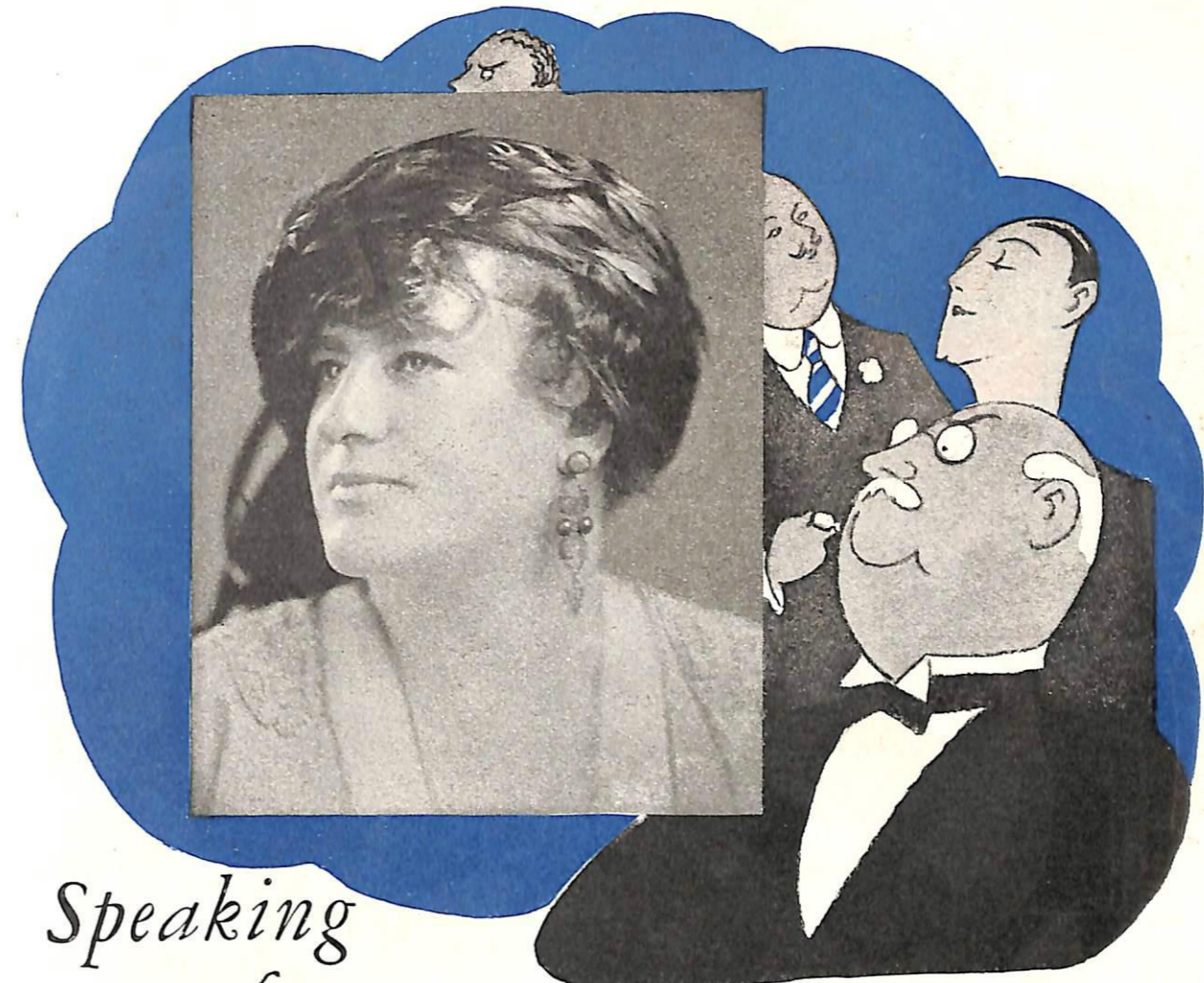
Not at all.

Man is not the boss of the harem. Nor is the harem the slightly wicked and altogether romantic thing pictured by missionaries and by writers of the “Sheik” school of fiction. A harem is nothing more exciting than the part of a Moslem’s house reserved for his wife, daughters, mother and grandmothers if widowed, female servants, and odds and ends of impecunious women relatives. The latter are usually elderly and unattractive since, if they were young and attractive, they would have husbands, and therefore harems, of their own. And the boss of the harem, in fact of the whole ranch, is—who do you think?

I’ll tell you.

Grandmother!

Yes, though Hollywood gnash its teeth and more than one motion picture “heavy” loses his job and the Foreign Mission Board throw at my unrepenting head a genteel synonym for Liar, I repeat: said boss is not a large, bewhiskered, hook-nosed, turbaned gent with a couple of crooked daggers in his waist shawl and no conscience to speak of, but a little old woman, dragooning, nagging, yet [Continued on page 17]



Speaking of MEN

Inez Haynes Irwin answers
Achmed Abdullah’s statement
that man rules the world
but woman rules the man

I HAVE read the article “Speaking of Women” by Achmed Abdullah with a great deal of interest.

Mr. Abdullah’s contention is that in the minor matters of life woman is man’s boss.

First of all I want to say that that is absolutely true. Every man knows that it is true. Every woman knows that it is true.

I am going to explain to Mr. Abdullah and to the rest of his puzzled sex how this condition of things came about.

In order to do that, however, I shall have to go back to the sultry dawn before civilization began. I shall have to consider that period when we had just climbed down out of the trees and were beginning to build camps on the ground; had ceased to throw mere cocoanuts at each other; had started to practise with knives.

Then the two sexes had separate and individual functions. The men were the fangs and claws of the tribe. They were warriors and hunters—nothing more. The women were the food-preparers, clothes-makers, fire-tenders and burden-carriers, the bearers and bringers-up of the children—everything else in short. Except in time of war or when the hunt was on, men lived a life of magnificent ease. Women, however, toiled from morning till night both in war and peace.

No feminist movement stirred the arboreal calm of those days. The franchise was unknown, equal rights unthought of, the slogan Votes for Women would have been incomprehensible. For life could have gone on under no other conditions. The men had to keep themselves trained to a feather. The women had to perform all the grueling jobs which would have interfered with that training.

Even in those days, it must have been much more fun to be a man than a woman.

Then, even as now, each day brought to men a fresh kill of adventure. Then, even as now, women warmed their souls at the fire of man’s achievement.

Finally civilization came.

Now man ceased to be the fangs and claws of the tribe. The army and navy took care of that. For the sling-shot, the knife, the bow and arrow, society substituted big Berthas, submarines, bombing planes, poison gas.

Adventure passed out of the life of the average male. He began to make social affiliations that had nothing to do with defense or the hunt. He contracted morganatic marriages with trade, industry, professionalism, art. Every day brought him a kill now, also, but not so much of adventure as experience.

Learning to put his hands to many trades, man roped, threw and hog-tied the world. He performed surgical operations. He spoke in the pulpit, or in the courts. He painted pictures, carved statues, wrote poetry, composed music.

Gradually, what with his inherited reputation as a warrior and adventurer, plus the new prestige of mastership in all these new domains, men developed into the royal class of the human race.

In other words men became the kings of the world.

In the meantime nothing so interesting, thrilling or romantic had happened to women.

They continued to prepare the food, make the clothes, tend the fires, carry the burdens; bear and bring up the children.

Gradually, what with their bone-headed willingness to continue at these jobs and their terror of setting foot outside the home, women developed into the slave class of the human race.

I pause here to explain that these terms are only relative and by no means invidious. Men became kings partly be-



Woman hasn't changed a particle since the cave-dwelling days of the big stick—by her cunning she has managed always to outwit her so-called master.

cause they had been the kept warriors of the pre-civilized epoch and because they had to develop their brains. Women became slaves partly because they had been the kept housekeepers of the pre-civilized epoch and because it was not at all necessary to develop their brains. Of course, even as kings, men often dispensed with royal trappings, and as slaves, women often possessed the most gorgeous appurtenances. Nevertheless, generally speaking, that is an accurate statement—the earth had developed both a slave class and a king class.

What happens when there is a king class and a slave class? That's easy! Inevitably the two classes develop king and slave qualities. Remember that kings do not have to fight to maintain their exalted position—the blood royal, the law of inheritance, takes care of all that. They are dependent on nobody. Remember that slaves do have to fight day and night to hold whatever position they have achieved. They are always dependent on somebody.

THE kings of the human race became dominating and domineering of course; imperious and tyrannical; self-assured, self-sufficient, proud. But on the other hand they are happy; they have developed a marvelous sense of humor. They are unconscious of a great deal of what the slaves are doing because they do not have to bother about the little things of life. They ride the air like the eagle. They gaze, unblinking, straight at the dazzling sun. They see nothing of what the slaves are putting over on them—often in their very presence.

Because they are kings, they are the romanticists and the barbarians of the human race.

On their weaker side, they are conceited and fatuous. In fact, they are boobs.

The slaves of the human race became dependent and humble, of course; obsequious, even servile; unassertive, lymphatic, timid. They were and are so worried always that they have

never had any time to develop a sense of humor. They always know what the kings are doing; for their welfare absolutely depends on keeping the kings straight. They are like cats. They walk on velvet padded feet. They have the eyes of a cat and they see in the dark. They have an extra pair of eyes in the back of their heads. They note everything that is going on in their presence which affects them and the kings.

Because they are slaves, they are the realists and the savages of the human race.

On their weaker side, they are petty and meticulous; they are pinheads.

So here they stand, the two sexes; one the king sex, and one the slave sex. Whether it be East or West, the enclosed, inviolate harem of the Orient or the free, open home of the Occident, that relation is the same. And of course, as always happens where there is a king class and a slave class, the king is king only in the big affairs of life, the slave is the real king of the small ones.

Women permit men their control of the vast mechanism of the world. But in minor affairs they boss men to a fare-thee-well.

Mr. Abdullah proves to us that this is all true of the East. Every Occidental knows that it is true of the West.

For ages it has been man's literary custom to refer to women as sphinxes. Oscar Wilde, it was I think, who added that cynical touch—sphinxes without secrets. Men have always loved to say that woman is a mystery.

Nothing entertains woman so much as the statement of men that all women are mysteries. For naturally she suspects that this generality is the only shield which men interpose between themselves and their own lurking suspicion that they have been too lazy to study women.

Of course woman is not a mystery at all and never has been. It is only, as woman suspects, that men—the kings—have never bothered to study her. You have never heard woman call man a mystery.

[Continued on page 67]



Woman's shrewdness begins where man's leaves off. Beneath her veil of meekness Fatima somehow "gets away with murder" right under the eyes of the Harem Lord.

somehow lovable in her own way; careless in adjusting her face veil now that age has wrinkled her skin and dimmed her hooded, black eyes and made her no longer a temptation to that impressionable vessel called Mere Man; careless, too, in her language.

Dear Lord Allah! You ought, or perhaps rather ought not, to hear her language as she rules the children and servants, rules everybody in the house with an iron rod, a discipline of pre-war Prussian efficiency, a fluent, unbridled tongue rich in salty abuse that would cause a top-sergeant of the A. E. F. to blush—partly with shame, but more with envy.

I remember my own grandmother. She belonged to a family historic throughout Central Asia. I doubt that she knew where Chicago was, and I am quite sure she never even heard of Shakespeare or Goethe. But she did know all about Chinese poetry, Persian miniatures, and Moghul history, and quite a little about Hindu philosophy and the seven fine arts as interpreted in High Tartary. In other words, her Asiatic culture was of the deepest, her wit suave, her taste in life's delightful externals impeccable.

But her language when her servant did not bring her her morning pipe early enough, or when I, or one of my many brothers and sisters did something we should not have done:

"O Descendant of Pigs!"

"O Camel Spawn!"

"O Creature without morals or nose!"

"O Pimple on the nose of the world!"

"Hai, hai! May that happen to your ignoble back what happens to the drum on feast days!"

And, mind you, I am editing this; toning it down to a pale shadow of the original. After all, this is meant for a family magazine, and—well—"East is East, and West is West"—chiefly in outspokenness.

"How does grandmother get that way?" you'll ask.

How does any woman get that way?

But she does. For—bromidic, yet shockingly true—woman

is always woman. Her sheer shrewdness, wrongly called intuition, begins where the man's leaves off and the very fact that the Oriental woman, being a creature of the house and not of the outside world, has her field of operations limited topographically, makes her shrewdness even more painstakingly efficient than that of her outwardly more emancipated American sister. Beneath her "veil, her meekness, her complete surrender of self"—to quote one of the best Occidental authorities on Oriental womanhood—Fatima somehow gets away with murder, Zuleika travels her own more or less sweet way, and Ayesha thumbs her rather pretty nose at the bewhiskered gent with the crooked daggers.

Again the reasonable query: "How does she do it?"

Personally, I have not the faintest idea. I am no know-it-all writing pompous, learned tomes on Why-We-Behave-Like-Human-Beings and Why-Women-Behave-Like-Women. But, from motley and bitter experiences, I record the unvarnished, if regrettable fact that, amongst all the world's domestic—I might say, domesticated—martyrs, there is none quite as badly henpecked as the Oriental husband; and I think that the Prophet Mohammed, too, spoke from experience when, being a gallant and a reckless soul, he declared:

"O ye women, give freely alms, although it be of your gold and silver jewels! For, verily, ye are mostly of Hell on the Day of Resurrection!"

Thinking of women readers, I put down the above words in fear and trembling. But I spent eight long years in the army, fighting various wars. I will not be a coward.

So I shall quote three more of the Prophet Mohammed's wise maxims—speaking about harems.

One of these sayings is:

"There has not been given any calamity more hurtful to man than woman!"

The second reads succinctly:

"Forgive your wife seventy-seven times a day."

The third speculates morosely: [Continued on page 65]

Just A Couple of HEROES

By William
Slavens
McNUTT

(A Story of the Battles They Didn't
Fight and the Girl They Didn't Win

IT WAS early evening of April 7th, in the year of 1917. The place, Kendalville, Kansas. Kendalville was excited. The country was at war! Jigger Carey and Bud Horton met at the front gate of the Somers' home. Jigger and Bud were young men of military age. The war meant something to them. Indeed it did!! From their manner of meeting it appeared that they purposed going into private combat training immediately. "I thought you told me you were going to play pool tonight," Jigger said accusingly. "I did," Bud admitted. "You told me you were going to sit in at a poker game at Ed McGhan's." "I was," Jigger insisted. "A fellow can change his mind, can't he?" "Sure," said Bud. "That's what I did." That was that! They walked abreast to the front door, as friendly as two strange bulldogs with their eyes on the same bone. Mrs. Somers met them. "Come right in, boys," she invited them. "Ain't it terrible? I suppose you'll be rushin' right off any minute. Just make yourselves comfortable. May'll be down right off." She left them in the parlor and went into the hall, calling: "May! Oh, May! Jigger Carey and Bud Horton's here to see you." "Yes, mother," a flutty voice from the upper floor replied. "I'll be right down." Jigger Carey and Bud Horton sat and scowled at each other. "Listen!" said Jigger in a low voice, "Be a sport. I'll toss you to see which one of us stays." Bud declined. "Be civilized," he urged. "Don't you know it ain't honorable to gamble about a lady?" A minute more of sullen silence. Jigger spoke again. "I got a good reason for wantin' to see May alone tonight, Bud," he said pleadingly. "I want to tell her good-by. I'm goin' to enlist tomorrow." "Yeh?" said Bud, brightening. He was thinking that with Jigger in the army and away from home, the going with May would be smoother. Jigger read his thought without effort. "Well—maybe not tomorrow," he amended his declaration. "The country needs men," Bud reminded him. "Yeh," said Jigger, with a mean, and meaning look at his rival, "I'll say it does!" Bud flushed. "Say!" he exclaimed angrily, rising. "You crackin' at me?" Jigger also rose. "If the shoe fits—" he began. There was a light, quick step in the hall. May Somers fluttered in. "Oh, boys!" she cried gaily, clapping her hands. "Isn't it wonderful?" The boys stared, uncomprehending. "The war," she explained brightly. "Isn't it grand?" "Sure!" said Bud. "Great stuff, huh?" "I'm so thrilled," May prattled on. "Oh, I just wish I were a man. Wouldn't I love to go though! Hm!"

"I'm going," Jigger announced abruptly. "In the morning." May ran to him and clutched his arm. "Oh, you wonderful boy!" she gurgled. "You'll be a real live hero!" "I might get killed," Jigger reminded her. "Oh no!" May exclaimed. "You mustn't. Promise now! I'd just feel terrible if you got killed." "Would you?" said Jigger hopefully. "Say, listen—" "I'm going too," Bud interrupted suddenly. May ran to him and clutched his arm. "Oh, that's too sweet!" she gushed. "Both of you going! Both of you going to be great big, savage soldier men! Hm! Oh, I know you'll both look just too handsome for words in your uniforms. Will you be officers?" There was a slight pause. "I—I thought of being a private for awhile," Jigger admitted reluctantly. May made a grimace of disappointment. "Officers have nicer uniforms," she said. "They fit better." "I'm going to be an officer," Bud declared. "It shows ambition," May complimented him. "Well, I'm not going to stay a private, you know," Jigger said aggrievedly. "I'm just going to start in by being one. I'm going to do it that way because—because I think a captain or a colonel—or—anybody like that, who's going to lead men to their death can do it better if he—if he's been just one of 'em for awhile. That's why I'm going to start by being a private. I'm going to be just one of the common soldiers for a little while and fit myself by experience." "That's noble," May earnestly labeled Jigger's declaration of intent. "It shows patriotism." There were voices in the hall. The Reverend Ellsworth MacSmythe appeared in the doorway. A young man, the Rev. MacSmythe. A large round head, suggestive of a carelessly sculptured pumpkin, topped a thin, longish neck. Large, round owlsh brown eyes looked soulfully upon the wicked world, through thick-lensed tortoiseshell spectacles. He was small of stature and had a mincing manner. The women liked him. They said he was so spiritual. The men did not like him. They said he was a shrimp. May ran to him and clutched his arm. "Oh Doctor!" she exclaimed ecstatically. "Isn't it wonderful? The war I mean. Jigger and Bud are both going to it. They are going to be officers." "I envy them," the Reverend MacSmythe said mournfully. "It will be a great spiritual experience. My soul burns to raise a regiment and lead them in person against the foe. My right hand aches for the feel of a sword grip. My heart is bursting with the urge to lay down my life for my country." "What do you want to let it burst for?" Jigger asked spitefully. "There's no law against a preacher getting into the army if he wants to, is there?" "My grandfather was a preacher," Bud said, allied temporarily with Jigger for the suppression of the MacSmythe menace. "He went and fought in the Civil War." "It's not the cloth that bars me," the Reverend MacSmythe explained. "It's my feet." "Your feet!" Jigger said scornfully. "What's the matter

Illustrations by
David Robinson

with 'em? Cold?" "Flat," Reverend MacSmythe said sadly. "Flat!" Bud echoed. "Do you have to have curved feet to get into the army?" "The arches have fallen," Reverend MacSmythe went on. "And then, my eyes!" "Your eyes fall too?" Bud asked. "They're bad," the Reverend MacSmythe admitted gloomily. "Very bad! And then my heart." "Is it bad too?" Jigger asked incredulously. "Terrible," the Reverend MacSmythe said. "What an undertaker's asset you turned out to be all of a sudden!" Jigger said suspiciously. "Funny we didn't hear all this about your coming apart until war was declared!" "I bear my infirmities in patient silence," the Reverend MacSmythe explained piously. "That's beautiful," May breathed earnestly. "It shows character." The Reverend MacSmythe tossed off his sorrows with a shrug and smiled bravely. "Though I must forego the glory of leading men into battle, I intend to do my part," he declared. "On Sunday, at both the morning and evening service, I shall call upon my congregation to do their duty." "That'll fret the Kaiser, when he hears about it," Jigger muttered under his breath. The Rector's skimpy chest was heavy with a load of fine phrases about duty, patriotism and courage. He turned on his voice and let his burden run light, striding about the room and gesturing freely. May was enthralled. To be sure, she did not just get the sense of it all, but the tones thrilled her. Jigger and Bud stuck it out sullenly for an hour. When they left—together—the Reverend MacSmythe was still going strong. "That moon-eyed macaroon juggler!" Jigger said bitterly, as he went with Bud into the night. "That pint and a half of pale pink tea! That two-legged, tied-in-the-middle sackful of Psalm sounds!" He was referring to the Reverend MacSmythe. "He don't have to stop for breath much, does he?" Bud said gloomily. "It ain't his breathing makes the words come so fast."



"Sounds good to hear 'em bursting again, don't it,"
lied Bud, trying to keep his voice steady.
"It's music to me," parried the trembling Jigger.

Jigger said. "He don't have to stop an' think before he speaks. That's how he gets that lip speed. He's got his tongue unhooked from his brain an' all he's got to do is just open his mouth an' blow!" Bud shook his head. "What May can see in him!" he exclaimed. "See in him!" Jigger said. "There's nothin' to see. You can't see a voice, can you?"

"She likes to listen to him," Bud went on to explain. "Sure!" said Jigger. "He's a preacher. That's why. All women like to listen to preachers. It's natural. Just the same as a dog likes to bark at a cat. It don't mean any-thing."



The Rector's skimpy chest was full of fine phrases about courage and patriotism. May didn't just get the sense of it all, but the tones thrilled her.

"Maybe not," Bud said doubtfully. "Just the same, it makes me nervous, us goin' off to war an' leavin' him here alone with May. You saw how she listened to him." Jigger stopped. "Us!" he said bitterly. "Us goin' off to war! You goin' to join the army too?" "You heard me say so, didn't you?" "I didn't hear you say it until I told May I was goin', an' you noticed that made a hit with her." "You ain't got any patent on joinin' the army, have you?" Bud retorted. "You hadn't thought of it before, had you?" "I'd thought of it," Bud said. "I just hadn't decided, that's all."

Jigger tried appealing to Bud's better nature. "Ain't you got any pride?" he asked earnestly. "Don't you want to think up a way of your own? Look! Suppose you were to join the army an' go to war, an' maybe make a name for yourself, an' all like that, an' then you came home an' May fell for it. All right! You'd get married, wouldn't you?"

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world," said Bud fervently. "Would you want to sit across from her at the breakfast table for the rest of your life an' watch her pour your coffee, an' think to yourself that if it hadn't been for an idea another guy thought of, you wouldn't be there?"

"I wouldn't mind," Bud said. "Why, it'd be almost like bigamy," Jigger argued. "There you'd be, her husband, but you could never forget that what she really married was another guy's idea."

"Wouldn't bother me a bit," Bud insisted cheerfully. "I don't care how many guys' ideas she really marries, as long as I'm her husband."

They walked a time in silence. Then Jigger again: "Look here, Bud. You an' me've been friends for a long time, ain't we?"

"I don't know's I'd say friends exactly," Bud said cautiously.

"We were friends 'til we both got goin' with May, weren't we?"

"Yes, I guess so," Bud admitted reluctantly. "That wasn't for such a long time, though."

"It was all our life, wasn't it?" Jigger demanded belligerently.

"We ain't so old," Bud reminded him.

"Aw! Stop beatin' 'round the bush! We been friends, an' you know it. Now let's act like friends."

"How do you mean?" Bud asked. There was suspicion in his tone.

"Let's be square with each other."

"Sure!" Bud agreed. "That's all right!"

Jigger took Bud's hand and shook it fervently.

"I knew I could depend on you, old kid," he said, his voice heavy with feeling. "You may act like a dirty crook sometimes, but I never forget that that's just your way. You'll promise me now, huh?"

"Promise?" said Bud.

"Not to go into the army," Jigger explained anxiously.

"Of course, since we shook hands on bein' friends an' playin' square with each other, I s'pose I shouldn't ask you to give me your promise, but—"

"Ask if you want to," Bud interrupted. "That ain't goin' to hurt me nor do you any good. I ain't goin' to promise nothin'!"

"You said you'd play square!" Jigger reminded him.

"Square!" Bud exclaimed. "You spell that word s-u-c-k-e-r, don't you?"

"You ain't to be trusted!" Jigger said sadly.

"You listen to me," Bud said, suddenly vehement. "I got an ear-ful up there tonight. You may not see my name in the paper much, but I know that two an' two don't make five, when the teacher's lookin', an' I know that May Somers ain't goin' to marry anybody that don't join the army an' go to this fool war. I don't know what the war's about, but I do know she thinks it's a grand party, an' she's never goin' to fall for any guy that can't prove he went to it an' sung a song. I'm goin' to this darn war, an' I'm goin' quick, an' I'm goin' for the same reason you are—to make a hit with May Somers. Now put all that in your windpipe an' try to get your breath past it."

"Going to it, are you?" Jigger sneered. "Going to make a hit with May, huh? Well, you know you've got to do something in this war besides just go to it."

"I didn't say I ain't goin' to do anything, did I?"

"You got to do something more than say what you're going to do, too,—if you come back with any medals, you got to! I can't stop you from stealin' my idea, an' goin' to the war, but I'll tell you what I can do."

"Go on, tell me," Bud urged eagerly. "I always wondered."

"I can take a long chance, an' pull off some stunt you won't dare try. That's what. I got my mind made up."

"You're going to be a hero, huh?" Bud sneered.

"I told you my mind's made up. I'll take any kind of a chance. You may look just as big as me goin' to this war, but try to measure up comin' back. Try an' do it!"

"Don't think I won't," Bud retorted angrily. "You got me stirred up now."

"Yeh! You look muddy!"

"Talk about bein' a friend!" Bud went on. "Fine friend you are. You got me all stirred up now, an' like as not when I get to the war I'll do something foolish and be killed for it."

"You can't be a hero without taking a chance," Jigger said heartlessly.

"Who said anything about being a hero? You did! You started it all. You stirred me up. I wouldn't have thought of doing anything foolish if you hadn't egged me on. If I get



"Oh, you dirty dog!" yelled Bud between shells. "Pretending to know all about the Front and gettin' me up here to get killed!" "I was followin' you," said Jigger.

killed, it'll be all your fault. I believe you want me to get killed," Bud declared.

"I don't want you to," Jigger insisted, "but if you do, I ain't goin' to stop believin' in good luck."

They parted on that. Jigger dropped in at the McGhan poker game. He informed the gang of his intention to enlist on the morrow.

"Don't get sucked in by that ballyhoo," McGhan advised.

"You got a good, soft job. Why go in the army? If you want a uniform, buy a horn and join the band."

"I'm going with the army to fight," Jigger said sternly. "I'm not kidding. The quicker I get into the trenches, the better I'll like it. I want action."

"If that's what you're lookin' for, wait an' go duck huntin'," McGhan said scornfully. "Action! You don't think any American soldier is ever goin' to get over to Europe and get into the actual fighting, do you?"

"Cert'n'y not," said Pete Reynolds. "No chance! Don't you read the papers, Jigger? Them Allies pretty near got the war won anyhow. All they want from us is money an' ammunition, an' like that. It'll be over long before we could get an army an' get 'em across the ocean."

"There's a few guys'll get over," Fred Mullins spoke up. "They need ambulance drivers, an' I know some college fellows is gettin' together an' goin' to go over right off."

When the game broke up, Jigger Carey paired off with Fred Mullins for the walk home.

"Tell me about them college fellows that are going over right away," he begged. "Do you suppose a fellow that hadn't been to college could get in with them?"

When Bud Horton, on the morrow, learned that Jigger Carey had made scornful snoots at the local recruiting station, and departed to enlist elsewhere, he became conscious of an odor in his nostrils reminiscent of rodents. Inquiry, which led him to Fred Mullins, satisfied him that his nose knew.

"Jigger's honin' to get there," Mullins explained. "I told him where there was some fellows prob'ly goin' to get right across, an' he lit out for 'em with his feet fixed for speed."

"Oh, the dirty dog!" Bud exclaimed. "Where is them fellows? Who are they?"

"Jigger made me promise I wouldn't tell nobody else," Fred explained. "What's the matter? You got an itchy place that nothin' but a bullet'll scratch for you?"

"Oh, the dirty dog!" Bud moaned. "Fred, it's gettin' these days so you can't trust your best friend. Honest you can't."

That afternoon Bud met a friend who had received a telegram from a relative in a distant state, telling of an outfit of engineers he was joining. The telegram explained that they were going over immediately, and would doubtless be the only American troops to see action. That night Bud Horton slept on a train bound for the spot from which the telegram had been sent.

The hectic year, 1917, whirligigged its way to an end. The voice of the four minute speaker grew loud in the land. A million men leaped to arms in manufacturing plants where done. Liberty Loan orators volleyed and recruiting sergeants thundered. Millions of common people gritted their teeth and learned the second verse of the Star Spangled Banner. Duty became fashionable and Democracy smart. Sons of rich men went right square into the army as plain ordinary privates. Some of them stayed privates for days on end. It was wonderful. The papers said so.

The excitement went on and on, and so, oddly enough, did the War.

American troops actually went to France and actually got to the front and actually got shot at. With real bullets! And still the War went on!

Here and there the most belligerent non-combatants began to stop shouting and think. Suspicion grew that the thing might be serious.

Meanwhile Jigger Carey was in France. He was among the first to arrive there. He was driving an ambulance in Paris. Ferrying wounded from railroad station to hospital and wondering what it was like at the Front.

Bud Horton was also in France. He also was among the first to arrive. He was working on warehouse and dock construction at the base port of Bordeaux and—wondering what it was like at the Front.

ACTION. American troops in the line. Divisions of them. News of their deeds chronicled in the home country newspapers.

Still Jigger Carey drove an ambulance, in Paris, and still Bud Horton fetched and carried and hammered and sawed, in Bordeaux.

Jigger grew desperate. The tone of May Somers' letters was responsible. At the first filled with warming praise and solicitude they were becoming given to query. Just what was Jigger doing? What did the trenches look like? What medals—if any—had he thus far won?

She wrote further that the boys from Kendalville who had enlisted in the local guard had gotten into action at last and were writing home. Other girls had letters from boy friends in France, descriptive of valorous action at the Front. These letters were desirable. They were really necessary. Lacking them, one's social standing was in danger.

Now Jigger did not for one moment believe that the pen was mightier than the sword. His course of action was dictated by the circumstance that he had no sword. And no one to slash with it, legally, even if he had—whereas he did have a pen and ink and paper as well.

Jigger wrote. He wrote to order. He knew the demand of his market and he filled it.

His description of the Front far excelled any that could have been written by a man inhibited by visual knowledge thereof. His narrative of his own hairbreadth escapes and deeds of daring in rescuing the wounded, had literary worth.

Behold now the progress of the ripples caused by casting a pebble of deceit into the Pond of Truth.

Jigger's letter reached May Somers in Kendalville. It was, by all odds, the most dramatic and vivid account of the war that had yet come from France to the town on the Kansas prairie. May's father recognized its worth and took a copy of it to the editor of the Kendalville Bugle. It was published in full on the front page.

Kendalville was thrilled. Here at last was a story of the Front as all the people who had never seen it knew it to be. May sent Jigger a clipping from the paper and begged for more wonderful letters.

She got them. Jigger was no flash in the pan. He was not one of these authors who deliver a single perfect piece and then fail to repeat. He knew the motions of his success and he grooved his swing accordingly and then swung and swung!

MORE ripples. May Somers sent a clipping of Jigger's first published letters to Bud Horton, interned in industry at Bordeaux. Bud read it and writhed. It did not occur to him that the work was fiction. He sat down, pen in hand, intending to explain to May that soldiers also served who only built docks and warehouses. He had in mind some ear-filling phrases he remembered from a lecture delivered by a civilian morale booster, imported to kid the base port brigade into the belief that they were plucking a hair from the Kaiser's mustache each time they hefted a timber, doing, really, a greater work than the boys up front with the bayonets.

As he nibbled his pen and figured an opening phrase, doubt assailed him. He recalled that the argument had been no riot with the boys who heard it at first hand, and he suspected that a homeopathized transcript sent by mail would prove to be bum courting.

Enviously, he re-read a paragraph of Jigger's printed letter. He had known so well that the Front really looked just as Jigger described it.

"Shucks!" he said to himself. "I could of written just as good about it from what I've heard."

Whereupon a wee little devil of suggestion popped into Bud's ear and whispered.

"No!" said Bud to himself, startled. "It wouldn't be right."

The devil spoke further.

"No," Bud repeated, less firmly. "I might get caught."

More argument.

"Just for a joke," Bud compromised, at last, beginning to write. "It ain't as though I wouldn't get up there if I could."

More ripples. Bud's letter was a wow. It also ran front page in the Bugle. May sent Jigger a copy of it. He read it and went it one better. Bud also repeated and improved. The rivalry grew intense. Neither scribe suspected the other of mendacity. Each thought his idea of a literary substitute for actual experience, was original.

Summer. Fall. St. Mihiel. The beginning of the Argonne. The rumor of an armistice.

Jigger, still in Paris, heard this rumor and went to his Lieutenant, in high alarm.

"It wouldn't surprise me," the Lieutenant said, cheerfully. "Liable to come any day now."

"I thought this war was good for years yet," Jigger wailed. "You mean it's liable to blow up on us and we'll never get a chance to see the Front?"

"The Allies are winning all along the line," the Lieutenant pointed out. "It may end any time."

That night Jigger slipped out of Paris. A. W. O. L. and determined. It was one thing to write descriptions of a Front he had never seen. Going home to answer questions about it and compare experiences with men who had been up there was a horse of another hue. He simply had to get a look at that Front, while the business of shooting people was still being rewarded with medals instead of death sentences.

Down in Bordeaux, Bud Horton experienced an equivalent reaction to the armistice rumor.

"I got to get up there and see some [Continued on page 73]

THE BARKER

How the Circus humbled a Showman who thought it wasn't good enough for his Son

NIFTY is pastmaster in the art of drumming up crowds for Beamer's City Shows. With long stick and megaphone, he can strut outside a tent, and hold crowds by the very earnest persuasiveness of his ballyhoo talk. He is right hand man of Colonel Beamer, who brings to him all his woes, from a slim treasury to a slimmer maiden of his company, with whom he has love quarrels, to such an extent that she "ups and treats him dirt."

Nifty is to the manner born in all things that pertain to life. He can bully and get work done, he can bully and draw audiences, and he can bully and hold the little spitfire, Carrie, where he wants her, making her dance in her Hawaiian "shredded wheat" to entice the yokels out front, or quake in her drab little dress before his overlordship. Carrie hasn't quite the spirit of Lou, the Colonel's lady.

Nifty is a good sort, but none too good. He won't be caught by the wiles of woman; but he goes his way drinking and he enjoys Carrie as much as safety allows. She, however, takes him very much to heart. The night they are at Shelbyville, Ill., with the shooting gallery full blast, she slips to Nifty from the tent.

Carrie—Nifty, how much do you love me?

Nifty (patting her) — You goin' to start that again?

Carrie—Well, a girl likes to be told.

Nifty—You're my dame, ain't you?

Carrie—I know, but I get scared sometimes that I'm goin' to lose you.

Nifty—You ain't goin' to lose me.

Carrie (passionately) — You know, Nifty, there ain't

A Story from the Stage by J. Kenyon Nicholson

(Courtesy of Charles Wagner, Brandt & Brandt, and Mr. Nicholson.)



(Nifty, pastmaster in enticing the yokels out front, could bully and draw in the crowds by the persuasiveness of his ballyhoo talk.)

nobody in the world for me but you. You got me spoiled for any other guy. That's why I want a ring; so's I'll have some hold on you.

Nifty—I told you why I can't marry you. I gotta save my money. You don't seem to remember I got a kid to put through college. An' it ain't goin' to be any of your cheap colleges either. It's a law college, an' it'll cost me plenty. I ain't goin' to stay in this lousy carnival racket always. When I come to settle down there'll be time enough to talk of marryin'. I'll look out for you. The old gentleman ain't goin' to live forever, an' when he goes I'll come in for a nice piece of change—I told you that. He's not farming the richest quarter section in Berrien County, Michigan, all his life without havin' somethin' in the old sock.

These circus folk are a queer mixture of doubtful behavior and kind heart. Hap, the ticket taker, would lend his last dollar to a pal, but short change his grandmother's ghost. It is in such company that Nifty Miller disports himself. They wink at his easy manner with Carrie, they get out of his way when he begins to domineer—but they laugh over his high dreams for his son Chris, back home on the farm and intended some day by his father for the Law.

But the younger generation is full of surprises. Chris turns up at Shelbyville, intent on seeing the world before he buries his nose in Blackstone and Coke. He comes to the circus in search of Dad and encounters Lou, sore from her break with the Colonel.

Lou (sizing him up)—You live here in town, big boy?

Chris—I'm from near Niles, Michigan.

Lou (laughing)—What you doin' so far from that big city?
Chris—Sorta lookin' over the country.
Lou (lifting her skirt a trifle)—Have a good look! It won't cost you nothin'.

Chris (blushing)—I reckon you're one of the actresses, ain't you?

Lou—How'd you guess it, handsome?
Chris—I can tell by the way you're painted up!
Lou—Don't you care for my schoolgirl complexion?
Chris—Sure. It makes you look awful fresh and purty.
Lou—Say, boy, you work fast! What's your name?
Chris—Chris Miller—same's my dad.

Lou—You don't mean Nifty Miller's your old man! (She bursts into laughter. Well, who'd ever thought Nifty had a kid as big as you . . . ! Where you been keepin' yourself?)

Chris—I been goin' to school. But I come to see if Paw won't let me travel with your show.

Lou—Well, welcome to our city!

The meeting between Chris and Nifty is a curious medley. For the latter is proud of his boy, yet intent on getting him back to the home where he belongs. It's the soft spot he has for his motherless boy who has run away to see life. There's no life for him in the circus. Chris may be a chip of the old block, but Nifty's determined the chip shall be in some manner polished.

Nifty—What you s'pose I been sendin' money to keep you in school for? To end up by messin' round with carnivals? No siree! You're goin' to amount to somethin'. You got to, Chris. You ain't forgettin' you're goin' to be a lawyer, are you? That'll get you somewhere.

Chris—No. I'm goin' to be a lawyer like you said, but this here's vacation.

Nifty—Trouble with you, Chris, you got the idea most suckers have about troupin'. You think all there is to it is rarin' round



((Above)) Carrie—You don't love me no more!

Nifty—I didn't say that, but I gotta think o' the kid.

((Right)) Carrie—You know there ain't nobody for me but you.

Nifty—You ain't goin' to start that again!



havin' a good time and whoopin' it up. You got no idea what goes on back o' these here tents.

Chris—That's what I came for—to find out I only want to travel with you while it's vacation. After I been on the road for a summer I'll be good and ready to get down to studyin' again, see if I don't.

Nifty—Lissen, no use tryin' to argue me into it! You're goin' back an' the sooner the better.

But the Colonel is all for lettin' Chris have a try at the circus. So Nifty succumbs to persuasion and makes a place for his boy.

Nifty faces Carrie.

Nifty—Come here, Carrie.

Carrie—What do you want?

Nifty—Chris has turned up!

Carrie—Chris!

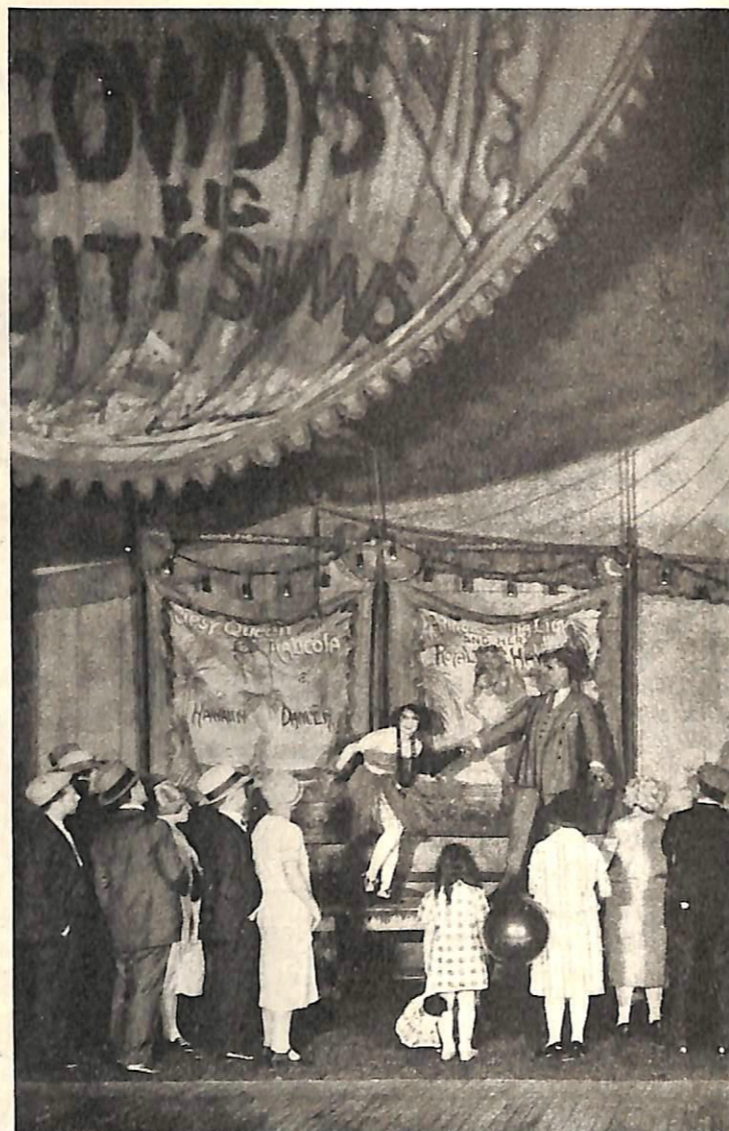
Nifty—That's what I said.

Carrie—Well, for the cryin'—! What's he doin' round here?

Nifty—He's come to see me. It's his vacation. I'm goin' to try him out on T-bone's job for the summer.

Chris, come here and shake hands with Carrie.

Chris (weakly)—Pleased to meet—you.



((The Barker was back at his old stand. Never before had he used such magnetism

Carrie—Well, I'll be damned if I can say the same for you!

Father and son see much of each other, and affection prompts Nifty to mend his ways. Carrie is fed up on the continual talk about Chris, and the inevitable happens. Nifty turns her down. The company has sensed it coming and the blow is expected.

Nifty—Listen, Carrie, all this talk ain't doin' no good. (Hesitantly) I been thinkin' things over. You an' me've been palin' together for some time, an' you're a good old wagon, but it comes down to this: we're through . . .

Carrie—Through!

Nifty—Don't get me wrong. I ain't goin' to ditch you as far as the show's concerned. You're a swell 'little dancer, Carrie, an' you can have yer job as long as I'm with the racket. All I mean is—that you and me part on it.

Carrie—You don't love me no more!



((Above)) Nifty lost his head when his son declared his intentions of marrying the circus girl.

((Right)) Lou proceeded at once to practise the centuries-old wiles upon the farm lad.



to draw the crowds—and there was Carrie again, dancing in her shredded wheat!

Nifty—I didn't say that. But I gotta think o' Chris . . .

Carrie (in a fury)—Chris! You're scared the little darlin' will find out. The big mistake I made was to take you without first havin' the papers on you! But I'll show you!

In order to get even, Carrie does not have to go far for a plan. She's sore and hurt and Lou hasn't recovered from her tiff with the Colonel. And what is Nifty's peace worth when two women seek to destroy it? Carrie is hard hit, Lou is hard; Carrie would end it all with a pistol, Lou would begin it by helping Carrie to get even with Nifty. Then all of a sudden an idea catches fire by a chance remark of Lou, the pretty, full-lipped, sinuous, Colonel's lady. "You might let me vamp the kid," she says in fun. The suggestion is taken in all seriousness by Carrie. "If you'll get this kid, hook, line an' sinker," she



((Above)) Half-crazed, Nifty tried to choke the truth out of Carrie. "I'm through forever with troupin'!" he cried. "It's taken my son from me!"

((Left)) After her tiff with Nifty, Carrie would end it all with a pistol, but they stop her and Lou finds a sure way to hit at Nifty.

said, "give him the works—I'll make you a present of a C for your trouble—one hundred dollars cash!" The net is spread for Chris. Lou practises the centuries-old wiles upon the lad from the farm in Michigan, and he soon finds himself holding her in his arms.

But circus girls are not prepared to meet all the tricks of life and love. Lou may lead Chris far afield, but she has not had the foresight to watch the Colonel's prying, and she has not kept tab on her heart. To the ears of Nifty through the Colonel, comes the explanation of why Chris is out till the early hours of the morning. The circus is working evil in the boy's mind. Chris and Lou know that the circus has brought them something better.

Chris—Gee, Lou, it's a long time since we've been together!

Lou—It wuz only last night, foolish . . . !

Chris—Seems like a year.

Lou—Don't hold me so tight, honey—you'll smother me. Now, be a good boy.

Chris—Lou, I hate it—the way we gotta hide 'round behind folks' back . . . You'd think we were crooks, or somethin'.

Lou—You know what Nifty'd do if he'd ketch us? . . .

Chris—He's got no claim to be like that. It's not fair. I'd like to tell him an' everyone else how crazy in love with you I am.

Lou—Now, Chris, be sensible!

Chris—I mean it! Lou, how long's it goin' to be before we can—get married?

Lou—Oh, you mustn't talk that way, Chris!

Chris—Well, we can't go on this way very much longer, Lou; we can slip off an' get married, an' tell Paw afterwards.

He'll not care when he hears how much—Lou, you love me, too, don't you?

(Lou impulsively throws her arms about Chris. She is almost in tears.)

Chris—Don't you, Lou?

Lou—Now, Chris, be sensible!

Chris—I mean it! Lou, how long's it goin' to be before we can—get married?

Lou—Oh, you mustn't talk that way, Chris!

Chris—Well, we can't go on this way very much longer, Lou; we can slip off an' get married, an' tell Paw afterwards.

He'll not care when he hears how much—Lou, you love me, too, don't you?

(Lou impulsively throws her arms about Chris. She is almost in tears.)

Chris—Don't you, Lou?



((Above)) Not for an instant did Nifty imagine Lou meant to be honest with the boy. "She oughta be horse-whipped!" he shouted.

((Left)) Carrie (to Lou)—If you'll get this kid, hook, line and sinker, I'll make you a present.

You said last night—(There was fear in his voice).

Lou—You know I do, Chris!

Chris—Then, I don't care about anything else! Lou, lissen, we gotta get married.

Lou (weeping)—I ain't fit fer a nice clean kid like you—that's the truth, Chris!

Chris—You're wonderful! You're the only one in this world I give a hang about . . . Lou, what you cryin' fer?

Lou (clinging to him)—God, I'm miserable!

The revelation of her love takes Lou by surprise. Both she and Carrie had not calculated this as the outcome of their plot.

Carrie—Well, slap me down dead! (Laughing) Proposed, did he? Well, I gotta hand it to you, Lou! You're sure a world-beater! Whenever I want any more vampin' jobs done you're the chicken gets the job.

Lou—For God's sake, cut that out, Carrie!

Carrie (surprised)—What's come over you?

Lou—There's no use pretendin' any longer, Carrie, he's got me—I'm crazy about [Continued on page 63]



CONRAD was one of those Out-of-Town Boys
who had a lot to learn about—
Cover Charges

IF THE evening had not been steadily getting away from him, Conrad might not have been so insulted by the check the waiter presented. But it seemed part of the general imposition that had been rolling up for the last six hours. He had planned this evening for weeks. All the way to New York he had laid it out in detail, equipping it with imaginary dialogues that were satisfactory, that brought the situation between him and Nancy to a head, talked her firmly down, got somewhere. The dialogues were completely out of hand now. Every time he started one of them Nancy failed to follow his very definite leads. And there had been none of that quiet intimacy he had hoped for in their meeting.

They had dined, very publicly though quite deliciously, at the Plaza. There might have been a chance to talk there if they had not been forced to hurry to the theater. But Nancy had suggested seeing a certain play and the fact that he had to buy seats through the hotel agency for an appalling price and that they arrived during the middle of the second act did not seem to bother her at all. She merely remarked that she had heard that the first act dragged horribly. He had been patient, though he chafed a little at the way her attention gathered on the play and she apparently forgot about his long journey to see her and the important things in his mind. But afterwards she made things worse. For when Conrad, who couldn't bear to leave her just yet, had suggested that they go somewhere and have a quiet supper, she had directed the taxi driver to this place somewhere in the Fifties or Sixties.

It was a cheerful enough night club, decorated in gold and crystal, with plaster figures which belonged to the first period of Bacchus and, as they went in, it was just beginning to fill up with the devotees of the second period. They sat at a small

table on the edge of the most beautifully polished dance floor that Conrad had ever seen. From the elaborate manner of the waiters, and the size of the napkins and the very tone of the violins, Conrad knew that Nancy had chosen a rare and expensive restaurant.

He did not mind that. He liked fine things himself if they were worth the price, and he had no need to worry about money. What he minded was being perched in this conspicuous place, looking at Nancy over the exotic little bouquet in the middle of the table and feeling so much less close to her than he had felt last night with hundreds of miles of railway tracks between them. They danced together but even that gave him little pleasure for he had to hold her in his arms with technique instead of abandon. Nancy seemed to know a great many people and some of them stopped to speak to her and were introduced to Conrad. They acknowledged the introductions more or less as if Conrad were invisible, with no hearty inquiries about his place of residence, his business or the length of time he would be in New York. He did not matter in the least to them. And when a man, semi-detached from his own party, insisted on a dance with Nancy, Conrad sat alone and felt absurdly large for the table and stubbornly watched her.

She was certainly very beautiful, perhaps increasingly so. Two years of living by herself in New York had done no more to her beauty than to glaze it over. Her hair was long now but instead of bringing her back to a former fashion it had carried her on to a new one. There was no trace of lines or weariness in her face and yet indefinably it was rather older, as if experience had been giving it treatments. It was not less



"It's highway robbery!" said Conrad indignantly.
"You pay for being in a pleasant place," Nancy answered,
"and it's worth it to you or not according to the people
you're with."

-and NANCY
By Margaret
Culkin Banning
Illustrations by Arthur D. Fuller

alluring. She danced with an expertness that was almost devoid of gaiety. No romping.

Conrad decided that he had had enough of it. Looking across at Nancy's oysters he saw that she had abandoned them permanently and he signaled the waiter to bring his bill. It was presented after a good deal of removal of dishes and proffering of finger bowls and Conrad scowled over it, looking for the mistake in addition. One couldn't make seventeen dollars and eighty cents out of two pots of coffee and a few baked oysters, no matter how mysteriously they were prepared. He was calling the waiter's attention to that when Nancy came back to the table.

The waiter seemed to find it credible. He bent over the bill with Conrad.

"Yes, sir, oysters, coffee, cigarettes, one cigar, sir—"
"But you're still ten dollars too much," said Conrad sharply.
"The cover charge, sir."

"What charge?"
Nancy leaned across the table, a glimmering smile in her eyes and no embarrassment.

"Want some money, Con? I think I may have some."

"No. I don't want any money. But I don't get this extra charge."

She nodded reassuringly.
"It's right. Five dollars is the regular cover charge. Five times two is ten. Put your mind on it."

"What's it for?"
"For being here."

"Well, of all highway robbery, that's the worst," he said grimly, giving the waiter twenty dollars.

"But don't you think it's a nice place?" she asked with a

shade of disappointment, "the music's rather toothsome."

"Yes. And you ate an oyster. I'm not kicking at paying for what I get, Nancy. But to pay ten dollars in a public restaurant for just nothing—not even a show—"

"I know it's intangible," said Nancy, "you pay for being in a certain pleasant place, that's all, according to the kind of people you're with and the music and the beauty. Maybe it's worth it to you and maybe not. You have to take a chance. I like this place because you see people you know and like and don't have to bump into all the good gentry from Kankakee who want to spend a wild week in the big city. They are so exceedingly boisterous."

"That's all right. I'll bet they're a lot more wholesome than most of the people here," he said stoutly.

"You get my point exactly," agreed Nancy. "Shall we go?"

Outside, the white-faced apartment buildings were washed in moonlight and the streets were clean and empty except when a swift private car or furtive, scurrying taxi passed.

"No taxi," said Nancy, as Conrad turned to the doorman. "I only live a few blocks from here and I always like to get some air before I go to bed."

"Always? Then this sort of thing is a habit, I suppose."

"One of my minor vices," she answered, in her distractingly friendly way. They walked along silently across Fifth avenue. Conrad felt, as he always did in New York, that there was too much of everything, so much that he became nameless and unnecessary. He did not like to feel so and in something like reassurance of himself took Nancy's arm and drew her closer.

"Tired?"
"No." The husky, rather sweet monotone that her voice

had become did not vary. "Does the music swing in your head? Nice evening, wasn't it?"

"I don't think so. I haven't had a chance to say anything I wanted to say to you. None of the things on my mind."

"Did you come to New York to make speeches, Con?"

"I came to New York to see you and you know it. And I've only three days."

"That should be plenty. It doesn't take three days to see me. You've managed that in one, haven't you?"

"This isn't seeing you. I want to know how you really are, what you do, what you're thinking about and if you intend to play this kind of game much longer."

"Play?" she asked. "I work. You should see me!"

"Whatever it is you do, you're doing it too hard. Why don't you come home and cut out this jazz hunting and lead a natural life?" he asked categorically, his eyes on her.

She stopped just then before a flat-faced apartment building, which was farther off the avenue and less important looking than most of the others.

"Home?" she asked, "here it is. And it's been fun tonight, in spite of what you say. Good night. Am I going to see you again before you go back?"

He glowered down at her with his handsome heavy face, which was always the mirror of the feeling uppermost in his mind, now baffled and angry. But Nancy only smiled back and the soft light made her look more white and smooth and desirable as she refused to meet his irritation.

"Do you want to see me again?" he asked.

She contemplated that for a second and there was a question in her answer.

"Not if you don't enjoy it more."

It got under his skin for he was not thinking in terms of enjoyment. He was being driven by a haunting and tempting love that hounded him for conclusion. He made a quick motion toward her, the reflex of his months of thinking about her and wanting her but, without seeming to do so, she evaded him.

"Do you think it's fair, Nancy, to treat me like this when I've traveled half way across a continent to see you?"

There was no flurry in her manner but her eyes were without illusion and even in the moonlight Conrad could see that his attempt to take her in his arms had done him no good. He kept on protesting.

"Don't you think you owe me anything at all when I've come so far? It seems to me I've got something coming."

"No," she said, "not because you came. You did that of your own accord you know, Con. If it's expensive—and disappointing, you'll have to write it down as more cover charge in your little expense account. Just another incident of New York exploitation. Possibly the trip has cost you more than it was worth to you but you let yourself in for that if you take your chance with a certain kind of restaurant—or girl. There's a good high cover charge on just being with

me and it doesn't include anything else—nothing at all."

Her voice had not changed from its monotone. It lagged along after the thought and she ended by lifting her face to him without resentment in a way which reminded him painfully that he had not even kissed her.

"You get me all wrong—" he began.

"I don't at all. I think you're the world's leading citizen, Con. Good night. It was awfully nice to see you. Call me up if you have time."

With those little taps of superlatives, she opened the door on a feebly lit square hall where an elevator boy was dozing by his bronze cage and that was the last Conrad saw of her.

He could only turn and walk away angrily and hastily, down one of the most beautiful avenues in the world and condemn it at every step. It had spoiled Nancy, he thought bitterly.

When she had come into that little money that her grandmother had left her and had got this notion of coming to New York and getting some sort of job, she had been headstrong enough but he had been sure she would learn her lesson, and get sick of it after a while. Then she would come back and marry him and they would settle down to a normal and purposeful life.

That was not exactly the way it worked out. The months had run along at a kind of dogged jog-trot, until to his fear of what Nancy's unguarded prettiness might let her in for had been added impatience at the length of time she was taking to learn her lesson.

He wrote to her regularly, long letters, rather meaty with advice and she wrote back, thin, epigrammatic little notes that bore no real information about herself.

Yet it was the notes which he lived on. Her letters came at long intervals and then might scurry along closely after one another for a few days and fall off again into silence. Each of them was unsatisfactory and adorably like her, sometimes mischievous, sometimes cold, sometimes almost tender. It was the notes which had held Conrad for two years, held him and warmed and fed the love he had for her until it had grown too powerful to be held back any longer. He had started for New York to thrash this thing out on its merits and the mere starting had set his blood so to throbbing that he felt his arguments impregnable. But now he had seen her and they had spent the precious time wandering around to a lot of foolish places, spending money on nothing, and ending in confusion. He had not meant it to be like that.

Nancy had not meant it to be like that either. She fitted the key into the lock of her small rear apartment very thoughtfully and felt her way across the room to pull on an electric light. It was only a small apartment, a very trifle of a place. But there was a distinct touch of Nancy about it. It was not very comfortable and not in the least tricky. No big chairs or small lace cushions offered readymade comfort. It was possibly not much of a place to be all that the sober

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He looked at her, stirred and startled. "Nancy—how sweet you are!" he said. "You're beautiful this morning! I'll always remember that you came to see me off."

money of Nancy's grandmother could pay for out of its yearly earnings but it was clean and orderly and somehow competent looking. Nancy had meant to show it to Conrad. That she had not was another of the evening's failures.

She had thought that when he came he would understand what it was like. She thought he would be bound to enjoy the gaiety, get the music of a hundred orchestras throbbing in his head, feel the delight of thousands of unknown people, the allure of early morning on the streets, the romance of silent shops, the magic of the routine of the city that was also a maze.

If he saw it and felt it things would be easier for both of them. She had thought that the city, as she could show it to him, would charm him too, with its hint of the unknown around the corner. Surely he would grow amused and interested and sympathetic. He would understand that she couldn't give this up altogether to go back to Cosmopolis and be an item in the daily paper and one of the season's brides. Or perhaps, if he did understand, she could go back. Part of the

time, anyhow. People managed ways to live happily, if they were clever and cared enough.

But the city had only annoyed him, and the more he had disapproved the more Nancy had wanted to be flagrantly gay. She had kept on trying to force him through his resentment into gaiety and abandon, into a mood which would make the cover charge worth something to him. And it hadn't come off. That was all.

She knew enough about men to have no doubt that he would telephone her next day. Conrad had no idea that he would. He had decided, striding back to his hotel, that once and for all it was no use, that nobody was going to make a monkey out of him, that the girl was utterly spoiled and that he was well out of it all. Still, at eleven o'clock the next day, which was about the time she was expecting it, he called her at her office.

Nancy had one of those intermediate jobs, not quite creative and not quite mechanical, which can be built up by personality to reasonable importance. She was in the publicity department of a publishing house which [Continued on page 58]

A brand new store opens in Prairieville as one unit of a grocery "chain." The manager is a stranger in Prairieville and, even though his goods are all marked down, most of the old time merchants think he hasn't got a chance because he sells his stock for cash. But much to these old timers' chagrin the home folks, who have long been carried on their books, desert them to spend cash money for the stranger's stock and some of the old timers retire from local trade in consequence. The invading "chain" has scored again as it will if "independents" do not improve in merchandising. Chain stores would not increase so rapidly all over the country if the idea behind them was not sound.



After the cash-and-carry store opened, Main street's grocer soon saw that he must either sweep up or close up.

The Era of

By Earl

Group-selling benefits the masses the Independent Dealer,

SIXTY-EIGHT years ago George H. Hartford, a hide and leather merchant at 49 Vesey street, New York, decided to add a sideline of tea—and the first of the fifteen thousand "A. & P." stores began to attract cash customers. More than two billion dollars' worth of food products are annually purchased in the fifty thousand chain grocery stores which are lineal descendants of Hartford's little shop, opened in 1859.

Thirty-two years ago a young man named Woolworth, hailing from Watertown, N. Y., made the first successful experiment with a "five and ten cent" store at Lancaster, Pa. Last year the F. W. Woolworth Company netted more than twenty million dollars from its gross sales recorded by nearly fifteen hundred stores, selling goods at "five and ten."

Twenty-seven years ago a man named Whelan in Syracuse decided to give away a "Thank you" with every five cent cigar. When the success of this "smile with service" idea had been demonstrated, Mr. Whelan evolved a plan for locating other cigar stores close to the greatest numbers of passersby. He got his figures for locations by "clocking" the pedestrians. The United Cigar Stores of 1926 took in nearly ninety million dollars, and they didn't have the cigar chain field to themselves, by any means.

Barely a quarter century ago J. C. Penney decided drygoods could be sold through chain stores in the smaller cities of the middle west. During the past year the seven hundred and fifty drygoods stores operated on the "Penney plan" did a gross business of a hundred and fifteen million dollars.

The United Drug Company sold last year, through its eleven thousand stores or agencies, nearly a hundred million dollars' worth of drugs or drug store accessories. And drug stores are relatively raw recruits to the chain store industry.

So thoroughly has this idea of chain stores permeated our world of retail trade that more than a hundred thousand units having membership in one of our ten thousand "chains" are battling for supremacy with independent merchants. These "independents" who see twelve percent of the grocery business, twenty percent of the drug business, seventy-five percent of the shoe business and from ten to fifteen percent of all retail business slipping into the coffers of the "chains" are beginning to wonder if their backs are to the wall.

This wonder is increased to worry when the Chamber of Commerce of the United States reports that during the past eight years the business done by "chains" has doubled while department stores have gained only thirty-one percent and the mail order houses about twenty percent. And the highly individualized storekeeper, who has been accustomed to doing business on his own, leaps from worry to alarm

Chains

Illustrations by George Wright

Chapin May

Consumer, occasionally embarrassed but seems to be here to stay

when he learns that department stores are organizing "chains" while mail order houses are opening their own retail strings.

Verily, the independent retailer seems to be threatened with eclipse. Chain stores, until recently flourishing only in cities of the larger size, are invading villages and hamlets. Even the keeper of the cross roads "emporium" is speculating on when his turn will come to meet the competition of some cut-rate, standardized member of a "chain."

Judging from past performances and current prosperity the chain store idea is far from being on the wane. The ultimate consumer patronizes chain bakeries, barber shops, beauty parlors and butcher shops. Candy, cloaks and plain and fancy clothes are retailed by "chains," as are dairy products, flowers, fruits, hardware, hats and hosiery. "Chains" are selling millinery and musical merchandise. Hotels, theaters and restaurants are run in chains. Hardly a month goes by without some new commodity being standardized and merchandised by and through some "chain" while the "independents" suffer or reform.

John Wiggins has been in business on the main street of Prairieville for twenty years. John has held his trade in groceries against all comers, though Abner Adams, having sold his farm, has gone into the grocery business just three doors from him, and Si Hunter's son, fresh from high school, has been set up in the same line on the next block by his dad.

John doesn't bother about these upstarts. He's seen many a so-called grocer come and go. He knows it takes a merchant to buy and sell, carry charge accounts and deliver food-stuffs year in and out. John is so strong with his clientele that he doesn't have to fuss about window displays. Neither does he worry too much about sweeping out. He keeps a standing "ad" in the town paper because the editor is an old friend of his. If the store cat happens to have kittens in the raisin barrel the incident is dismissed as an act of Providence. And John keeps on selling groceries just the same.

Then a total stranger comes to town. The stranger, people say, represents a "city crowd" that has leased an "empty" across the street. John hears the stranger's going to open a grocery store, at which John sniffs. "Too many of 'em now. He'll go bust, that stranger will." The stranger paints his store front a vivid blue. Kind of shocking in such a staid old town and kind of shocking, too, to see the old store shelves all ripped out, new shelves and show cases moved in and more fresh paint plastered over the store's insides. But John "humphs" and yawns as the new grocer's stock goes on the shelves and squints sarcastically at a new gold sign over the stranger's door because it doesn't carry anybody's name, just says, "The R. & D."

A well established drygoods merchant in a California town gets a tip that a drygoods chain store is about to "open up" near him, so he sells out and congratulates himself. The "independent" who buys the retiring merchant's store and stock doesn't know enough to fear the newly opened "chain" competitor. He merely studies chain store methods of merchandising and advertising, copies such of them as are practicable, and takes enough of the overflow business brought to town by chain store methods to buy the chain store location. But when the chain store lease expires he re-leases to the chain store because he profits by chain store competition. He's a surviving individualist. Chain stores do not open up too close to aggressive individualists.



Deserting their old delivery grocer, the customers, attracted by low-priced chain stores, are willing to carry their purchases.



The chain stores have all their merchandise plainly price-marked and marked down, at that—two great attractions to the shopper.

"I sell groceries on personality," boasts John. "I know every Tom, Dick and Mrs. Harry in this place. No outsider can take my trade away from me." Some of the old time merchants are "put out" because Squire Hicks has leased his "empty" to a city man who may cut into what little local trade there is. But John, the leading grocer of Prairieville, "poo-poo's" merrily.

"Prairieville folks'll quit him quick enough when they find the kind of stuff that stranger sells," is his comment when the "R. & D." fills its front windows, show cases and shelves with canned goods and similar merchandise all plainly price-marked—and marked down, at that. The newcomer's "flash ads" in the Prairieville Gazette just make John smile.

But John Wiggins, leading grocer of his town, begins to frown in about two weeks. The trade he's catered to and carried for twenty years deserts him for the low-priced "cash-and-carry" plan. Within a year John discovers he must sell out or change his methods to meet the methods of the "chain." Those are the only courses open to him. Happily he imitates the new chain store in many ways. He still grants credit to his old customers, he still carries staples at the old price scale, but he also features specialties, puts live advertising copy in the Gazette, revamps his window displays, and cleans up his store. But Abner and Si, more stubborn than discreet, stand pat until they close up for good.

Lem Elmers has run the biggest drygoods store in Woodbury since his father left it to him back in 'eighty-three. Lem has always been a square though rather crusty chap. Folks drive to Woodbury in dust or mud to buy Lem's goods because Lem has the stuff although some things are pretty steep and most of his clerks, especially that Hawkins girl, are kind of snippy. But anyhow, Lem continues business at the old reliable stand, until a new fangled, eastern store concern opens a drygoods store next door to him.

Lem opines that there isn't room for another drygoods store in Woodbury. Practically every good account in that trading territory is on his books and he knows how to dicker with every female in the country when it comes to price. This new fangled merchant, if you want to call him that, marks prices on all his goods. "One price to all" and "satisfaction guaranteed" is what he advertises. But that's plain guff, and Lem guesses the new comer's drygoods won't stand up.

Lem keeps on guessing this way for six months. Then wholesale houses which are carrying him, send credit men to talk him into following the new store's style of showing and selling merchandise, but Lem waves them away. "I'm not appreciated," he complains. And soon the auctioneer sells him out.

There's a John Wiggins and a Lem Elmers in almost every town. Merchants of the Wiggins stripe meet and master a situation forced on them by the new chain stores. The Elmer type of retailer stands pat until he falls victim to the chain store invader.

Of course the chain store unit doesn't always gumshoe into a virgin field. If you happened to visit a certain Kansas town last fall you might have heard an orator proclaiming to the Chamber of Commerce. "The chain store which is trying to get a location here is brother to those commercial carpetbaggers, the house-to-house canvasser and the mail order house. Because the chain store lives on cities and not in them it is one of the nation's greatest economic and social menaces."

"After the retailer has paid wages, rent, taxes and other incidental business expenses, he has left, out of his normal gross profit of one third of a dollar, about two cents. If those two cents, with other pennies influenced by them, remain in town your town builds up; if they are sent away your town falls down. The chain store carpetbagger sends his net profits to his big boss who doesn't care a hang about you or your community. The independent retailer invests his profits in local real estate or keeps it in your local bank."

"Your town may prosper without manufacturing or wholesaling, but if it loses its retail trade it dies. And it will die if it becomes a mere trading post for outside cold-blooded corporations which take all and give nothing. Support your local merchants and bar the blood-sucking chain!"

Many independent merchants endorse this stock argument against the chain store. The most of the Chamber of Commerce members who listened to the orator in that Kansas town were keen about a bill before the legislature proposing to limit chains to five stores in that state. And they were chagrined to learn that the National Chain Store Grocers' Association had effected the repeal of an Ashland, Ky., ordinance taxing chain stores from seventy-five dollars to three hundred and seventy-five dollars each. The battle between chain and independent merchants waxes furious from coast to coast.



A big factor in chain store success: Aggressive advertising—live copy in local papers.

Refuting the charge that chain store claims are mostly bunk, the chain store advocates insist that if they did not set the pace in public service they would not grow so steadily and that even old time, lethargic merchants learn that chain store competition increases local trade. Moreover, because of their great buying power, the chains lower manufacturers' production costs and pass the saving on to ultimate consumers in each town while each chain store manager is entering more and more into the life of the community which he has been hired to serve.

Stung by adverse criticism, the representative of a Waterbury, Conn., grocery chain replies that he keeps foodstuffs' costs down and by quick sales at fixed prices assures customers fresh merchandise. His cash-and-carry stores encourage thrift, discourage overbuying, remove the specter of unpaid bills and are encouraged by the government because they eliminate waste and duplication.

This last is a reference to a statement by the Department of Agriculture that, "If the consumers would pay cash, and carry their packages home, fourteen percent of the cost would be saved." To this the opposing independents reply, "Consumers really do not save a cent when they patronize cash-and-carry stores because they expend this fourteen percent in time and energy. The most economical way to shop is to telephone from home, have the goods delivered and charged to open accounts."

Dr. Paul H. Nystrom, investigator for the Domestic Distribution Department of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, agrees with this position and asserts "the public must pay for what it gets and it gets just about what it pays for. If the public is willing to do without credits, delivery, unusual hours and other similar factors of service in its retail stores, the savings from the elimination of these services may be had in reduced retail prices in non-service stores. If the public prefers to trade in a self-serving store, still further savings can be made."

The surprising fact is that in our spendthrift nation, the most enthusiastic exponent of a spendthrift age, so many citizens are willing to save the pennies by going to market, at the relatively low-priced chain stores, much as their ancestors went to market in the days before the Civil War. The proof of this tendency is in the mushroom growth of chains. Not



Woodbury's main store has the type of clerks that might be termed "snippy."

only did the larger chains of groceries show an average numerical increase of eight percent in 1926, many other types of chains grew in number more rapidly while the general increase in gross sales broke old records in almost every line. Of course there must be economic reasons for this growth which so annoys the independent merchants. It is through analyzing and acting on these reasons that the independents may persist.

The elements entering into the development of the chain store—the most important single development in the distributive system of the United States—are, primarily, quantity buying power, choice location and fixed cash selling prices on staple goods, and, finally, scientific low-cost management.

Naturally an organization that can from its central buying office absorb in one year 90,000,000 pounds of candy and 20,000,000 pieces of enamel-ware is entitled to a price advantage over a single store or even a group of stores buying a hundredth part of this merchandise. An organization which can purchase in twelve months 50,000,000 pounds of coffee, 200,000,000 pounds of sugar and 200,000,000 cakes of soap is entitled to the best quantity discount in the world; especially when it is able to and always does discount its bills. And an organization that can go into the open market and contract for delivery annually of 4,000,000 handkerchiefs, 6,000,000 knitted garments, 4,500,000 men's and boys' shirts and 200,000 dozen pairs of women's hosiery, can command the lowest market price because, by its purchase, it reduces the producer's overhead on sales, permits him to turn out a standardized item economically and gives him opportunity to buy his own raw materials at rock bottom figures.

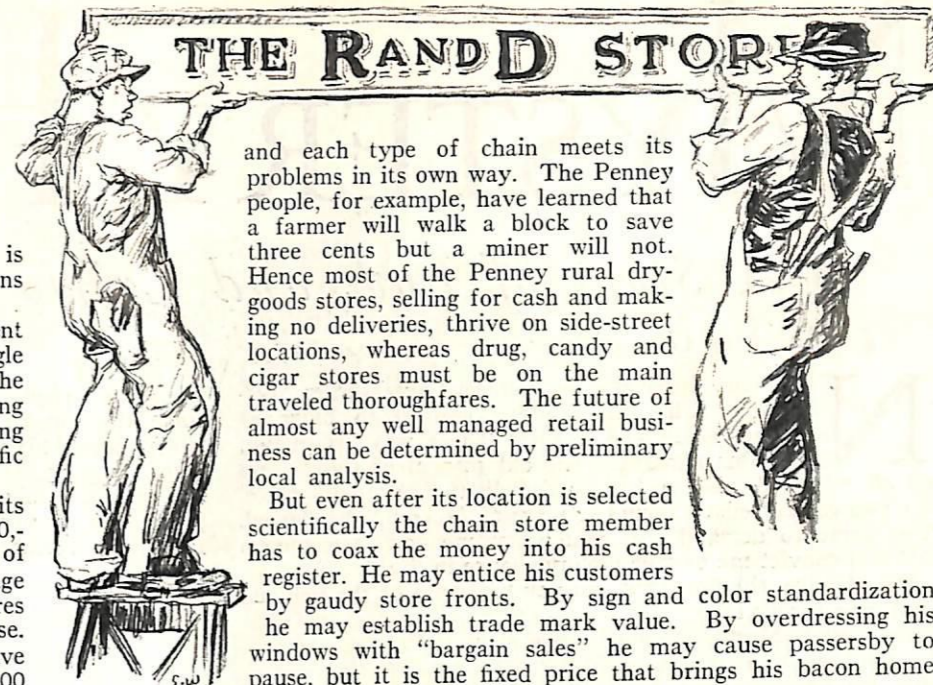
Offsetting this advantage, the chain store buyer must warehouse and distribute some of his big purchases—and warehousing, stock-keeping, transportation and depreciation, normally the jobber's functions, increase the chain store overhead. Moreover, centralized buying prevents the chains from picking up such "snaps" as department stores sometimes find in smaller and perhaps widely scattered factories. Nevertheless its ability to purchase stock in vast quantities frequently gives the chain an inside track in competition with the independents.

But if chain store methods were not so thoroughly efficient all down the line they could not meet the independent on his own ground. It was the scientific analysis of locations that made George J. Whelan a multi-millionaire. Up to the time when Whelan began his "Thank you"—with-each-cigar campaign most merchants bought or rented stores, hung out signs and waited for customers without much thought of whether they were on the proper street. Certainly few of them realized that women prefer the shady side, and are not willing to walk or ride upstairs to buy merchandise, while most of them naturally gravitate toward the basement of a store. Mr. Whelan discovered that men in many ways are also finicky. They will not deviate from their course to buy cigars, candy or razor blades, although they will detour a half block for a pair of shoes or suit of clothes.

Having arrived at these and similar facts from long study and experiments the father of the cigar store chains learned to count or "clock" pedestrians so carefully that before he selects a site he can tell, within a few dollars a day, what his future business will be. But none of his sites are far from busy street corners and most of them have doors set at such an angle as to be equally accessible from either street, and the doors open on the sidewalk level. Whelan makes it easy for his customers.

But while there may be a few such general rules for selecting sites and it is the practise to locate chain drug and grocery stores some distance from the corners of the block, each city is a rule unto itself

THE RAND STORY



A gaily painted sign—another link in the endless chain.

and each type of chain meets its problems in its own way. The Penney people, for example, have learned that a farmer will walk a block to save three cents but a miner will not. Hence most of the Penney rural dry-goods stores, selling for cash and making no deliveries, thrive on side-street locations, whereas drug, candy and cigar stores must be on the main traveled thoroughfares. The future of almost any well managed retail business can be determined by preliminary local analysis.

But even after its location is selected scientifically the chain store member has to coax the money into his cash register. He may entice his customers by gaudy store fronts. By sign and color standardization he may establish trade mark value. By overdressing his windows with "bargain sales" he may cause passersby to pause, but it is the fixed price that brings his bacon home to him.

It was the late A. T. Stewart who started a revolution in New York and other department stores when he put a fixed-price sales tag on all his merchandise about eighty years ago. But in spite of his success in fixing prices and fighting mark-downs the "dicker" continued to flourish in our retail world. There was, as shrewd shoppers were aware, an asking and a selling price. This "spread" between what was asked for and what was paid was reminiscent of an age of barter antedating our modern merchandising machinery. And discounts were generally given to ministers, military folks and other special classes until the fixed price, cash sale, carry-it-home-yourself chain store came into vogue. It was the self-evident fact that the chain store manager had no inside price up his sleeve that did much to popularize the "A. & P.," the Woolworth stores and others of that ilk although the further fact that most chain store prices are lower than those of independent competitors has much to do with it.

Yet with all these advantages in efficiency, with all the saving effected by centralized buying and standardized methods the chain store system hasn't so much "on" the retailing individualist. If it is operating in a large number of cities its centralization sometimes weakens it. The store manager, usually selected from the organization ranks, has earned his promotion by learning to obey the rules promulgated by a central boss. But he is usually a stranger to the community which his store unit serves and is hampered by instructions from a distant point. The independent, among his home town folks, can not only cater to local idiosyncracies, he is or should be part and parcel of his community life and—he runs his business to suit himself. That he seldom checks his business as closely as a higher authority might check it for him may be a handicap, but it need not be if he is on the job.

In any event the retail selling overhead is about the same for chain store members as for independents in the same field. For example, about half the chain stores are handling staple groceries. Although, due to individual abilities and policies, the cost of doing business in independent grocery stores ranges from six to twenty-five percent, the average overhead is about fifteen percent of sales. The average cost of selling groceries through most chains is close to that.

Of course the independent who handles perishable fruits and vegetables, takes orders over the telephone, grants credit and makes deliveries adds something to his overhead. And to this cost of doing business should also be added the average eight percent which his wholesaler passes on to him and which he must pass on to his customers.

The chain store member which gets its stock in trade directly from the manufacturer, or which manufactures [Continued on page 79]



Cash—and—Carry.

MYSTERY HOUSE

A Story of Love and Crime by Leroy Scott

What Has Gone Before—

NEW clue discovered in Famous Love-Murder Mystery!" The big headline seemed to lunge at Larry Kane like a fist. There was his picture and his name and the old scandal of three years ago all rehashed. He rushed to the district attorney's office. "So you've started to hound me again, Jackson," he flamed. "I've come to demand that you arrest me now; put me on trial and convict me or give me my chance in life!"

Mrs. Dodge, the beautiful and youthful wife of the rich and handsome Arnoldo Dodge, and Murray Randolph, noted more for his gallantries than for his practise of law, were found shot to death in Randolph's cottage. All evidence proclaimed it a "love crime."

The bulk of suspicion pointed at Larry Kane and Peter Buchanan. As Larry had discovered the murder it was believed that in jealous rage he had mistaken the mother, Mrs. Dodge, for her daughter, Maida, with whom he was in love. The resemblance between the two was striking. But Peter Buchanan was by far the most interesting figure in the case. A clever lawyer, he had just been convicted of blackmailing and had been sentenced to five years in jail. It was while he was free on bail that the murder was committed. Ugly to the point of repulsion and handicapped by an inferiority complex, he had loved the murdered woman in his youth, only to see her won by his more favored step-brother, Arnoldo Dodge, who had always hated and outwitted Peter. It was this known love for Mrs. Dodge that brought Peter under suspicion—even though he had married the coldly beautiful Beatrice Leyton, who had divorced him as he lay in a prison hospital helpless from the mysterious "accident" which immediately followed the murder. A year later Beatrice married the "bereaved" Arnoldo Dodge.

While Larry Kane was "exploding" in the district attorney's office he received a message from Maida Dodge that Peter Buchanan had been brought to live in Locust Lodge, renamed Mystery House, the scene of the murder. His physician explained that living in the environment of the old crime might help Peter to recover from paralysis. All the time that Peter Buchanan was supposed to be lying in bed, unable to speak or move, he was working with his

friend and physician, Dr. Grayson, on plans and schemes to solve the murder mystery. Peter, certain of his brother's guilt, planned his own death to take place later and, disguised as Henry Delacroix, he prepared for the ordeal of facing his former wife.



The coldly beautiful Beatrice Dodge hasn't much warmth of feeling for her charming stepdaughter, Maida, who is only a few years her junior.

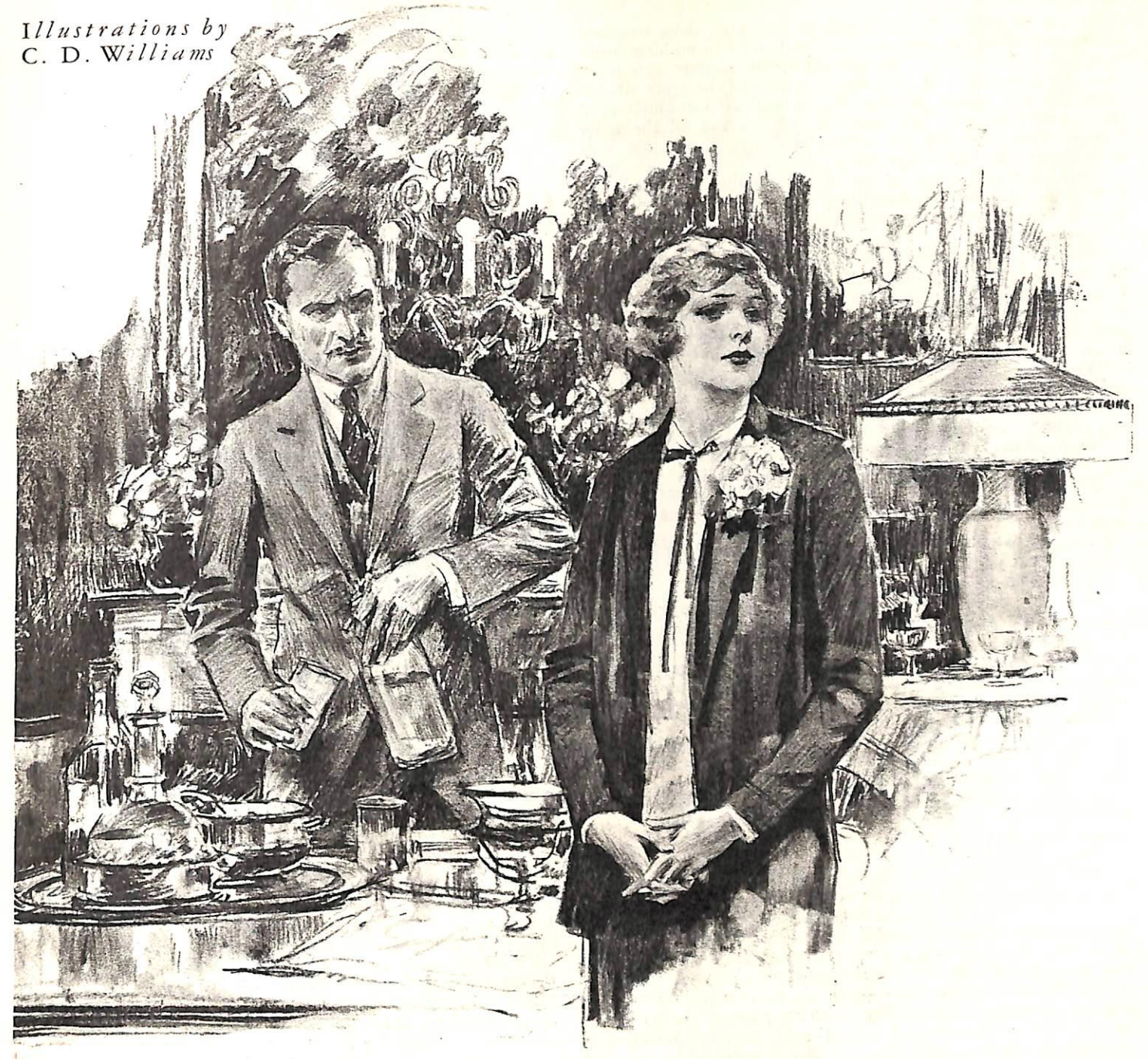
now Beatrice Dodge, and his step-brother, Arnoldo Dodge.

Dr. Grayson's skill had worked such wonders in Peter that he was completely rejuvenated, made over into another person, whom no one could possibly recognize.

"I'll put myself across as Delacroix," he cried. "And when I clear up this mystery and so clear my name, I'll make Maida Dodge love me, as I love her!"

Seven weeks later Peter (as Delacroix) after publicly declaring that he intended to clear Peter Buchanan's name of the old murders, was invited to call upon Beatrice and Arnoldo, and his disguise was perfect. As part of their plan Peter and Dr. Grayson arranged the "murder" of Peter Buchanan, sup-

Illustrations by
C. D. Williams



posed to be lying helpless in Mystery House. So with all Green Manors looking on the house was burned down. Delacroix then publicly accused Arnoldo of Peter's death in order to get control of Peter's scandal cabinet containing damaging papers which could send Arnoldo to jail.

Beatrice, clever and ruthless, used every means to gain Delacroix's confidence, assuring him she wanted to clear Peter's name (her former husband), and he pretended to believe her. As he still had the keys to his old home he gained access to the study off the library and heard talk between Arnoldo and Beatrice in which they mentioned him as a real enemy who should be "made away with."

One stormy night Peter, in answer to a note from Beatrice, went to meet her on the grounds of her home, in the summer-house on the edge of the Sound. Peter had a miraculous escape from death when the house went over the cliff. A murder plot had failed.

WHEN Peter again floated slowly back to consciousness, after what had been a long drugged sleep, the first figure to take shape in his still heavy mind was the same that had filled it when he had sunk deep into unconsciousness toward one o'clock the previous night: Beatrice—his former wife—his murderess in intent—and now, irony's ultimate expression, his nurse. Striving to give no sign of being awake Peter cautiously opened his eyes

to the thinnest slits that would give blurred vision. There in an easy chair beside his bed, just as he had last seen her the night before, sat Beatrice in her nurse's attitude of patient watching. And beyond her sat little hunchback Jennings, his eyes on her in unrelaxed suspicion.

Peter maintained his watchful pretense of sleep until Dr. Grayson arrived for his morning call; then as if the entrance of the visitor had roused him, he opened his eyes.

"Still alive, I see, Delacroix," Dr. Grayson called cheerily. "How did he sleep, Beatrice?"

"From one o'clock until just now."

"Almost ten hours—good! How do you feel this morning, Delacroix?"

"I seem still to be all in one piece—that's the important thing," replied Peter. "But I can tell better after I've had a chance to examine the wreck."

"You can tell better after you have had a little food in you," amended Dr. Grayson. "How about breakfast, nurse?"

"I've been keeping Mr. Delacroix's breakfast half ready," replied Beatrice. "I'll bring it in in just a few moments."

She soon came back with a hospital tray which she placed bridge-wise across Peter's body. The tray was daintily arranged, the food looked daintily cooked.

"You can't feed yourself with those bandaged up hands, Mr. Delacroix," she said with a nurselike smile, drawing a chair close beside the bed and seating herself—"so you'll have to let me do the best I can for you."

He had to yield. As she began to feed him, those banished sentiments of an old romance that had come to nothing, arose in him yet once more. It was thrillingly strange, this nearness of her person, this intimate service—all the more strange since she had never performed such service for him during the years when she had been his wife. And all the more strange since she did not dream that the invalid she now served had once been her husband!

"Now if you'll leave us for a little while, Beatrice," Dr. Grayson said when the breakfast was finished, "I'll give our damaged patient another examination. You might leave us, too, Jennings."

Beatrice obediently started out with the tray, then turned. "I want to tell you again, Mr. Delacroix, how very, very sorry I am that it was my note that led you to the summer-house last night—that caused your going over the cliff! Such a terrible, terrible accident!—and I feel myself guilty for it all!"

"You must not blame yourself, Mrs. Dodge," lied Peter politely. "You could not possibly have foreseen that that summer-house was fated to go tumbling down the cliff last night."

"Perhaps not. But I can never forget that it was my letter that led you into danger. Never!"

With that she again turned to leave, little Jennings silently at her heels with the grim alertness of a watch-dog.

"Doctor—what an actress she is!" breathed Peter. "And what a liar!"

"Yes—what a liar!"

This was Peter's first opportunity to discuss the events of the previous night with a clear mind with Dr. Grayson.

"She calls that affair an accident, Doctor! I say it was a carefully premeditated, carefully planned attempt at murder!"

"Most certainly it was attempted murder!"

"And that plot of last night, Doctor, was the perfect plan I heard her and Arnoldo discuss when I was hid in the little study—the plan that was to be attempted only after consultation with her, and with her approval! Without her help last night, Arnoldo could have done nothing!"

"So it would seem."

"And her coming here afterwards as my nurse—what nerve! Doctor, was that idea hers, or yours?"

"She first suggested it. I was glad enough to get her, for you needed a nurse last night, she is really a good nurse, and there was no chance to get anyone else. I thought you'd be safe enough with Jennings watching her."

"So Beatrice suggested it—just as I thought!" Peter exclaimed grimly. "Since the murder attempt failed, what better way to throw dust in our eyes, to alibi herself and Arnoldo in public opinion, than to offer herself and be accepted as the poor victim's nurse!"

"That sounds like logical reasoning. Certainly I imagine that's about how Arnoldo regards her presence at your bedside."

"Doctor, I'll rest a lot easier with that woman out of the house!"

"Then I'll send her away presently. I'll tell her you're doing so much better than I expected that you don't need a nurse."

"Thanks, Doctor. You said you wanted to make an examination of me. Get along with it, but remember this old body is pretty sore."

"It wasn't your body I was referring to, Peter. It's your attitude toward last night's affair I wanted to examine. Here is the big point: An undoubted attempt at murder was made; what are we—I having obligations as a public officer—to do about this attempted murder?"

"What can we do?"

"That depends wholly upon what we can prove."

"You have looked for proof?"

"Yes. A little after daybreak I went over to the cliff. I was looking for evidence that might prove how that summer-house was sent toppling. But early as I was, I arrived too late. I found Arnoldo and Tony already there. They must have been there for an hour or two. Arnoldo told me he had first learned of the accident when his wife had telephoned him last night and he expressed himself as very sorry for your misadventure. But very naturally, so he said, he wanted to prevent any further loss of the face of that precious lookout

and landmark, so just below the cliff's edge he had set Tony to work sinking a row of long heavy posts through which were to be interwoven boughs to serve as a retaining wall."

"That work was just a trick to destroy evidence!" cried Peter.

"Certainly."

(It was thrillingly strange to Peter to have his former wife offering to feed him—all the more so since she didn't dream who the invalid was.)



Peter thoughtfully considered what Dr. Grayson had said. "What you say seems to indicate, Doctor, that you think we may have no proof at all that murder was attempted."

"We have not—not one bit. And what's more, although we are certain murder was attempted, I do not believe we ever will secure any proof. I do not think we can do a damned thing! And so, since we can do nothing, I am in favor of not even reporting the attempt."

"That doesn't taste good to me—letting intending murderers go untouched! Especially Arnoldo Dodge!"

"Listen Peter. I'm now talking not only as a doctor and as your friend, but as an officer of the law who just at present is giving his whole time to clearing up something infinitely bigger than last night's affair. While you slept I've been giving the subject all the brains I have. Suppose I send for the sheriff or for District Attorney Jackson and report the affair—what then? If my report is investigated, as it would be, the story would become public. We have no real evidence, and we can be sure that Arnoldo Dodge will have a perfect alibi. All of the story that would remain with the public as proven fact would be the delicious morsel that Mr. Henry Delacroix came by his injuries, which, as it turned out, were no more than just punishment for his conduct, while trying to keep a midnight tryst in a lonely summer-house with a beautiful married woman."

"I get you!" Peter breathed drily. "All right, Doctor; I do just as you say. But how do we explain to the public what happened?"

"You and I and Beatrice and Jennings—and I think I should include Arnoldo and Tony—are the only persons who know what really happened out on Sound Crest. None of us six will talk. No other person saw you brought home. The toppling over of the summer-house becomes a separate event with which you had no connection. You were out walking last night—you like fighting summer storms—and in the darkness you stumbled and fell down the ravine back of your house.



storm; that a lightning flash had shown me the house going down with you in it; and that I had naturally gone to your rescue."

"Do you think Mr. Dodge believes your explanation?"

"Frankly, Mr. Delacroix, I do not know."

"We've nothing to fear there, for I'm sure he doesn't even suspect me of having written you a letter."

This last Beatrice said with a very confident air. Again Peter exclaimed to himself, "What a liar!"

To her he said, watching her closely while he put his innocent but probing words: "Before you go, Mrs. Dodge, won't you tell me what was the important and pressing development which prompted sending your letter?"

She hesitated a moment. That hesitancy was enough to confirm Peter's conviction that she had nothing to tell him, that the letter had indeed been only a ruse.

"It would serve no purpose telling you that now," she said, quickly recovering her poise and easy speech, and flashing him a smile of bright reassurance. "My information can be of no use until you are physically able to act upon it. Until then it would merely disturb you, perhaps retard your recovery. When you are well—within a few days, I hope—I think I can promise you that you will know everything that I know."

"And in the meantime, Mr. Delacroix," she went on, "I want you to remember that I am eager to give all that I possess—that I shall do all that I can alone, to clear up the mystery of Peter Buchanan. For more than ever, Mr. Delacroix, I am convinced that I never understood Peter when he was my husband, and I want to make to his memory such amends as I can for what I failed to do while he was living. Good-by."

With another flash of that reassuring smile of perfect charm, she was gone. Then once more he breathed:

"God—what a liar!"

And then after another moment:

"God—what an actress!"

Peter chafed over his brief imprisonment in bed, even though there was little further work for him to do just then, since his strategy called for quiescence until word came from Captain Burkett as to whether [Continued on page 64]

Jennings and I found you and brought you back. I needed help in caring for you—I remembered Beatrice had had training in war nursing—I telephoned her—she came. There is your perfect story."

"All right, Doctor; that's everything that happened to me," Peter drily acquiesced.

"Then that's all for the present—except sending Beatrice away," said Dr. Grayson, as he rose to leave.

Presently Beatrice came in.

"Dr. Grayson has just given me my dismissal as a nurse," she said, smiling with that direct infectious charm which Beatrice could always command when she chose to be gracious. "I can't tell you how relieved I am, Mr. Delacroix, that you are so much better than we feared!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Dodge," Peter said to her.

"Dr. Grayson has told me of the version of last night's events you are going to give the public—a version that leaves me out. I wish to thank you for your consideration."

"It is Dr. Grayson you should thank. The inspiration was his."

"He didn't tell me that. Then I must thank the two of you. I'm ordinary woman enough, with enough horror of scandal, to admit that it would be anything but pleasant for the public to know of our intended midnight meeting in the summer-house."

"Yes, I'm afraid the public might ascribe a false reason," said Peter, striving to keep irony from his voice. "That version may satisfy the public, Mrs. Dodge—but just what explanation of the affair did you give your husband when you telephoned him last night? Dr. Grayson tells me Mr. Dodge knows I went over the cliff."

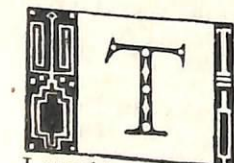
"I told my husband I had been unable to sleep; that I had gone out on Sound Crest, which he knows is a favorite retreat with me, to watch the full fury and full glory of the

THE SHRINE'S OWN DEPARTMENTS



round the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson



HERE isn't any justice in the world. Bootleggers and gamblers prosper while school teachers and preachers have to wear trousers which shine on the elbows and other prominent spots.

I wish I was a genius for a little while. I would correct some of the injustice. Every one jumps on liars; no one does them justice.

If I were a sculptor, I would sculp a wondrous monument symbolizing the good done by liars.

If I were a painter I would use my best brush on a symbolic picture which would force on the attention of an open-mouthed, gasping world, the fact that liars have never been done their due!

If I were a poet I would indite burning lines of lilting rhythm to the liar that all might read and believe him a benefit, not a menace.

People always try to reform folks who do things the reformers do not like to do.

That's me all over. I am a liar. I am a first-class, able seaman impromptu liar. I lie well, because of long experience. I am a freehand, Spencerian liar, who can lie on a moment's notice. I am an unrepentant liar. The story of George Washington and his cherry tree never did click with me. I like the story of the Spartan boy who stole a fox and hid it under his vest, letting it gnaw out his liver and lights while he calmly lied about stealing it.

This is not a confession! It's a boast. I have come from a luncheon at which a Noble paid me a wonderful compliment. He said, "You are one of the most delightful liars to whom I have ever listened." Pardon my egotism but those are his exact words. I will always love him for doing what he could to bring justice to an unjust world!

One of the Nobles at the lunch had made a speech the night before. There was a lot of static in his speech. It was

one of those speeches during which you want to hand the speaker a basketful of synonyms and antonyms or at least one good emphatic period. Never have I heard a speaker make more of a mess!

The poor chap was painfully conscious of what he had failed to do. He was deeply humiliated. All I did was tell him it was a perfectly wonderful speech. I told him his hesitation was an evidence of his sincerity, his halting phrases showed it was from the depths of a sincere heart and not a mere prepared oration. I told him some more lies. When I finished his head was no longer hung in shame, but reared back to get out of the way of his chest imitating a pouter pigeon. Why not? You cannot any more get back an already spoken speech than you can unpickle a cucumber.

After paying me that nice compliment the Noble told me that when he went home the night before he found his wife had bought a new hat. It looked to him like an upturned peach basket with a shoe buckle on the side. He had to get down on his knees to look her in the eye when she wore it. But she thought it was beautiful. Did he laugh? He is a Noble! He told her it was the prettiest top piece he ever saw and suggested going to the country club to dinner to show it off and make all the other women jealous. Bless his soul, he is a liar, too, which made his compliment to me all the nicer. He is an authority on lying!

I don't like consistently truthful people, who make an absolute vice of telling the truth while all around them are nice folks who make a cardinal virtue of lying.

Did you ever sit in a poker game which you simply couldn't afford to quit? It happens to most every poker player, some time. A man (not a Shriner of course for Shriners never play poker much) got into a poker game which kept him out all night. Even then he had to issue some notes at daylight. He was a poor, weak, inexperienced liar who foolishly told his wife that they played till two [Continued on page 55]

WITHIN THE SHRINE



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

PARENTS SHOULD MAKE THINGS INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING TO KEEP THEIR CHILDREN HOME

HOME was once a haven of refuge where the family gathered each night around the sitting-room table to read, to discuss matters of mutual interest, to plan for the future, to confer over finance, religion, matrimony and amusement. These conferences, with their mutual confidences, tied the family circle into an unbroken whole, one for all and all for one.

Home today seems little more than a dressing-room, to which we rush to change our costume and make-up for our act on the stage of life. It has ceased to be a harbor and become a place of embarkation for some other port.

The telephone, the radio, the phonograph, the moving pictures and the cheap automobile have done much to destroy the home, that greatest of all institutions of civilization. Parents have little opportunity for contact with their children and in consequence little chance to influence them.

Success in parenthood consists not in making children do, but in making them WANT to do. No longer are children made to be good through fear. They are made good because they want to be good. To want to be good, the good must be made as entertaining, as interesting, as the opposing bad.

Here lies the problem of the home. Let us not wonder why children go out so much, but what we have done to make home as interesting as the places to which they go. Let us not quarrel because they are never at home, but studiously ponder the problem of what to do to make home interesting for them.

We all long for freedom, but is it freedom from or freedom to.

A Shriner—All kin' o' smily roun' the lips an' teary roun' the lashes.

TEMPLES SHOULD HAVE LOCAL CHARITIES WHICH GIVE MEMBERS OPPORTUNITY FOR PERSONAL SERVICE

THE one big job of handling a dozen hospitals for crippled children is big enough eleemosynary work for the Imperial Council. But is it enough for the local Shrine Temple? This work is carried on by committees of the Imperial Council, who give of their time, talent and money to a most laudable degree.

As far as a local Temple is concerned, this work is a mere matter of bookkeeping. The Shriner writes his check, the recorder deposits it and writes a check for the Temple's total and there the work of the local Temple ends. The real work

is passed up to the Imperial Council which performs its task nobly.

Should not the local Temple have its own charitable activity? Should not the local Temple have some work which gives its own members opportunity for personal service? Personal service is the rent we pay to the world for the room we occupy in it. Would we not be better off, would we not be bound more closely, if we had some local interest not of the type of check charity, in which we could engage?

Not in the way of actual suggestions but as thought stimulants: Clean-up Week, Tree Planting Week, Shade Trees Along Highways, Boys' Baseball Leagues, Masonic Home Picnic, Inter-Temple Meetings, Christmas Baskets for the Poor, College Scholarships for High School Graduates, Celebrations of Foreigners Becoming Citizens.

Purely local matters tend to harness the inherent power of the Shrine to pull the load of community service. As men who work together in double harness learn to love each other, this love will become one more bond, binding tighter and meshing the membership with greater perfection.

THE GREATEST ASSET ANY TEMPLE OR INDIVIDUAL CAN HAVE IS ENTHUSIASM

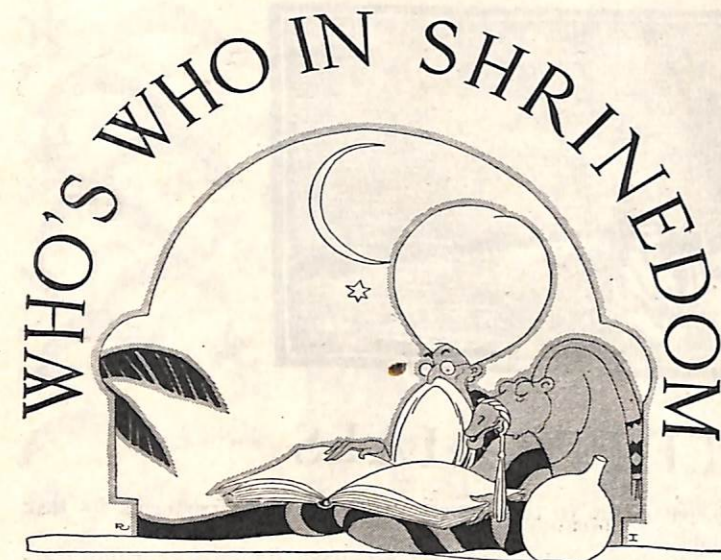
THE greatest asset any Temple or individual Shriner can have, is enthusiasm. Enthusiasm has both money power and influence beaten on every count. No man is so big that he can bring honor to the Shrine. No man is so powerful that his power can be used by the Shrine. But every man with enthusiasm for the organization, its ideals, its objectives, brings with him into Shrinedom an asset incalculably valuable.

Single-handed the enthusiast convinces and dominates, inspires and leads where the wealth of an oil magnet would scarcely raise a tremor of interest. Enthusiasm carries its possessor and all who come in contact with him on to good works and activities which would lie dormant without him.

Yet every man who ever annoyed a Potentate or a Temple is an enthusiast. Only an enthusiast can do it! Some men misdirect their enthusiasm. If this misdirected enthusiasm is killed, there dies with it a great potential Shrine leader. Given a man with enthusiasm, there need be only a direction of that enthusiasm into conservative channels to make the enthusiasm an asset rather than a liability to the Temple.

An enthusiast can be diverted from his course if it is not parallel with Shrine objectives. He can be molded into form to fit the occasion. It is the indifferent, the non-attendant, the uninterested member who is difficult to control. In any organization General Apathy is the hardest soldier to fight. If you have an enthusiast, guard him with infinite care for he is one of the greatest possible potential powers for good.

"He who helps a child helps humanity with an immediateness which no other help given to human creatures in any other state of human life can possibly give again."



NOBLE MOTLEY H. FLINT
Al Malaikah Temple
Los Angeles, Cal.



Past Potentate Motley H. Flint, of Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, is a convention hound. If Los Angeles wants a convention—and it usually does—they send Flint out after it, and he usually brings it home. Then, as a reward, they let him do about nine-tenths of the work of taking care of it. The Elks, the Shrine and the American Bankers' Association know how good he is, too.

Mr. Flint is a big business man. Principally a banker, he is, through an important executive position in Warner Brothers, a leading figure in moving picture production. His brother, former Senator Flint of California, is one of the few men who ever voluntarily gave up membership in the Senate to go back to the practice of law.

NOBLE C. A. TEMPLETON
Sphinx Temple
Hartford, Conn.



Noble Charles Augustus Templeton, of Sphinx Temple, Hartford, Connecticut, used to be a sprinter of parts in his youth. He ran the hundred more than once in 10 2-5, which was good time then and still is—look at the summary of the ordinary intercollegiate track meet, if you don't believe it. He early became involved in Connecticut politics and was governor from 1923 to 1925. It was during his term that Connecticut cleaned its house of a number of pretended doctors.

NOBLE F. C. SCHRAMM
El Kalah Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah

When, some years ago, there was discussion as to the location of one of the Mobile Hospital Units someone spoke up and said: "Why, there's no argument! You've got to put it at Salt Lake City because Fred Schramm's there to look after it!" And that settled the matter.

Noble Schramm, Past Potentate of El Kalah, Salt Lake, is one of those men who gets things done—and done well. He is a Permanent Representative. Active in all branches of Masonry, the Scottish Rite has absorbed most of his time—he being Inspector General.



NOBLE W. H. NEWTON
Zuhrah Temple
Minneapolis, Minn.



Noble Walter H. Newton, of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, is a member of Congress and a politician of note. In the last campaign he was in charge of the Speakers' Bureau, and the assignment of spellbinders during a national campaign is no light task. Noble Newton is a member of the Committees of the House on both Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

NOBLE ARTHUR B. WHITE
Nemesis Temple
Parkersburg, W. Va.



Noble Arthur B. White, of Nemesis, Parkersburg, West Virginia, has had as busy a life as falls to the lot of most men. An editor and publisher for twenty-one years, he has been governor of his state, three times Collector of Internal Revenue—by appointment of Presidents Harrison, McKinley and Harding—a banker, a manufacturer, and, during the war, a welfare worker overseas.

He has been active in other Masonic bodies besides the Shrine, and has served his Temple as Potentate—and still serves it in the Imperial Council as Permanent Representative.

C. A. CHRISTOPHERSON
El Riad Temple
Sioux Falls, So. Dak.



"My first case?" says Noble C. A. Christopherson of El Riad Temple, Sioux Falls, S. D., thoughtfully. "Well, sir, I'll tell you. A client held a farmer's note, and the farmer wouldn't pay. I went out to see him and collect—didn't want to sue unless I had to. Well, the farmer, he didn't feel like paying. He undertook to tell me so with a hickory club. And the farmer's wife, she didn't think he ought to pay, and she got into the argument with the biggest axe you ever saw!"

"Well, sir, I'm a gallant man, and I'm all for the ladies, but that day I had to sort of forget that. She was a fine woman, and she had a big axe, but she didn't understand the fine points of axe fighting, and I figured I had more chance to get the axe than the hickory club. So I took it from her, and then I persuaded the farmer to back up a bit, and got away. The money? No. I didn't wait for that. But I kept the axe. I've still got it."

"What's that hatchet, on the wall—looks like a child's size hatchet?"

"That?" says Christopherson. "Oh—that? That—that's the axe!"

Noble Christopherson has been in Congress since 1918, and seems likely to stay there. He is a past potentate of El Riad, and has taken all degrees in both York and Scottish Rites. He has held almost every high Masonic office in South Dakota.

ACTIVITIES

of the TEMPLES and Other News

IMPERIAL VISITS TO ST. PAUL AND MEMPHIS

Imperial Potentate Crosland ended his pilgrimage with visits to St. Paul and Memphis. Awaiting him at Chicago was Noble Frank R. Newman, Zuhrah, Minneapolis, vice-president of the Soo Railroad, whose private car conveyed the Imperial party to St. Paul. Past Potentate Lewis of Osman acted as escort.

At St. Paul, the uniformed bodies of Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines; Kem, Grand Forks; Aad, Duluth; Zuhrah, Minneapolis; the Drum Corps and Patrols of Tripoli, Milwaukee, located at La Crosse, the one at Superior, and the Band, Patrol, Sheiks and Drum Corps of Osman were all lined up at the station. Fully a thousand uniformed men headed the procession to the Masonic Temple where the Mayor extended a hearty welcome to the visitors.

Among other items on a varied program was a visit to the Twin Cities Unit, Crippled Children's Hospitals, a Ceremonial at which there was a class of one hundred and fifty-five novices, and a banquet at the Athletic Club.

Another feature of the visit was the opening of Dinty Moore's restaurant where five thousand Shriners were fed, under the direction of Noble Tom Rishworth. Corned beef and cabbage was the main item on the menu.

The Ratterree Hospital films, the expense of which was borne by Noble Allen H. Ratterree of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, were shown at the Auditorium to an audience of five thousand. Noble

Reynold E. Blight, also of Al Malaikah, delivered a lecture in connection with the picture. Then came the showing of the various uniformed bodies. The vast stage of the auditorium was one mass of blazing colors. Candidates for Imperial Outer Guard in attendance—Clifford Bradt, Kismet, Brooklyn, H. M. Caldwell, Nile, Seattle, Henry C. Heinz, Yaarab, Atlanta, Walter S. Sugden, Osiris, Wheeling, and Clyde I. Webster, Moslem, Detroit—were among the visitors.

The Imperial Potentate announced that he had selected Past Potentate Ed

Kramer, Osman, as drum major of the marching units of Alcazar Temple at Atlantic City. Noble Crosland was presented with a magnificent nine by twelve Oriental rug and a collection was taken up for the flood sufferers. More than a thousand dollars was contributed.

A pleasing incident at the evening banquet was the presentation by President Walter T. King, Osman, of an engraved invitation, on silver, to attend the meeting of the Recorders' Association at Atlantic City.

Potentate Hill and Past Potentate A. E. Cameron, Al Chymia, Memphis, joined the Imperial Party at Chicago. At Memphis a rousing reception was tendered the party by the uniformed bodies of Al Chymia, Memphis, Sahara, Pine Bluff, and Al Menah, Nashville. Also present to participate in the festivities were Potentate H. H. Bain, and Past Potentate J. H. Rowland, El Karubah, Shreveport; Potentate W. N. Cheney, Wahabi, Jackson; E. H. McFadden, Sahara, Pine Bluff; L. L. Gamble, Al Menah, Nashville, and Thomas C. Law, Yaarab, Atlanta.

A parade was held, participated in by all the uniformed units of the three temples and led by forty-eight members of the Memphis police force, each wearing his fez. After luncheon, the first and third sections were put on, a dinner followed and the second section opened with a minstrel show. Past Potentate Cameron presented to the Imperial Potentate, on behalf of Al Chymia, four silver candlesticks.

FOR FLOOD RELIEF

Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, gave an entertainment for the benefit of the flood sufferers which netted \$8,361.50. Below are shown the check, Roy H. McCray, Manager Al Malaikah Auditorium Comm., Robert A. Heffner, Chairman Entertainment Comm., and Sim W. Crabill, Potentate Al Malaikah Temple.



From Memphis the Imperial Potentate returned to his home in Montgomery, Alabama, having made his last official visit prior to leaving for the Imperial Council Session at Atlantic City.

Among other things that Al Menah Temple, Nashville, did at their latest ceremonial was to arrange for sight-seeing trips for visiting nobles. One of the most interesting sights was a series of tableaux with drills and dances which was put on by a group of young women from Peabody College for Teachers. [Continued on page 52]



Imperial Potentate Crosland receiving Mayor Ruffu's welcome to the Shriners. The new Imperial Potentate, Clarence M. Dunbar, is the fifth in the row.

THE NOBILITY AT ATLANTIC CITY

Smiled Despite the Rain, Marched Drilled and Had a Good Time

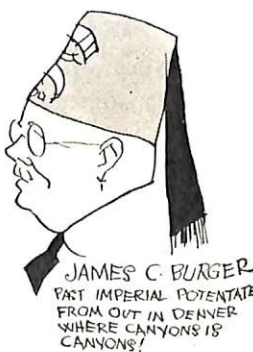
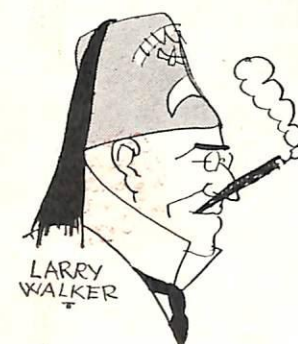
A GOOD many people have a mistaken notion about Monday, June 13, 1927, especially if they live in New York. They are going to remember it as the day Lindbergh flew over from Washington to meet New Yorkers to the number of four million or so. But fifty thousand Shriners are always going to treasure it in their hearts as the day before the day it rained.

Monday was a grand day. It was a good day to get to Atlantic City, where, on a pleasant June day, as you stroll along the Boardwalk, you can see the blue ocean, and the sails of vessels far out, and—well, of course, there's the beach in the foreground. A good Shriner thinks, naturally, in the terms of the ritual, and it was interesting to compare the girls one saw with the fabled Houris. The Houris wouldn't have had a chance; the Atlantic City girls could leave their lipsticks home and win a beauty contest in a walk. And how they did fill the beach, that glorious Monday—the beach, and their one-piece bathing suits. (The modern one-piece bathing suit, by the way, is not hard to fill; even a little sort of girl can fill it and have a good deal left over. In fact she does.)

Well, be that as it may, a good many Shriners were in Atlantic City by Monday, June 13, even though the Imperial Council was not actually to meet until the next day. Fezzes were everywhere; they'd begun to be numerous even by Saturday. But Monday they came in by every train, and when Judge Crosland, the retiring Imperial Potentate, rolled in, about four o'clock, on his special train, with all the glory of Alcazar of Montgomery, Alabama, along, he was met by Mayor Ruffu, of Atlantic City, four aerial bombs, four brass bands, the Atlantic City Shrine Club in blue and white blazers and Potentate Earl Jeffries of Crescent, Trenton, the Temple that was host to the meeting.

Considering what they were doing for Lindbergh in New York just then Judge Crosland got a mighty impressive welcome. But the United States is good at that sort of thing. It may not always be prepared for a war, but by the time the war has been won, or when some other trifle like flying to Paris has been accomplished, Uncle Sam is always ready with the latest thing in celebrations.

So they whooped it up for Judge Crosland, and took him to the Ambassador in a fine, informal sort of procession, and gave him and his Divan a ball that evening. And if anyone happened to see the weather forecast, which was "Monday,



THE CONVENTION IN BRIEF:

- Ⓞ Sudden deaths of Representatives Blake, Aleppo, Boston, and Rodes, El Maida, El Paso
- Ⓞ No increase in hospital assessment.
- Ⓞ Retiring Imperial Potentate Crosland youngest ever to attain that title.
- Ⓞ Next Imperial Council Session at Miami, May 1, 2 and 3, 1928.
- Ⓞ George Washington Memorial Association voted \$30,000.
- Ⓞ Permanent headquarters committee discharged without action.
- Ⓞ Life memberships may now again be given for service or period of membership.
- Ⓞ Limits date from time of receipt of request by Recorder, but Temple must act on same.
- Ⓞ Color of 1928 card—Yellow.
- Ⓞ Ritual committee reported several important changes.
- Ⓞ Patriotic exercises recommended on opening Imperial Council and subordinate Temples.
- Ⓞ H. M. Caldwell, Nile, Seattle, elected Imperial Outer Guard on second ballot.
- Ⓞ Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar rendered several cornet solos.
- Ⓞ Splendid demonstration of hospital accomplishments—both in flesh and in films.

Fair; Tuesday, Showers" he paid no attention to it. Showers? Pooh and a couple of paws! Who minded a shower or so? Not the Shriners!

It was a fine, large night. Does anyone know why a song becomes the rage on any given occasion? That particular night the choice was an old timer. Thousands of voices chanted it.

The weather people cocked a weary ear and listened in.

"How Dry I Am", eh?" they said. "How dry they are! Is that so? Is that SO!"

Morning came. Oddly enough, it found some Shriners in bed; some, you see, had brought their wives along, and hadn't felt like staying up quite so late as the bachelors and those whose wives hadn't been able to come along. These, turning over on the pillow, roused up a little at a queer noise they heard.

"Listen to the surf!" they said to their wives. "Gosh—sounds great, don't it? Can't beat the good old ocean! Say—call me when you come up from breakfast, will you, dear?"

"That's not the surf—that's the rain," said the wives, in the coldly and relentlessly realistic manner of women upon such occasions. "And it's time to get up right now, if you're going to be in the parade."

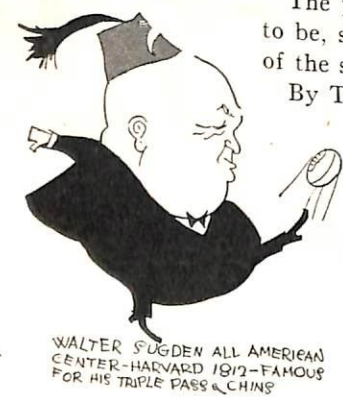
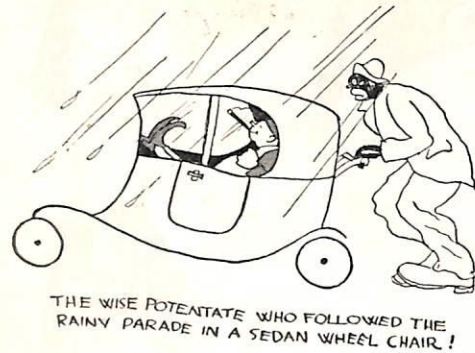
Was there a parade? Certainly there was! It was on the programme, and it came off, without a hitch. The crowd rather walked out on it, to be sure, but there was a parade, just the same, that escorted the Representatives to the Chelsea in good Shrine fashion. The bands played and played—"How Dry I Am", mostly, or "It Ain't Goin' To Rain No More." The fifty Hopi Indians El Zaribah Temple had brought on from Arizona did their stuff—egged on by the rain, perhaps, because it was a treat for them.

It rained all morning. In the afternoon it rained a little harder. And in the evening, after a teasing lull, it rained hardest. And that is all the publicity the rain is going to get. It is not sound policy to encourage weather like that by taking too much notice of it. If the Shriners had decided, early on Tuesday, to treat that rain with the silent contempt it deserved, instead of calling it names, all might have been well. As it was the rain got too much attention and went on to show off.

It didn't clear the Boardwalk, though, even in the afternoon. The Hopi Indians danced a war dance, and the bands played, and everyone had a good time, and Wednesday was a perfectly good day again, with the sun looking a bit shamefaced, as much as to say: "Well—well—that's one on me! Gosh,



In the Boardwalk parade the different Temples vied with each other in the perfection of their marching units.



I'm sorry about yesterday—got my dates mixed up! No hard feelings, though!"

Wednesday was grand, just as Monday had been. What went on in the Imperial Council Session was, of course, a deep, dark secret—see page 45 for full details. But, along in the afternoon, it began to be suspected that "Dunnie," Clarence M. Dunbar, of Palestine, had been elected Imperial Potentate, because the whole Providence Temple came along, making all the noise it could, and tugging a Rhode Island Red as big as the wooden horse of Troy, and everyone knows that Dunnie used to have red hair, when he had any, and is still called "Rhode Island Red" to this day.

The parade that night was all a parade ought to be—and never quite manages to be, somehow, unless the Shrine is on the job, and even the moon came up out of the sea to look at it.

By Thursday the lid was off. The official part of the Session was over, and when night brought the climax of the great Million Dollar Moving Picture Parade, with the Nobles as onlookers instead of actors, everyone was happy.

For all Tuesday's rain it was a great session. Atlantic City is there just to provide amusement, and it certainly knows how, and proved it to the Shrine. Crescent Temple, the Atlantic City Shrine Club and the city itself united to make the party a delight, and if any Noble or any Noble's wife didn't have a good time they must have been pretty hard to please.

For the bedraggled heroes of the wet parade the Shrine ought to strike a medal. Here, meanwhile, is the honor roll of the Temples that made up the three divisions of the parade:

First Division—Crescent, Trenton. Alcazar, Montgomery, Ala. Mecca, New York. Damascus, Rochester. Al Koran, Cleveland. Cyprus, Albany, N. Y. Syrian, Cincinnati. Pyramid, Bridgeport. Moslem, Detroit. Aleppo, Boston. Medinah.

Second Division—LuLu, Philadelphia. Boumi, Baltimore. Zuhrah, Minneapolis. Palestine, Providence. Osiris, Wheeling. Kismet, Brooklyn. Ismailia, Buffalo. Yaarab, Atlanta. Media, Watertown, N. Y. Rajah, Reading, Pa. Mohammed, Peoria. Aladdin, Columbus, O. Oasis, Charlotte. Irem, Wilkes-Barre.

Third Division—Sphinx, Hartford. Beni Kedem, Charleston, W. Va. Melha, Springfield, Mass. Karnak, Montreal. Salaam, Newark. Jaffa, Altoona. Cairo, Rutland, Vt. Khedive, Norfolk. Bektash, Concord. Midian, Wichita. Nemesis, Parkersburg. Arabia, Houston. Alzafar, San Antonio. Ali Gahn, Cumberland, Md.

Naturally, the Wednesday night parade was the big show. Palestine's giant Rhode Island Red was a big hit. But the brilliant Patrols and other uniformed bodies, the ever improving Bands, the ingenious electric devices—illuminated fezzes, shirt studs and shoe buckles—and the liberally scattered flood lights served to make it as colorful and glowing a show as even the Shrine ever put on.



The Shrine Chanters drawing the crowds as usual. Here they are massed before the Imperial Grand Stand at Atlantic City.



PROCEEDINGS of the IMPERIAL COUNCIL

FOR the fifty-third time the Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine has met in session. While fifty thousand Nobles enjoyed the sunshine, the beach, the boardwalk of Atlantic City, the business of their Order was transacted by their chosen leaders and representatives. For another year the playground of Masons is open to more than half a million Shriners, who may revel in it to their hearts content, secure in the knowledge that all is well with the Shrine, and that once more its guidance has been entrusted to those well and fully qualified to administer the great and difficult task that the years have made of the governance of an Order that has come to have nearly six hundred thousand members, linked in fraternal bonds at least as strong as any the world has known.

On Tuesday, June 14, Flag Day, promptly at half an hour after noon, Potentate Earl E. Jeffries, of Crescent Temple Trenton, playing host to the Session, called the meeting to order. He introduced Noble Dr. I. Norwood Griscom, the orator of Crescent, who, in honor of the day, delighted those who heard him by a novel and impressive rendering of "The Star Spangled Banner", accompanied by music. Then Zembo Band, of Harrisburg, played the national anthem. The Reverend Dr. Steinmetz, chaplain of Crescent, pronounced the invocation, and Potentate Jeffries then delivered his address of welcome.

The Yaarab Chanters, from Atlanta, put the meeting in high good humor by their singing of old Southern songs, and then Joseph E. Perskia, representing Mayor Ruffu of Atlantic City, bade the Shrine be welcome in the city's name. It was, he said, a token of the growing spirit of tolerance that a Catholic mayor, unavoidably absent, should depute to one of the old chosen people, himself, the task of welcoming the Imperial Council.

Now, and as a preliminary to the true business that was coming, oratory was unleashed. Grand Master Howard R. Cruse spoke eloquently in his tribute to the Shrine in its relation to the whole of Masonry. And there was more singing, with the Chanters of Aladdin, Columbus, Ohio, Salaam, of Newark, Osiris of Wheeling and Medinah of Chicago vying with one another in friendly rivalry. And finally Potentate Jeffries turned to Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland, of Alcazar, Montgomery, who, using a gavel made of wood from trees in the Holy Land, presented to him



The new Imperial Outer Guard, H. M. Caldwell, Nile Temple, Seattle.

by Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, mother of Potentate Crenshaw of Alcazar, announced that the Imperial Council was in session.

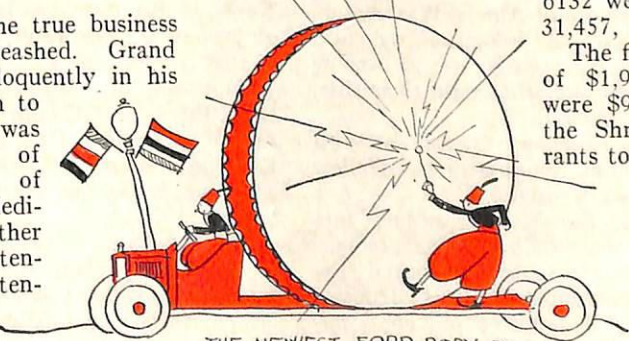
In the afternoon Past Potentate James T. Rogers of Kalurah, announced the absence, through illness, of Imperial Recorder B. W. Rowell, of Aleppo, Boston, and moved that the privilege of the floor be extended to Noble Harvey W. Leggee, of Aleppo, Assistant to the Imperial Recorder, though he was not a representative, and taking the opportunity to pay to Noble Leggee a tribute that the applause with which the resolution was carried showed to be in full accord with the sentiments of the representatives.

Routine business followed. There was no discussion of the report of the Committee on Credentials; harmony, it was seen, was to prevail. Quietly, while the Committee on Necrology made its report, and the roll of those who had passed on during the year was read, the Council stood, having listened, first, to the muted singing of "Friend of Mine" by Edwin Mackay of Nile, Seattle, and the Chanters.

The Imperial Recorder's report referred, without discussion, like the Imperial Treasurer's, to the appropriate committees, showed the membership of the Imperial Council to be 677, with 157 chartered temples, and a total membership in the Order of 587,133. During the year 6912 Nobles had died, it was revealed; 6286 had dimitted; 16,908 had been suspended and 37 had been expelled—a total reduction of the membership roll of 30,143. To offset this 25,325 Nobles were created, 6132 were affiliated or restored—a total of 31,457, or a gain, for the year, of 1314.

The finished report showed total receipts of \$1,986,406.48. As of April 1 there were \$920,415.36 in the general fund and the Shriners Hospital Fund. Total warrants to hospitals were reported as amounting to \$6,938,368.62.

Legal details covering the transfer of property from the Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals to the Imperial Council, recently incorporated, were arranged in various resolutions. It was necessary to refer back for correction Past Potentate Lee E. Thomas's 1926





(It would have taken more than a shower of rain to stop the Shriners from parading at Atlantic City.



WILLIAM MELISH
THE OLDEST LIVING
PAST IMPERIAL POTENTATE
AND STILL GOING STRONG!



(More than forty film celebrities on their way to Shrine Convention, Atlantic City, where they took part in Electrical Pageant.



resolution providing for an increase in hospital dues, for constitutional reasons, and it was later tabled.

But there soon followed a phase of the Session that may, in the end, result in greater benefit to the hospitals than any assessment. Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick, vice-chairman of the Hospital Trustees, took the gavel, and there was shown a practical demonstration of what the hospitals are doing. First came pictures thrown on a screen showing the little ones arriving at the Philadelphia Hospital in various stages of malformation and disease. And then the same children, in person, walked out upon the stage. Some of them had never been able to walk before, and the proof of the marvelous work actually being accomplished by one unit in the last degree. Dr. Wyant, resident physician at the Philadelphia Hospital, explained each case, and then Miss Edna Taylor, superintendent of the hospital, was introduced.

Then the moving picture, "An Equal Chance", was shown after Noble Reynold E. Blight, of Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, had explained its purpose and conception.

Noble Allen Ratterree had this picture made, wholly at his own expense—though this expense was cut to a minimum by the generosity of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, which made it at actual cost, while the actors involved gave their services, so that a film which, made commercially, would have cost not less than \$40,000 was made for about one tenth of that sum. Noble Ratterree intends the picture as an argument for support for the hospitals, and it is available for showing at any Temple, Noble Ratterree meeting all expenses. No collections are to follow its showing, but in the picture itself attention is drawn to the way in which bequests to the hospitals may be made.

Other details of the first day's session were resolutions sending congratulations as a man and a Mason to Colonel Lindbergh, and telegrams of sympathy and good cheer to Past Potentate J. B. Orr, of Mahi, Miami, who is ill at Rochester, Minnesota, to Imperial Recorder B. W. Rowell, and to Past Imperial Potentate Henry C. Akin, in Los Angeles. Major General Amos A. Fries, Potentate of Almas, Washington, introduced the Lindbergh resolution. A resolution was also adopted passing a law which permits Past Potentates to become charter applicants for a new Temple and still retain their title, in such Temple, if the charter be granted.

At the first day's session the stage was decorated with flowers from Zamora, Birmingham, in compliment to a fellow son of Alabama—Imperial Potentate Crosland.

On Wednesday morning, when the Representatives met again, cheered by the sunshine that followed the previous day's storm, Imperial Potentate Crosland announced the absence through illness of Past Potentate Mike H. Thomas, of Hella, Dallas, chairman of the Committee on Time and Place, and Past Potentate George Meredith became chairman, with Past Potentate Ernest E. McLin filling the vacancy.

Three recommendations had been made in the address of

the Imperial Potentate, and upon these, in reporting, Past Imperial Potentate A. B. McGaffey spoke in his customary and always happy vein. There was some discussion, but all recommendations were approved. One provided for delivery of all bonds connected with hospital work to the custody of the Imperial Treasurer. Another involved striking out "if collected" in the matter of payment of Shrine Magazine assessments. Subject to the requirement that life memberships must, when sold, bring in fifteen times the annual dues, self-government regarding such membership was restored to the Temples.

"The Imperial Potentate," Noble McGaffey remarked, after these graver matters were disposed of, "made a new departure in establishing a department called Inquiries and Requests. It proved conclusively that small children are not the only ones who ask foolish and unnecessary questions!"

At ten o'clock, Past Potentate Fred I. Dana, of Palestine, Providence, stepped forward and nominated Clarence M. Dunbar, of his Temple, for Imperial Potentate.

"He was red-headed when he started in the line—he's bald headed now!" said Noble Dana. So he struck the note of a nominating speech conspicuous for the absence of embroidery. Great laughter and applause rewarded him—as well as the compliment of a unanimous vote, with rules suspended, for his candidate.

At once, with Palestine Band leading the way, a tumultuous celebration was staged. Huge baskets of flowers were carried to the stage, and then a colossal reproduction of a "Rhode Island Red," mounted on wheels, was led along by the Drum and Bugle Corps, the Patrol and the Legion. And, not to be outdone by his supporters, the newly-elected Imperial Potentate picked up a cornet and, accompanied by his Temple's Band, played, significantly: "The End of a Perfect Day."

Then, with rules still suspended, Sam P. Cochran named Frank C. Jones, of Arabia Temple, Houston, as Imperial Deputy Potentate, and he was unanimously elected. Louis M. Cole, Past Potentate of Al Malaikah, named Leo V. Youngworth for Imperial Chief Rabbah, honoring a fellow Noble of his own Temple. Potentate William C. Kohlmetz, of Damascus, Rochester, was the namer of Esten A. Fletcher, of that Temple for Imperial Assistant Rabbah. Noble Thomas J. Houston, of Medinah, Chicago, was named for Imperial High Priest and Prophet by Past Potentate R. J. Shand, of Ansar, Springfield, Ill. Past Potentate William A. McKay, of Khartum, Winnipeg made the speech nominating Earl C. Mills, of Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, Iowa, for Imperial Oriental Guide.

For the thirty-fifth time Past Imperial Potentate W. B. Melish named Noble Wm. S. Brown, of Syria, Pittsburgh, for Imperial Treasurer, and Noble Brown, rising to a plea of personal privilege, asked to be allowed to stand in the place of Past Potentate James S. Blake, of Aleppo, deceased, whose task it had been, for many years to annually nominate Noble B. W. Rowell as Imperial Recorder. He asked for a rising vote as

a unanimous ballot, and also for permission to telegraph the news of his reelection to Noble Rowell, ill in Boston.

Past Imperial Potentate E. J. Jacoby, of Murat, named Clifford Ireland of Mohammed, Peoria, for Imperial First Ceremonial Master. The sponsor of John M. Sebrell, of Khedive, Norfolk, for Imperial Second Ceremonial Master was Potentate James H. Price, of Acca, Richmond. Past Potentate L. E. Walton, of Abou Ben Adhem, named Dana S. Williams, Kora, Lewiston, for Imperial Marshal, and Past Imperial Potentate Conrad V. Dykeman, after reading a telegram of congratulation to the new Imperial Potentate from Mayor Dunn, of Providence, in the name of the people of the city, nominated Leonard P. Steuart, Almas, Washington, for Imperial Captain of the Guard.

All of these candidates were unanimously elected, without opposition.

But, as usual, the lists were open when it came to the choice of an Imperial Outer Guard. Six candidates were named: J. Thomas Field, of El Hasa, Ashland, Ky., by S. S. Jones, of Kosair, Louisville; Walter S. Sugden, of Osiris, Wheeling, by Dr. O. W. Burdats, of Osiris; Hugh M. Caldwell, of Nile, Seattle, by Scott Henderson, of Afifi, Tacoma; Clifford H. Bratt, of Kismet, Brooklyn, by John A. Morison, of Kismet; Clyde I. Webster, of Moslem, Detroit, by Past Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor, of Saladin, Grand Rapids; and Henry C. Heinz, of Yaarab, Atlanta, by Russell F. Greiner, Ararat, Kansas City, Mo., acting for Noble Jack Orr, of Mahi, Miami.

On the first ballot the vote was: Caldwell, 292; Webster, 163; Heinz, 68; Sugden, 46; Bratt, 37; Field, 16. Noble Sugden, Noble Field, Noble Bratt and Noble Heinz withdrew, in that order, and on the second ballot Noble Caldwell received 414 votes and Noble Webster 190. Noble Webster asked at once that the nomination be made unanimous, escorted his rival to the stage and asked him the formal question as to his acceptance.

Noble Charles H. Grakelow, of LuLu Temple, Philadelphia, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, addressed the council and received an ovation.

The retiring trustees of the Shriners Hospitals, Forrest Adair, of Yaarab, Atlanta, John D. McGilvray, Islam, San Francisco, and A. W. Chapman, Khartum, Winnipeg, were re-elected without opposition, as was Past Potentate George Filmer, for the five-year term as a member of the Publication Committee of The Shrine Magazine.

Chairman W. B. Hill, of the Mississippi Flood Relief Committee, said that in addition to the \$10,000 contributed by the Imperial Council to the relief fund \$22,000 had been sent by subordinate temples. Past

Potentate A. A. D. Rahn of Zuhrah, Minneapolis, reported at length on the disposition of the \$25,000 given by the Imperial Council for relief of sufferers from Florida hurricanes.

Frank C. Jones, of Arabia, Houston, William Bamber, Kismet and James A. Rogers, Palestine, Providence, were added to the list of emeritus members.

Progress in the work of the Washington National Memorial Association was reported by Chairman Arthur S. Evans, of Ziyara, Utica. Noble Percy E. Hoak, of Za-Ga-Zig, reported that the Committee on the Consideration of the Desirability of Changing Manner and Time of Meetings of the Imperial Council felt that, owing to the importance of the subject, action should be deferred for another year.

No application for charter or dispensation came up, owing to the stringent new restrictions. This had not occurred before since 1918.

Major General Fries, of Almas, reported for the committee appointed to take up the proper use of the national colors, and suggested carefully worked out and clearly expressed rules. His report was adopted without discussion, and referred to the Ritual Committee to be incorporated in the Ritual.

The Committee on Law and Order, by Chairman Horace T. Phinney of Abdallah, reported that the Nobility had behaved so well that the Shrine Court had not been called during the Session. A sad note was struck by the passage of resolutions, in the usual form, for the sending of mileage and per diem checks to the widows of two deceased representatives, Past Potentate James S. Blake, of Aleppo, Boston, and Potentate Allen H. Rodes, of El Maida, El Paso.

Potentate James H. Price, of Acca, Richmond, reported on the revision of the Ritual. The report was approved practically in full, and a committee was later named to carry on this work.

Past Imperial Potentate Conrad V. Dykeman reported that the committee he headed did not believe the time was ripe for the establishment of permanent headquarters and asked the discharge of the committee.

Past Potentate William G. Speed, of Boumi, Baltimore, reporting for the Committee on Jurisdictional Lines, reported against any change in Colorado, and, after impassioned speeches, this report was rejected. The committee was sustained, however, as to a revision as between Alee, Savannah, and Al Sihah, Macon, and in its refusal to change lines in Oregon and Oklahoma, twice asked, and Minnesota, whence requests had come for three years. It was sustained also in a Texas ruling, where requests had been denied except those of Arabia, of Houston, and El Mina, of Galveston, who had [Continued on page 61]





SYRIA Temple's Fiftieth Anniversary

A Celebration of Historic Import to the Second Largest Temple in Shrinedom

BY THE time this magazine has gone to press Syria Temple will have celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with all the splendor and impressiveness the Shrine can bring to such an occasion. June 25th at the Pitt Stadium in Pittsburgh will be a day long remembered. A circus, with fireworks and a street parade, a dinner to be served to 25,000 Shriners, as well as the Shrine Ceremonial are among the features.

The new Imperial Potentate, Clarence M. Dunbar, will be present.

Officers in charge of the celebration are: R. A. Daniell, Chief Rabban; Robert M. Weisbrod, Assistant Rabban; C. H. Landefeld, High Priest and Prophet; Thomas M. Heard, Jr., Oriental Guide; E. D. Friebertshauser, Treasurer; James W. Barber, Recorder;

Karl R. Hammers, First Ceremonial Master; John G. Daub, Second Ceremonial Master, and James N. McGrath, Jr., who will be in charge of the entertainment.

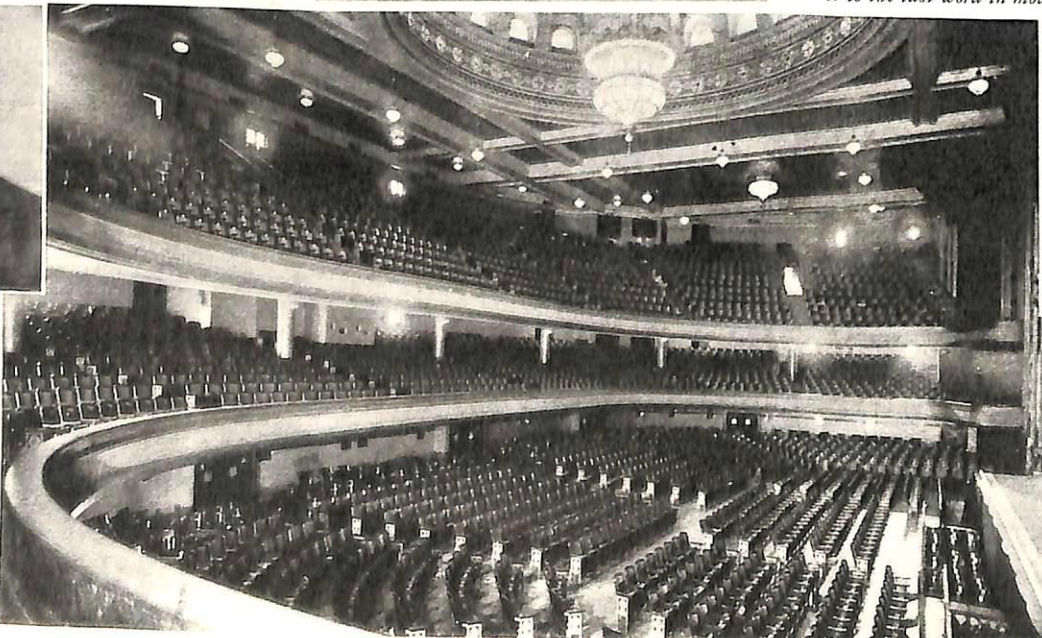
Dispensation to form Syria Temple, the eleventh in the country, was granted at the third session of the Imperial Grand Council,



(Right) The auditorium showing stage extension—a portable floor that covers the entire orchestra, making the first balcony the orchestra.



Noble James A. McDonald, the present Illustrious Potentate of Syria Temple.



Recorder Barber is an Officer in charge of Anniversary Celebration.

held in Masonic Temple, New York, February 6, 1878.

Syria Temple's Mosque is located in the Shenley Farms district, a civic center, three miles from the heart of the city, and directly across from the Masonic Temple. It is directed by Syria Improvement Association, of which Past Potentate Henry L. Dixon is president; William T. Todd, vice-president; Charles E. Schuetz, treasurer; James W. Barber, secretary, William Robinson, James H. Lytle, Charles B. McFail, August Daub and Benjamin N. McLain.

It was dedicated Oct. 26, 1916, by Imperial Potentate Henry F. Niedringhaus, and the inventory shows that the land cost \$443,213.75; Mosque, \$543,423.56; furniture and equipment, \$102,208.75. [Continued on page 57]

(Below) The pride of the Temple is this beautiful and vast auditorium. Seating 4000 people, it is the last word in modern equipment.

AUGUST, 1927

49

You'd delight Blanche Ring if you offered her a Lucky Strike

She'd say to you:



Blanche Ring popular comedienne and noted star of the stage

"The life of an actress is one of nerve-strain. If she sings, also, her worries are doubled. Her audiences reflect her moods. If she is mentally tired, she cannot help but convey her fatigue to those out in front and the result is a form of ennui on both sides of the footlights. I have found a sure cure for such fatigue, on the part of the player, is a good cigarette. For years I have smoked Lucky Strikes and the mental balm and real enjoyment I have derived from them have helped me marvelously. In addition they have protected my voice. I use no other brand."

Blanche Ring



You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection

When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.



Ask Mrs. FREDERICK!

Dear Shrine Readers:

I HOPE that many of you are enjoying vacations at shore, camp or lake. What is the best vacation for the housewife? For some, it is the informal life of a family or boarding camp; for others it may be the more strenuous travel and sightseeing of our country's natural beauties; again, many women are better re-created by new contacts and even study on subjects outside their regular routines. Attendance on the Chautauqua or a college or other "short course" may give just the new zest and viewpoint which many a home maker needs. Once in a while, it may even be wisest for a tired and very nervous woman to go to bed! Personally, spending a day digging clams and swimming on my own home beach is as much of a vacation as I could wish for! Vacations are not so much a change of scene, as many suppose, but a change of interest. Or to transpose a well-worn saying, a "vacation may be a state of mind". I have known several most successful holidays—spent right at home—but doing all the unusual things that "I never get time for" under the regular busy schedule. Take a vacation—if only a mental one—and put your home on the simplest hot weather basis.

Every woman has some special preserve or jelly recipe of which she is particularly proud. It may be, and I hope it will be—a recipe typical of the food and locality in which she lives or was brought up, for our best recipes originate in this way. And so I have selected a Jelly and Jam Prize Recipe Contest for this month of August. From now on, garden and orchard yield us their heaviest harvest. There are spicy seckel pears, luscious sugary melons, winery piums and mellow peaches. Your recipe may be a preserve, or a conserve; a marmalade, a jam or a jelly. It is sure to contain "sugar and spice"—but do let it be original! Rummage in your old cook books, or your new card file index, or call on memory to help you win one of the many prizes in this contest.



Here are the exact rules:

- JELLY AND JAM RECIPE CONTEST**
August Shrine Service
- 1—Write only on one side of the paper.
 - 2—Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose.
 - 3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of cooking, etc.
 - 4—Address JELLY & JAM CONTEST EDITOR, SHRINE SERVICE, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
 - 5—Contributions must be received by September 15th.

Remember the first prize is \$10, the next \$5, then \$2 each for the following three best recipes and \$1 paid for any recipe used by the magazine. The two second best recipes were so good they both won second prize.

The Prize Winners in the Salad Contest were:

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

Mrs. E. N. HAMKE,
520 E Drive,
Woodruff place,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Japanese Salad: ½ cup raw rice, 8 cups boiling water, slightly salted, 3 teaspoons chopped red pepper, 3 teaspoons chopped green pepper, 2 teaspoons minced onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, lettuce, 3 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups finely chopped hard-boiled eggs, 2 cans imported sardines. French dress-

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Enclose a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

ing: Wash rice through several waters, cook in boiling salted water for five minutes, boiling hard all the time, then drain and steam soft. Add to rice when done the hard-boiled eggs, red and green peppers, parsley, onion, lemon juice and salt. Stir well, then press through potato ricer in a mound in the center of the salad bowl on a bed of lettuce leaves. The rice mixture must be perfectly cold before being put through ricer. Arrange sardines around the sides, and on top put a lemon cup. Serve with French dressing and do not chill, just have cold. Service for six.

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

Mrs. L. S. BAGLEY,
Palm Station,
2043 South Westwood Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California.

Spanish Salad: 1 head lettuce, 1 green pepper, 4 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup crabmeat, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon onion minced, 2 tomatoes, salad dressing. Cut hard-boiled eggs in halves. Remove yolks and fill cavities with crabmeat. Mix shredded lettuce and green pepper with seasoning and minced onion. Pile in center of dish. Surround with salad dressing and border by placing quartered tomatoes and stuffed eggs alternately.

Mrs. RALPH J. HUDELSON,
4326 Carrollton avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Ming Salad: 2 cups chopped chicken or veal (roasted well done), 2 cups cooked rice, 1 cup raisins, 1 cucumber chopped fine, 1 good sized stalk celery chopped fine; put together with the following dressing: 1 egg—put in bowl and beat until light; 1 pint oil—beat into egg slowly, putting in only one tablespoon of oil at a time until three tablespoons are in, then two tablespoons at a time for two times more. Add remainder of oil in larger amounts, beating vigorously after each addition. Season with the following: ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 3 teaspoons lemon juice or vinegar, a generous pinch of paprika and red pepper, mix well into dressing. This amount of salad will serve eight persons. Served with salty wafers and tea makes a delightful luncheon or Sunday night supper with only the addition of a dessert.

\$2.00 WINNERS

Mrs. WILLIAM BIRD,
863 South Park street,
Fairmount, Minn.

Macaroni Salad: 1 package macaroni, 2 dozen little sweet pickles or two cucumbers, 6 hard-boiled eggs, 1 bunch celery, 1 small bottle stuffed olives, 1 cup cream—whipped stiff, salad dressing, salt. Boil macaroni, cool thoroughly; cut macaroni, cucumbers, eggs, celery and olives in fine pieces. Salt. Then mix lightly with mixed whipped cream and salad dressing.

Mrs. JOHN MOORE,
2701 20th st.,
Ensley, Ala.

Divinity Salad: 1 cup chopped pineapple, 1 cup chopped marshmallows, ½ cup nut meats (pecans or almonds), 1 cup white cherries, 1 grapefruit, ½ cup thick salad dressing (cooked or mayonnaise), 1 cup whipped cream. Drain juice from cherries and pineapple. Carefully remove white skin from grapefruit and cut in small pieces. Mix all ingredients well and place in ice-box for 2 hours before serving. Serve on lettuce leaf, placing on each serving a tablespoonful of whipped cream, then 1 teaspoon mayonnaise and a red cherry. Serves twelve.

Mrs. S. L. SMITH,
108 W. Adalee street,
Tampa, Fla.

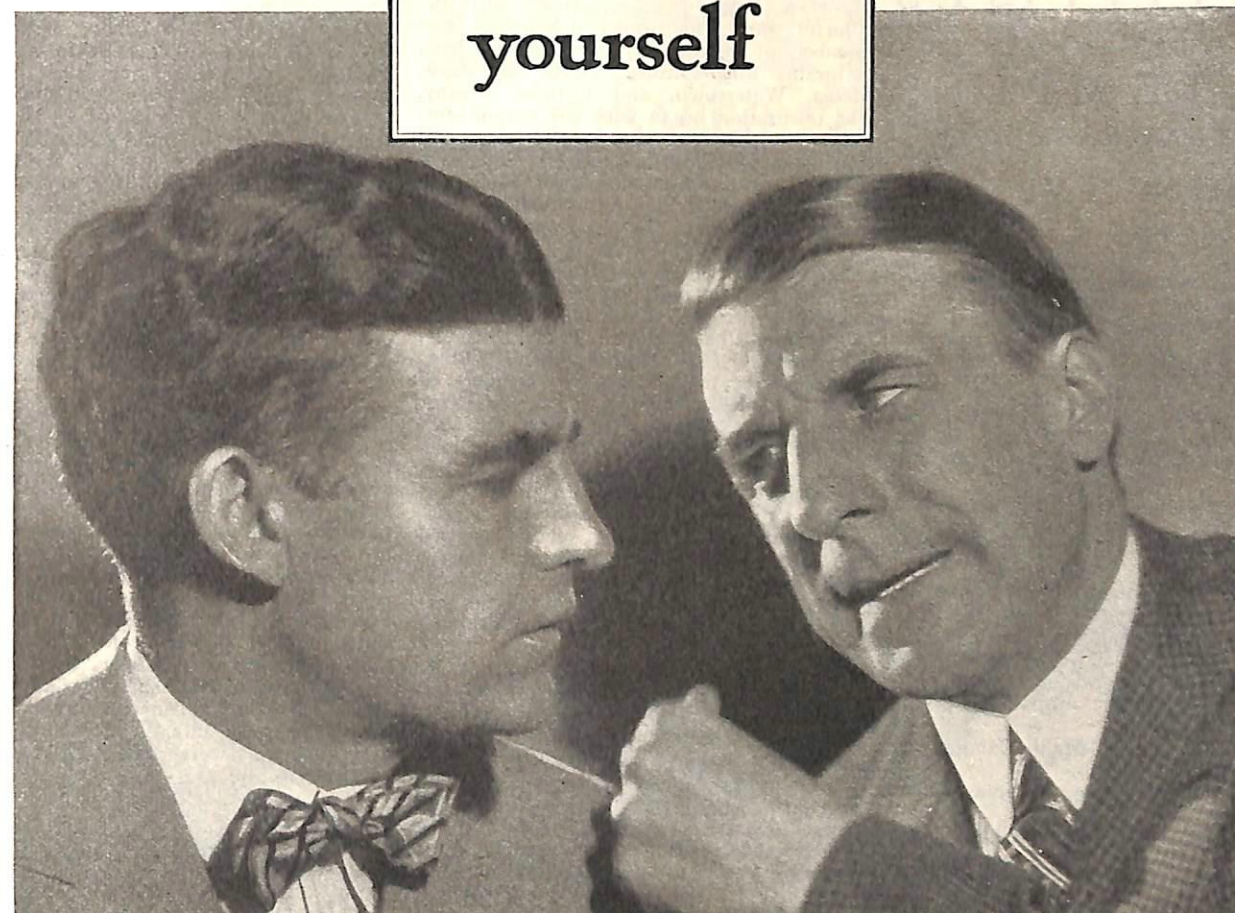
Ham Salad: ½ lb. boiled ham, 1 cup celery, 1 sweet green pepper, 1 heaping tablespoon green pickle relish, 2 hard-boiled eggs, mayonnaise. Run ham and pepper through fine bladed food chopper. Mix with celery, relish and sliced egg, reserving one egg for garnish. Bind all together with a good, plain mayonnaise. Place on nest of lettuce leaves in individual plates. Garnish with egg and chill. Serves six.

\$1.00 WINNER

Mrs. U. C. BEARINGER,
306 Allen avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rainbow Salad: Dissolve a package of cherry Jello in a pint of boiling water. Cut off the ends of three large green peppers and slip into each pepper one hard-boiled egg. Fill in around the egg with Jello (cooled) and place on ice to harden. Cut in slices and place on lettuce leaf with a red cross cut from pimiento placed on center which will be the yolk of the egg. Serve with any sweet salad dressing. This serves six.

don't fool
yourself



Decency demands it

Don't fool yourself by thinking that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath). The worst offenders are usually unaware of it. You, yourself, can never tell.

Therefore, common decency demands that before

meeting people, you put yourself on the polite side by the use of Listerine. You simply rinse the mouth.

¹/₃
Had Halitosis
115 barbers say that about every third man that walks into the shop has halitosis. Who should know better than barbers?
Face to face evidence

Immediately and effectively, Listerine combats unpleasant odors arising from teeth and gums, the most common source of halitosis. And the antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

Better keep a bottle handy in home and office so that you may never offend.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U.S.A.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

IS THERE ANY?

What is the point of paying more when Listerine Tooth Paste is a scientifically correct dentifrice and sells for 25c for a large size tube.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES of the TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 41])

COMING EVENTS

Aug. 6th—San Diego Boat Trip, Islam, San Francisco
 Aug. 12th—Ceremonial, El Jebel, Denver, at Grand Junction
 Aug. 13th—Ceremonial, Aad, Duluth, at Hibbing, Minn.
 Aug. 24th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
 Sept. 5th—Ceremonial, Alee Temple at Albany, Ga.
 Sept. 5th—Ceremonial of Mahi, Miami, at Ft. Pierce
 Sept. 13th—Ceremonial, Acca, Richmond, at Staunton, Va.
 Sept. 16th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
 Sept. 17th—Trip of Crescent, Trenton, Uniformed Organizations
 Sept. 22d—Ceremonial, Jaffa, Altoona
 Oct. 1st—Billiard and pool tournament, Islam, San Francisco
 Oct. 12th—Ladies' night, auspices Crescent Chanters, Trenton, N. J.
 Oct. 15th—Ceremonial Mahi, Miami, at Hollywood, Florida
 Oct. 18th—Acca Temple, Ceremonial at Alexandria, Va.
 Oct. 28th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
 Oct. 29th—Ceremonial, El Mina, Galveston

Hella Temple, Dallas, took possession of the city recently when a hundred novices were taught the lessons of obedience. The street parade attracted thousands of spectators who applauded the intricate evolutions of the Patrol and laughed heartily at the comedy stunts which followed shortly after. At the ceremonial proper an educational demonstration regarding the use of electricity was put on for the special benefit of the novices.

Saladin Temple, Grand Rapids, taught the lessons of humility and submission to twenty-three novices at their most recent ceremonial. This ceremonial was rather unusual inasmuch as the majority of the novitiates were from out of town.

The fiftieth anniversary of the institution of Ziyara, Utica, was a largely attended and colorful affair, uniformed delegations and members of the Nobility being present from Kalurah, Binghamton; Tigris, Syracuse; Media, Watertown, and Cyprus, Albany. The celebration began with the parade, followed by the conferring of the first and third sections. One hundred and four candidates were transformed into true and lusty Arabs and dinner was served to more than 2000 visitors. In the evening Ziyara Band gave a concert, Potentate Alliaume outlined briefly the history of the local Temples and extended a most cordial welcome to the visiting delegations and individuals. Potentate Roy Chamberlin of Tigris, Syracuse, and Potentate Cecil Mastin, Kalurah, Binghamton, were made honorary members of Ziyara. Professor Snell of Tigris and Chas. A. G. Jewett, Utica, were presented with silver services for the effective work done for the Ziyara ball. Tigris presented Ziyara with a silver basket filled with flowers and the Daughters of the Nile also sent a basket of flowers. Community singing was led by James A. Douglas and a versatile vaudeville program followed. Noble Charles H. F. Agne was general chairman in charge, assisted by Wm. H. Schultze, vice-chairman.

Osiris Temple, Wheeling, has opened its new home at Historic Monument place situated at Elm Grove, a nationally famous spot. A room formerly occupied by Henry Clay will be specially decorated and the old ballroom where Marquis Lafayette paid his respects to Mrs. Shepherd, the owner of the property, has been opened. The furnishings of historical association will be marked and a number of contributions presented to Osiris Temple by Mrs. W. W. Irwin from a collection formerly owned by the late Past Imperial Potentate, William W. Irwin, will be placed on exhibition. The entire building has been beautified at a heavy expense to the Temple. It is understood that the Temple contemplates erecting a Shrine Mosque at the rear of the property.

Mt. Sinai Temple, Montpelier, is mourning the death of Noble Martin Fletcher Allen, who in his eighty-five years of life had been prominent in Masonic as well as civic work. In 1900 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of Vermont and before that had held various offices in the town of North Ferrisburg. If he had lived until September 25th next he and Mrs. Allen would have celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding.

Al Bahr Temple of San Diego has leased from the United States Government, a tract of land on top of the Laguna Mountains in San Diego County. The Central site will be used as a site for the club house and community center and the additional acreage will be devoted to the use of Al Bahr members who desire to build cottages for their personal use. From the top of the mountain on a clear day it is possible to see the Imperial Valley and in the opposite direction the view includes San Diego, Coronado and Catalina Islands, sixty miles away. The tract will also be used for Al Bahr's annual Sunrise Ceremonial. The idea originated in 1922 by Victor Wankowski, Past Potentate, and an appropriation of \$10,000 has been made by the Temple for this purpose.

Potentate Fred R. Harrison, Nile, Seattle, registered the full Divan down to the section crews at 100 percent efficient in the recent Ceremonial. New desert and throne room scenes, new stunts and soul stirring pictures of the hospitals, 118 candidates rearing to go and an enthusiastic audience of 3000 made a combination hard to beat. After the showing of the pictures by Past Potentate Grant of Al Kader, a shower resulted in \$691.69 being contributed. Potentates Hammersly, Al Kader, Portland; Sam H. Baker, Hillah, Ashland, Ore.; W. B. Stephens, Afifi, Tacoma; James R. Agar, Gizeh, Victoria, and W. E. Gragg, Calam, Lewiston, Ida., were present and many representatives and uniformed bodies.

Tebala Temple, Rockford, established a fine precedent with their appreciation dance. It was given by the Temple in recognition of the time and effort of the workers for the last Ceremonial. Over 150 members and their wives attended and now the question is "how will those who were appreciated show their appreciation of the appreciation given them?"

There is no such thing as an ordinary business meeting for Nile, Seattle. Every meeting is a hummer. At a recent gathering there were snappy boxing bouts, vaudeville acts and "battle royal."

Bekdash Temple, Concord, assisted in the formal dedication of the new Masonic Temple in that city and took a prominent part in the parade which was a feature of the day.

[Shrine News Continued on page 68]



Islam Temple, San Francisco, is famous for its interesting Ceremonials. This photograph shows the candidates of Islam's Ceremonial at Fresno.

Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"



smoking. Vast multitudes—men whose opinions may be divided on a thousand subjects—are united on this wonderful smoking tobacco.

Light up your pipe—filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in its ripe fragrance, its full, pleasant aroma. Smoke it awhile. Enjoy its natural tobacco taste, its rich body. Notice how cool it is—and how extra smooth.

Years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture have gone into the production of Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected.

Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.

TO DEALERS: Old Briar is sold in sealed Pocket Packages at 25c and sealed boxes at 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.

"It came, and is the best tobacco I ever smoked!" Justice——

Such convincing praise for Old Briar Tobacco from such a pipe smoker means far more to you than anything we can say. Old Briar is bringing back to pipe smokers all of the old peace, contentment, satisfaction and solid comfort of pipe

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Mail this coupon to United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL OFFER: So many thousands have found so much extra enjoyment in a pipeful of Old Briar, it is a guarantee to you that you, too, will find it is the best tobacco you ever smoked. On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, we will mail you the regular 50c size of Old Briar Tobacco. In addition we will send you a 25c package of Old Briar—extra—if you send us your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers the tobacco.

Print Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Your Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon.
Tear out coupon now, while it's handy.



25c
50c

S-8-27

YOU recall the fable about the wasteful grasshopper and the thrifty ant? All summer long the grasshopper danced away, but the industrious ant gathered and stored the season's bountiful yield, and then when the bare chill days of winter came along, what a well stocked pantry she had to offer her family!

Home canning and preserving is always justified if there is an available supply of fresh garden or orchard foods. An assortment of bottled and jarred products increases the healthfulness and variety of the winter menu. In relishes or jellies prepared by her own hands the housewife can give that "I made it myself" touch which is still the token of the highest hospitality. Home packed products and pickles increase appetite for simple inexpensive foods, and are thus a true economy. And with the greatly increased information on scientific canning and the improvement in equipment, such processes are so simple and rapid that they become a real enjoyment.

STEPS IN THE STANDARD "COLD-PACK" PROCESS

What has become well known as "cold pack" canning is an exact method which is



SHRINE SERVICE

Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick



Jellies and delicious juice all come out of the harvest grape basket.

Canning in a Cool Kitchen



It will save time if all necessary materials and equipment are assembled on a table before beginning the actual canning process.



Vegetables are quickly canned with a steam pressure cooker, and a well stocked pantry cuts down on next winter's food bills.

far less laborious than the older fashioned open kettle practice. Here the foods are washed, cut and packed raw and cold into sterilized jars, and the process of sterilizing or "canning" performed in the jar. In cold pack there are definite terms and the steps which must be understood and followed, no matter whether vegetable, fruit or meats are being canned:

1. *Scalding* is a short immersion of the product in steam or hot water; its object is to remove skins, lessen acid and coarse flavor.
2. *Blanching* is a much longer holding in boiling water; it shrinks bulk and shortens sterilizing time.
3. *Cold dipping* is the plunge into cold water to set color, harden the pulp and permit easy packing.
4. *Packing* is done by grading and arranging pieces in jar, filling up space and pressing down with wooden spoon; then adding boiling water and 1 teaspoon salt to each jar; or in the case of fruits, boiling syrup of the desired density. Adjust rubber and top and partially tighten clamp.
5. *Sterilizing* is the time required for the foods to cook in the jar until they are completely bacteria free. This depends on the kind of food and also on the type of canner. This time is based on the exact time-chart for each food.
6. *Sealing* is done after the jars are removed and the caps tightened. Invert to test joints, pack in cool and dark place.

Before commencing, have all equipment clean and assembled on a table near the cooking unit to save time and interruption after the work has started. Every jar should be inspected, for the slightest rough or nicked rim may spoil the most perfect pack. Test each clamp to see that it springs back securely. Never use old rubbers bought with the jar, but purchase new fresh rubbers. Do not use tops of Mason jars a second season as the inner porcelain inset may be loose. Enamel utensils and wooden spoons

are preferable; stainless steel knives for fruit preparation prevent discolorations. A kitchen scale for weighing sugar makes for accuracy; a clock is a necessity. All jars and glasses used should be scalded and sterilized before filling. To do this, place clean jars in a kettle of cold water, heat slowly to the boiling point and boil 15 minutes, allowing the jars to remain in the hot water until the moment of packing.

USE CANNERS OR COOKERS—BUT NOT THE OLD WASHBOILER!

There are several types of canners or canning equipment all of which will give excellent results if properly used. The first class is spoken of as hot-water-bath outfits. This includes the old-fashioned heavy and clumsy washboiler; but far better than to use such a laundry receptacle for food purposes is to buy a special small boiler fitted with an inner rack having 6, 8 or 12 partitions, one to hold each jar. This rack has a wire loop handle at each end by which it may be easily lifted, jars and all, out of the bath.

The pressure cooker or steam pressure canner gives rapid and most satisfactory results. It may also be considered as the safest method for canning the non-acid vegetables such as corn, sweet potatoes, peas, lima beans, asparagus, etc. This is because the pressure canner reaches much higher temperatures than are possible with any hot-water-bath outfits, whose maximum temperature is 212° F. It has now been demonstrated that the occasional spoilage of home-processed foods is due to the fact that the center of the jars (under average hot-water-bath methods) never was reached with sufficiently high temperatures to sterilize and

kill the bacteria. On the other hand, sterilizing foods in a pressure canner at 240° F. (which is 10 pounds pressure held for 10 minutes) will kill bacteria which would otherwise require an equivalent of 6 hours usual boiling! A steam cooker takes a little understanding and skill in operation. Directions like "Sterilize under 5 pounds steam for 10 minutes," must be followed exactly. Also, wait until steam flows generously from the pet-cock before closing it, or the pressure indicated on the dial will be no true indication of the real temperature. Regulate the temperature or hold it by raising or lowering the gas flame under the cooker. When the sterilizing period is ended, remove cooker from fire and let lower to zero pressure before opening the cooker.

One of the coolest ways to tackle home canning, if there is a heat regulator attachment on the gas range, is to can in the gas oven. All fruits and such a juicy vegetable as tomatoes may be safely over-canned, but not the non-acid vegetables. The best method is to pre-cook the foods as by the hot-pack method and pack into hot jars. As each jar is filled set it on the racks of the oven. Allow sufficient space between jars. For tomatoes, set regulator at 275° F., allow

30 minutes time at 275° F., then lower to 250° F. and continue process for 30 minutes more—or 1 full hour in all. For soft berries, set the regulator at 250° F. for 1 hour.

ADVANTAGES OF THE NEWER HOT-PACK METHOD

Another method which is meeting the approval of experts is called the hot-pack process. Here "blanching" is eliminated and replaced by a short period of pre-cooking. This pre-cooking serves the same purpose of shrinking the foods before sterilization, so that when they are being canned, there will not result so much waste space in the jar. This plan also saves instead of wastes the mineral salts which were lost under the other plan of blanching. It further insures greater freedom from bacteria spoilage because it enables the entire mass of the food to be reached by a boiling temperature before being packed into the jars, as in the cold-pack process.

Follow the usual washing, cutting, etc., of each kind of vegetable or fruit. Cover with water in an open kettle, and bring to the boiling point. Have ready sterilized hot jars. Pack with the hot cooked mixture, filling each jar up to only one inch of the top. Use the water in which the boiling was done to fill up the jars, adding 1 level teaspoon salt for each jar of the vegetables. If there is not sufficient liquid, add boiling water. Remove the jars as soon as filled to the water-bath canner and commence sterilizing as soon as possible.

WHEN DOES JELLY JELL?

Stocking the pantry shelves with the harvest yield will not be complete unless jams, [Continued on page 55]

[Continued from page 54]

jellies and preserves find their way into the homemaker's assortment. Probably the most universal question asked is, "when does jelly jell?" The best way to find out is to use a cooking thermometer of which there are several inexpensive makes, and to test the boiling juice and sugar very frequently. When a jelly mixture is cooked to between 218° F.-222° F. it jells. More informal tests are these: jelly first runs off the spoon; next it forms drops; last, and when it is cooked enough, it, as we say, "sheets" or drops from the spoon in a thin mass. When you think the jelly is almost ready, remove the container from the fire and make a last test: place a large spoonful on a clean plate and allow to cool; if a knife drawn through it leaves a clean path behind, the jelly has jelled and is stiff enough to pour into the hot sterilized glasses which you have waiting. If these trials seem too burdensome, you can be sure of a jelly by using liquid pectin, which can be bought anywhere in small bottles and which affords an absolute and rapid jelly texture to any mixture.

PREPARATION POINTS FOR PRESERVERS

Don't waste time putting up any but fresh and young foods: "from garden to can in 24 hours" is a good motto to follow; make a specialty of several unusual products such as whole small tomatoes for winter salads, etc.; keep jars in kitchen or where they can be under observation for ten days to see if there is any spoilage; cool jars quickly after they are canned by allowing each enough space on the table, but avoid sharp direct drafts which might crack the jars.

A handy chart and time table for home canning mounted on stiff paper to hang on the wall will be mailed on receipt of fifteen cents. Address Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Relishes to serve with cold meats, preserves to add a different touch to pudding or platter, unusual ways to "bottle and seal" common vegetables and fruits—these can be yours if you send for the special leaflet, "OUT OF THE HARVEST PRESERVE BASKET." Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Shrine Service, in care of The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

[Continued from page 38]

A. M. and that he slept the rest of the night with Tom rather than come home and wake her up. She called up Tom and Tom said sure it was true, Hubby had stayed there. But this Friend Wife had that sense of humor so characteristic of women! So she called up Dick, Harry, Jim and Bill and found her husband had slept all night at each of their houses!

That's the kindly lying I talk about. Each of those men was so anxious to have her feel her husband was safe that he said Hubby had stayed with him. She was quite content when she found he had slept at six different houses. Nothing could happen to a man with six houses to sleep in.

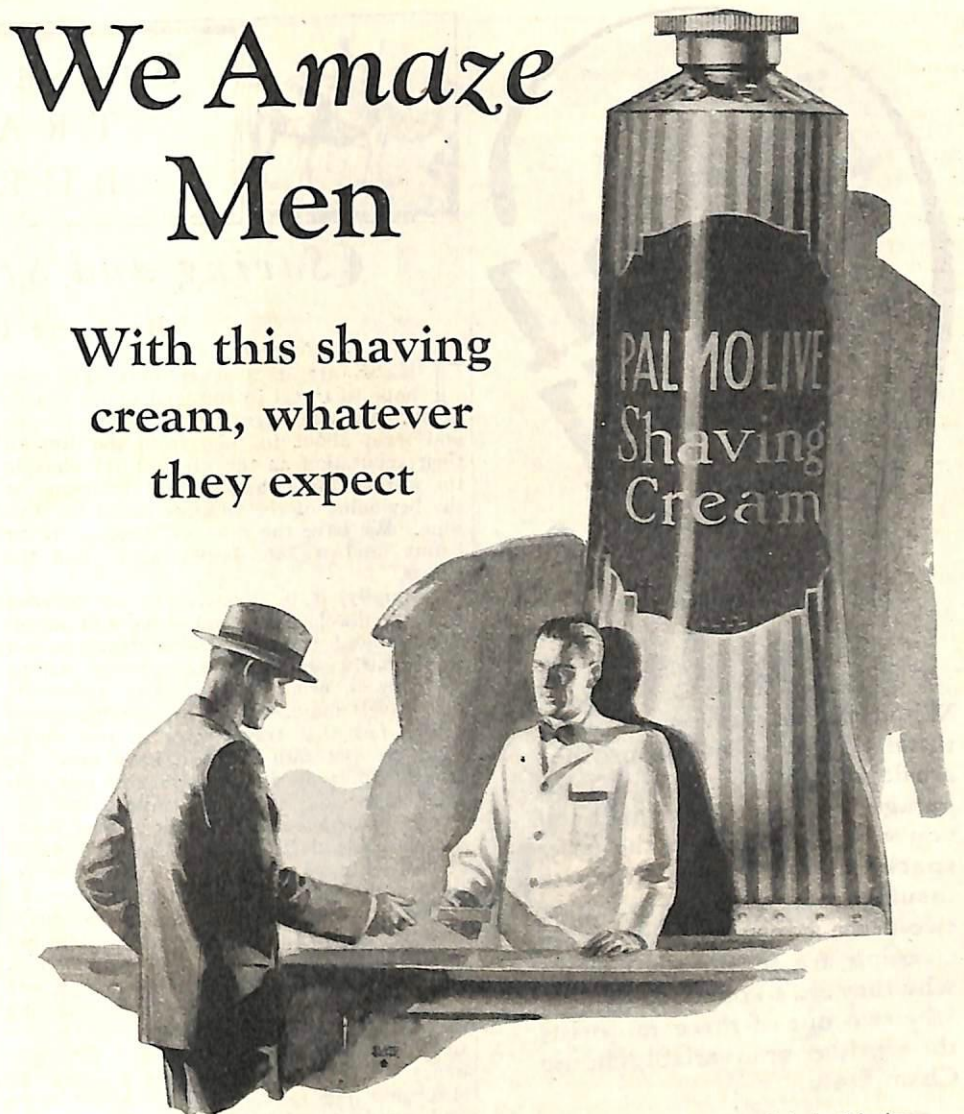
All Shriners are good fellows. I lay it down as an incontrovertible truth that no man can be a good fellow without being a liar. There is so much pain, misery and humiliation in the world, so few unaccepted opportunities for a man to make a fool of himself that if he won't lie misery will be increased. Who wants to increase misery?

Noble Bill Shakespeare in Henry IV put it right cleverly when he said:

"For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have."

We Amaze Men

With this shaving cream, whatever they expect



GENTLEMEN:

It's hard to make you realize that the five superlatives of Palmolive Shaving Cream aren't just "selling talk." They sound too good to be true. Yet they've tempted millions to ask for samples.

On that sample our whole case rests. We let you prove to yourself that our claims are justified.

And we do make good. Even the most skeptical are amazed. And they are greater advertisements for Palmolive Shaving Cream than anything we know.

It took years

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a sensational success. Few creations ever won so quickly such multitudes of boosting friends.

We knew that any shaving cream to win today must excel all others. First we learned the 5 things that men wanted. Then we worked for years, experiment-

ing. 129 formulas failed—the 130th is the Palmolive Shaving Cream you get when you send for the sample. All our knowledge of soap, gained in a lifetime of study, has gone into this shaving delight.

5 exclusive features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

All we ask is a chance

While your present method may suit you well, still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE-PET COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILL.



10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1373, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Illinois. Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

(Please print your name and address)

Install a Full Set!

When you need new spark plugs, install a full set—and be sure they are dependable Champions. Your garage man or dealer will tell you why Champion is the better spark plug. Their sillimanite insulators for strength, their two-piece construction for easy cleaning are important reasons why they are so dependable, and why two out of three motorists the world over invariably choose Champions.

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO.

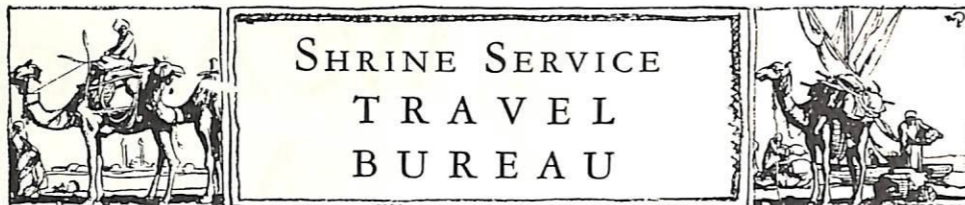


Champion X—
exclusively for
Fords—packed
in the Red Box

60¢

Champion— for cars
other than Fords—
packed in the Blue Box

75¢



Saving and Studying to Travel

By Anne C. Granbeck

THESE are days when everybody can hope to travel to the land of his heart's desire. We Americans are a restless people, and seem about to take from the English their reputation as the greatest travelers in the world. More than 200,000 Americans at the beginning of the summer sailed for Europe. We have the price of travel as never before, and we are beginning to find the leisure.

Naturally, it is characteristic of America that we develop practical ways and means to accomplish travel, and it is greatly to our credit that we are also more and more willing to study in order that we may appreciate our travels more. We are becoming aware of the fact that travel gives us just about what we put into it. We have been too long the butt of ridicule regarding our failure to get value from our travels, and European observers now say that a great many more Americans than any other nationality come to Europe prepared for what they are to see, and ready to benefit from it.

The first necessity for travel is, obviously, money; and with characteristic system we are setting about the task of saving to get it. Every year greater numbers of people are using systematic methods of accumulating travel money. The "Save-to-Travel Association" is a definite expression of this tendency. It is an organization fostered by steamship and railway lines to bring banks and people together in a co-ordinated plan to lay money aside for specific journeys. We Americans save for a house, an automobile, or even a vacuum cleaner—why shouldn't we save for a coveted trip? This Save-to-Travel Association is one I can fully recommend as responsible. It has a membership of over 1700 banks in every state, with new ones coming in all the time, so that in practically every city of any size there is at least one bank ready to serve the travel saver. These banks accept vacation travel funds in a special account, and some banks have special facilities and have organized "travel clubs."

We all live in a rapid, luxury-loving, easy-spending age, with a great multitude of temptations to spend about us every day. Yielding to them to the limit of our purse, we find ourselves unable to do the much bigger and more splendid thing we desire. Therefore, the great superiority of saving toward a definite travel object; beginning early and keeping the money untouched in a special fund.

Especially is this Save-to-Travel Association a good thing for young people, whose incomes are narrower and whose self-discipline is not yet thorough-going. As a matter of fact, such a plan is definitely character-forming, for it teaches sacrifice before enjoyment.

Caring for travel money after you have it is equally important. Every year, about September, there are considerable numbers of Americans caught in Europe without the price of a ticket home, who have been unbelievably careless and reckless with their money. They have not carried it in the very convenient form of travel checks or letters of credit—the safe ways to carry money. The checks are sold through banks and established steamship and travel organizations.

In many parts of the world travel during the off-season is very desirable, always less crowded and often less expensive.

Reading and studying to travel is just as important. Quite as we need to carry with us money, we need to carry with us ideas and points of view. Americans have gone abroad in the past and brought ridicule and criticism upon America as a nation by their actions and words. They have also failed to bring home the rare values, rich mental stimulations and personal development which were theirs to get if they had only started with a better mental equipment. They packed their trunks full of finery, but neglected to pack their heads with the ideas to make the trip a real success.

There is a right travel point of view; the attitude of a learner, an observer who has prepared his mind to receive and to understand and to appreciate. The treasures of Europe are largely cultural, historical, literary and artistic. There is little use going there at all if one is not interested in such things; and the best of us will do well, before going there, to do some preparatory reading. Only in this way will we know best where we really want to go and what we want to see. Splendid books are now available in great number, on any country or specifically on any large European city. To see and meet the people of foreign nations is the next most valuable feature of travel. Other nations are proud peoples, delighted to see us, but certainly not without human emotions and sensitivity. We are guests in their country; also unofficial ambassadors from America who have a duty not to misrepresent America.

The unfailing mark of a real gentleman or lady traveling is this: he or she will, of course, exact his or her due of service and courteously make any necessary complaint to the proper persons; but they will also, with equally unfailing care, bestow words of praise and satisfaction when they have been treated well. Why not write those who have served you well? Here is a point which American travelers may profit from especially, for so often they criticize but never praise. Europeans are, above all things, polite peoples.

Travel can be a continuous pageant of pleasure for those who possess the key of understanding—and have saved the money necessary to make their journey unhurried and well planned.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck of the Travel Bureau will be glad to answer all questions on Travel here and abroad. She will do travel shipping, make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, opera, concert, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

REVENGE

[Continued from page 13]

went in a trough and there was a shock as her bottom struck. Then another wave lifted her and carried her on again.

Then, suddenly, the ship ceased to plunge and roll. The roar and crash of waves was left behind.

Captain Dave jerked open the pilot-house door.

"Sylvy, look here!" he shouted. "We're in!"

Alf Ehmke came tumbling down into the engine-room. "Mr. Stark, we've run through the ship channel! We're in the harbor!"

Jed felt suddenly dizzy. He sat down on the engine-room bench, jumped up, took a step toward the stoke-hole, then turned and climbed slowly up to the deck.

Dimly he saw a ship's length astern mountainous surf piling upon a pier. And the Maritona was moving gently across the quiet security of the harbor, whose shores were hid in flying snow.

"It's God's own luck, sure," Captain Dave was saying to Sylvia, "but I guess more'n that it was Jed keeping his engines turning so's we could hold her true on her course."

The oilers, the deckhands, the cook, the scullery boy, crowded out upon the deck. They stared around in bewilderment. Then they wheeled and stared at Jed. There was something in Jed's face that made them fall back, silent, as he made his way forward along the ice-sheathed hatchways.

Yes, the ship had come through to safety, but Jed felt no satisfaction, no elation. Only a heavier sense of guilt, a more pressing need to convince the captain that the peril to their lives, the damage to the ship, had been his fault alone.

As he neared the forward deck-house, he caught sight of Captain Dave and Sylvia silhouetted on the bridge. Sylvia put her arms around Captain Dave's neck and kissed him. But the sight did not stir a flicker of jealousy in Jed. All his bitter anger against Captain Dave had burned itself out. He halted at the rail, waiting. In a moment he would go up and speak to the captain.

And as he stood there, staring out over the harbor, that strange something stirred in him again, more vivid, more conscious, something underneath his oppression of guilt—the deep satisfaction of a man who has done his utmost to expiate a wrong, the deep realization of what a ship means to a man.

SYRIA'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

[Continued from page 48]

The auditorium seats 4,000 people and the banquet hall will care for 1,800 at a sitting. Both these sections are rented out for concerts, lectures, entertainments and conventions. The proscenium arch of the stage is 70 feet wide, 24 feet high and 25 feet deep. The acoustics are perfect. Elaborate scenic settings have been provided for general theatrical purposes, besides the properties and settings necessary for ritualistic ceremonies. Tiers of model dressing rooms, with bath, shower and other theater luxuries, flank the stage on each side, with ample facilities for the Patrols, Bands and Chanters, including lockers and shower baths, smoking and check rooms.

Recorder James W. Barber, besides being secretary of the association, has in charge the renting of the building, the repairs and all matters of detail in the administration of its affairs.

At the time the present Mosque was erected, the membership was only 4500 and it is now 18,300, the second largest in North America.



This beautiful rug is No. 9016-T. Ask your dealer to show it to you.

Treasure Trove!

JEWELS and plate and gold, and bales of rich carpets from the Summer Palace. Plunder from the battered Chinese junk whose Royal dragon-sails are no protection from the swart Mongolian bandits! These and other fancies rise from musing on the storied pattern of this Koran worsted Wilton—a Mohawk Masterpiece.

Long, sturdy wools from Aleppo and Karadi and Kandahar. Classic tradition or peasant folk-lore skilfully blended into patterns made for today's home needs. Long years of wear made sure by careful craftsmanship and rigid tests. Treasure trove indeed!

Before you choose a rug or carpet, gain the freely-given counsel of the distinguished Interior Decorators, W. & J. Sloane. They will suggest proper floor coverings for your own individual rooms. Write now for full particulars of our free interior decorating service. Address Mohawk Department, W. & J. Sloane, 572 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

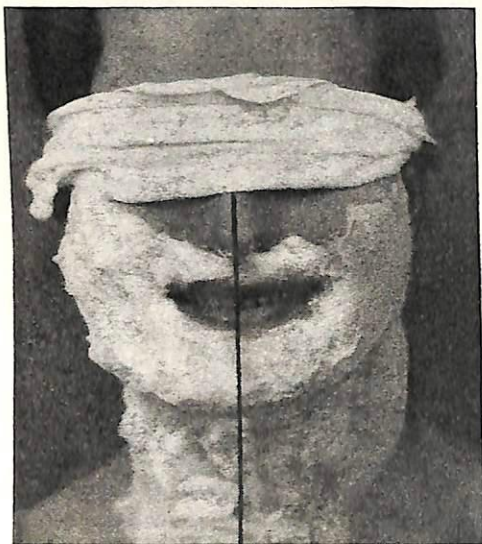
MOHAWK RUGS

Manufactured by

MOHAWK CARPET MILLS INC.

Amsterdam, N.Y.

if
YOU could SEE...
what goes on



when your beard
comes off

You wouldn't wonder why
your skin burns after shaving

WHEN INGRAM'S goes on before your beard comes off, you enjoy cooling, soothing comfort. After the shave no lotions needed. INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM is lather and lotion in one.

Nearly a million men had cool shaves with INGRAM'S in 1926. Try INGRAM'S. Prove to yourself that it is different. It costs you nothing to try. We send you free enough for 7 cool shaves—but one will show you.

Lather one side of your face with your usual shaving preparation—lather the other side with INGRAM'S. Then shave. INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM cools and soothes the tiny nicks and scratches you don't see but do feel... and leaves you a whole skin for the next shave.



187,776 jars in 1925
619,512 jars in 1926
Going even better now

Ingram's Shaving Cream
COOLS and SOOTHES as you shave

Frederick F. Ingram Co.—Est. 1885
334 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.—also Windsor, Canada

COVER CHARGES—AND NANCY

(Continued from page 29)

accounted in some degree for her wide and notable acquaintance and she spent her working days devising new ways to sell books to a skeptical public and thinking up clever talking points for the books which must be pushed, and listening to the vanities of authors.

On the telephone Conrad affected casualness.

"I hope you're not too tired after last night," he began.

"A million dollars wouldn't pay the first instalment on me," she said cheerfully.

"How are you fixed for tonight?"

"I've promised to join a party later. But come along with us, Con."

"No, I won't crash in."

"Oh, but you will. Anyway I don't have to meet those people until about half-past ten. So let's have dinner together. About eight. I want to sleep for an hour."

"You certainly should," he said.

She took him that night to a different kind of place. It was a quiet restaurant, far from professional Bohemia, where there was served a French table d'hôte at reasonable cost. The room was long as a church aisle, the waitresses hardworking French serving maids, with large pockets for small tips, an air of camaraderie and no affectations. A gray cat stalked around under the tables, everyone talked French accentedly and the food was excellent. There was an autumn rain outside and Nancy wore a suit of some blue leathery stuff and a careless hat and a radiant pink rose was caught in the front of her jacket. She was as inscrutable as she had been the night before. It was Conrad who had to do the talking. But she showed him her simplicity tonight as frankly as she had showed him her sophistication. The picture of her, all softly blue against the smoky restaurant walls, with the rose at her breast, troubled his heart. To be sure he was irritated by the way men whom she did not appear to see stared at her, and proved to him again that this was no way for Nancy to live.

They ate for a long time. The waitress marked them as lovers and left them alone. But they did not talk of love. Conrad talked of his business which was the manufacture of tiles, and of his city and the people whom he and Nancy both knew, and general wholesome things. Nancy did not talk. She was like her more uncommunicative letters. She had made her picture and set her stage and knew there was no use in trying to explain it. But she felt a little hopeless.

At ten he took her home and waited in the hall downstairs with the elevator boy while she went to her apartment and in an incredibly short time changed to a dress of black velvet which was only a case for the whiteness of her arms.

"You're very pretty, Nancy," he said, "but I liked you better in that simple little thing you had on at dinner."

"Oh, that's too good to crush," she told him, "it's the most expensive thing I own. Besides, I can't dance in it."

"You really want to go out again? There isn't some quiet place we can sit and talk?"

"Plenty. But we've been sitting in a quiet place for two hours doing that."

They met the rest of the party in a famous grill room, reasonably austere in decoration but austere in nothing else. The dance floor, of some curious waxed green composition, was still reasonably clear when Conrad had his first dance with Nancy. He enjoyed it and whirled about a little to prove that he did. She cooperated and he felt quite a fellow as well as quite a dancer until he saw her with her next partner. That man, Kent Simons, Nancy seemed to know

very well and he paid her a particular kind of attention.

Simons was not handsome. Conrad could have bettered him easily in that respect. The other man was lean and homely of face but very pleasantly composed in manner. In contrast to the manners of the drifting crowd last night, these people were all very cordial to Conrad and interested in him.

The food was not only good but beautiful, salads that were colored towers of fruit, ices, excellent cheese ordered after the host had gone into lengthy conference with the waiter in French. And more dancing and time slipped past the hours unregarded. Somewhere around four o'clock they started for home. Conrad, sitting by his host for the minute, had one glimpse of the bill for their evening. Vaguely he guessed at what the cover charge must be here, and was appalled.

Again the silent streets, only this time, being distant from Nancy's apartment by some twenty blocks, they took a taxi. Simons had left her to Conrad a little reluctantly but without making that obvious and Conrad had a feeling that in the ordinary course of things, Simons would have taken her home.

"That seems to be a very interesting fellow," he said when they were alone, trying to be cordial. "What's his business?"

"Kent Simons? I think he makes a business of living and is pretty successful."

"Just an idler?" asked Conrad.

She gave the faintest of shrugs. "Once in a while he writes something amusing."

"Great job for a man. And hangs around you."

"I wouldn't say that."

"I'm not blind, Nancy."

"You almost have second sight, Con."

"No—seriously—what's this man got to offer?"

"He doesn't offer."

"Doesn't he want you to marry him?"

"Oh, that. Yes, he does want that, I guess. He suggests it now and then. But not as an offer, exactly."

"I don't see what else a proposal of marriage can be."

"It's a gamble you can go in on. That's the way Kent feels about it."

Conrad faced her.

"Do you love him?"

"He has rhythm in his feet."

"That's a great standard for a husband. Picking out a dancing loafer, who'd probably not be able to support you."

"Oh, he could manage that, I think," said Nancy, "if I am frugal. His family makes good automobiles."

"That Simons!"

"Among those present—" she assented.

Things whirled faster for Conrad. That did sting. The Simons fellow must be worth millions. And he was obviously crazy about Nancy. Why hadn't she married him? Was she planning that now?

"Look here," he burst out, "leave this whole thing, Nancy. Come home with me. That's what I came to ask you. Come home and settle down and let me love you as I want to. You must care a little for me. And I love you. Please, Nancy darling. I can't bear to wait any longer. Please."

He felt her shiver of feeling as he pulled her to him and pressed his advantage.

"All this New York stuff doesn't amount to anything. It's all fake."

Her body, which for a moment had been so yielding, suddenly stiffened.

"One funny thing about New York," she remarked, "is the number of people you see after midnight hugging each other in taxis."

He drew away as if he had been struck. Possibly she had tried to strike him. They

were both quite motionless for the next few minutes until they again reached her apartment, and then they vied in courteous formality with each other.

"I enjoyed the evening very much," Conrad thanked her, "I'm leaving day after tomorrow at nine o'clock and probably won't see you again."

"It's been fun to see this much of you," said Nancy, with lips that were quite stiff.

That was all. It seemed to him as he again went down the Avenue that he had been walking down it for years with his heart aching and suffering. His life had shrunk to the last few days. Once more he vowed he would not see her again.

The vow went better next day. He bolstered it up in the morning by making engagements. He called a college friend who immediately asked him to lunch and also telephoned the Brewsters who had moved from Cosmopolis to New York a few years ago. The Brewsters were delighted to know he was in New York and insisted that he give them his entire evening. He promised to dine with them and Ethel Brewster said they would certainly make a night of it.

He went back to his hotel to look after his ticket and get his things in order. Certainly not to telephone Nancy. When he did casually call her office and found she was out and would be out all afternoon it was only what he expected. She was home sleeping probably. Or having tea with that Simons fellow and dancing herself to a bone. She'd simply gone all to pieces, Conrad insisted to himself. And he made ready to meet the Brewsters.

They called for him at his hotel and took him to what they said was really the best restaurant in New York. Not one of your fancy places, said Harvey Brewster, but it had good food. Mrs. Brewster fussed a good deal over the menu and finally decided that she wanted soup and a salad and a chocolate parfait. The men ate roast beef and vegetables generously and the table was strewn with the mixture of courses. Mrs. Brewster regretted the soup and took a little of her husband's roast beef on the edge of the salad plate and a great many rolls.

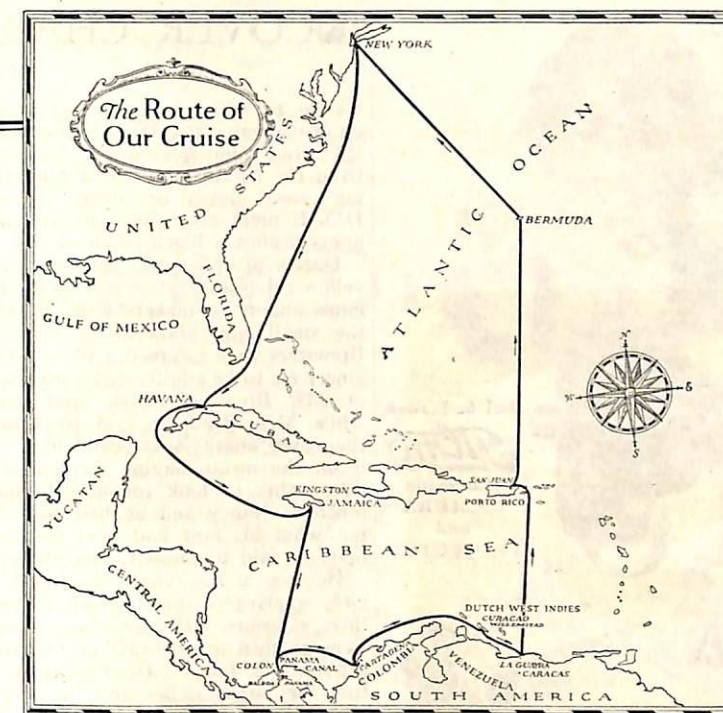
She had changed since she left Cosmopolis. From being an effortless brown-haired girl with a few honest giggles, she had evolved an air of worldly experience and was inclined to patronize Conrad and show him the town. Her dress which she wore with an air of great fashion was made of reddish satin and she seemed to have a good deal of matched, semi-precious jewelry about her that caught her in the wrong places on neck and arm and finger. They lived, Conrad gathered, in an apartment and there was nothing about the city that they did not know.

After the chocolate parfait was produced and destroyed, they went to the play of Mr. and Mrs. Brewster's mutual choosing. It was a musical thing, because Mr. Brewster so preferred, and Mrs. Brewster wanted to see the star who had been extensively written up in the tabloid papers for some emotional mischance. It was the kind of performance that Conrad seemed to have no heart for. Indiscriminately girls danced and sang and got into unexpected bedrooms while the comedians made shady and weary jokes. He found it hard to applaud with the appreciation due his host. It had, as Mrs. Brewster said, such killing situations. Vulgar, vicious situations, Conrad found them silently, and wondered who was dancing with Nancy and refused to think of that for it no longer concerned him.

The Brewsters were not through with their entertainment when the curtain fell for the last time.

"No, no," they protested, "you must see a little night life. You haven't been to New York unless you've been to a night club."

"There's one place [Continued on page 60]



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COVER CHARGES—AND NANCY

[Continued from page 59]

we go to which is really the gayest place on Broadway. The Dixie is the name of it." Conrad could not refuse. So they walked from the theater through a hurrying, pushing crowd down Broadway to where the DIXIE night club rolled its violent electric lights against a black patch of sky.

Dozens of little tables covered with fringed yellow tablecloths, strewn with unblown balloons and noise makers were placed around the small ring allowed for dancing. The Brewsters were assigned a place and ordered ginger ale to be adulterated with the contents of Mr. Brewster's flask, and sandwiches, while Mrs. Brewster said to Conrad that the cover charge was scandalous. He saw it on the menu, having learned in the last two nights to look for it. It was not as much as Nancy and he had paid, certainly not what his host had paid last night, but here, he said to himself, there was a show.

He got a full view of twenty dancing girls, wearing costumes which only accented their exposure. He got their songs, which were rhymed assortments of vulgarities and provocative jokes. He got their hard or tired or bored smiles and he also got the expressions of excited delight on the faces of the men and women about the room. Most of them, like himself, did not belong there he imagined. They were from small cities and suburbs and the country, here to see New York. This was their New York. A vision of the little French restaurant stuck away on its side street came back to him. The honest gray cat, Nancy in her blue leather coat with the rose. Nancy in her black velvet talking with Kent Simons about books. Nancy at that first night club to which they had gone, in her silver dress. The play Nancy had chosen. The fine and beautiful things Nancy always chose, in New York or anywhere else. She had found them here, missed or passed by this tawdry stuff. "Well," said Mrs. Brewster, in departing, "you've certainly seen a good deal of New York tonight."

"It's been very interesting," Conrad told her and tried to be honestly grateful of manner for he knew they had been generous in their own manner. "Wonderful." "Come down often. It's a great little town," urged Brewster.

"Thanks. But Cosmopolis is good enough for me."

He could see that they openly pitied him. Nancy had not done that. Again it was after three o'clock when he went to bed, with a sick taste of a wasted evening. He was tired enough to sleep but more restless than tired. He left a call with the hotel telephone operator because his train left at nine the next morning and he was afraid of oversleeping. And shortly after he had dropped off to sleep the bell routed him out, and he knew that his time had come to go.

It was a dreary departure. He hesitated at the telephone, wondering if he could find out from information if there was a telephone in Nancy's apartment building for he knew she did not have one in her own apartment. It would be too early to reach her at the office. And what if he did, he asked himself. His ticket was bought, his going definite. There was no use in further talk about an impossible situation. He would have to go home and forget it. But as he looked through the windows of the cab which was making its way slowly toward the station he was reluctant to go. Something stirred him for the first time, some sense of the magnificent mechanism of the city.

He followed the boy with his bag to the gates and stopped to look up his Pullman reservation. There she met him and put

a light hand on his arm, smiling up at him. "You're really going then? I came to say good-by."

He looked at her, stirred and startled. "Nancy—how sweet you are! You're beautiful this morning."

She wore the blue leather suit that was so very expensive and a queer shaggy crysanthemum of yellow. And her eyes were wistful this morning as if they had slept with dreams.

"I went to bed at seven last night and got some beauty sleep. That's the way I do it," she said. "Don't think I jazz all the time. And good luck—"

"I wish you were coming, you know."

"I wish you were staying."

"I can't. I have to get home. I have my ticket and everything. We wasted our days, Nancy."

"I had a good time," she insisted, "and I wanted you to have one. But it didn't work out. I'm sorry, Con."

"If you're taking number twelve, you'd better hurry," suggested the man at the gate. Conrad seized his suitcase and Nancy's hand.

"I'll always remember that you came down to see me off. Will you write to me?"

"Perhaps," she said slowly. But the train was ready to move. He had to leave her.

That was what he thought for half an hour. He had that kind of mind. He had his ticket. The train rushed along furiously as if to take him from Nancy as quickly as possible and settle all that nonsense. He knew exactly where it was taking him. Back to reason and order. To a mode of living where you paid for what value you received and got your money's worth. To his business. To the bank he knew and where he was known. To a world that was familiar—and suddenly worthless. A world empty of the one thing he wanted. The one person he had to be near, no matter what it meant in suffering or readjustment. As long as there was a chance, and what had her coming to the train meant except that there was one? A chance he had refused to take.

At Harmon, after various explanations to the conductor, who eyed him with suspicion, he got off, sent a few telegrams to his factory, announcing a delay he did not trouble to explain and took the first local back to New York. Strangely enough, though he knew he belonged elsewhere, he felt this time that he was actually going home.

She was in her office when he arrived in New York again and when he got her on the telephone her voice sounded tired for the first time, dropped from its monotone of control into exhaustion.

"How are you fixed for tonight?" he asked without preamble.

"Who is it? Not you, Con?"

"That's the one."

"But you've gone!" And then he knew from her voice that she was glad he had come back and everything else dropped out of the world for him.

"I came back. How could I do anything else? I've got to be with you a little longer, Nancy. Just to be with you."

"Do you," she asked, rather unsteadily, "no matter what my cover charge is? And if you don't seem to get much out of it?"

"I don't care in the least. It's always worth it."

"If you feel like that, we're going to have a good time tonight."

"We're going to work this out together," he promised. "I begin to like your city better, Nancy."

"How queer," she said, "for that's the way I've been feeling about yours all morning. So friendly to it."

IMPERIAL COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

[Continued from page 47]

made an agreement between themselves. It was made law of the Order that an application having been denied could not be renewed for three years, and that applications must hereafter be filed at least thirty days prior to the meeting of the Imperial Council, all interested Temples being notified.

Resolutions praising and thanking W. W. Burgiss, of Greenville, South Carolina, for his magnificent gift of a hospital, a unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, built, furnished and equipped by himself, were adopted. Mr. Burgiss is not a Shriner, nor even a Mason.

Crescent Temple, the Atlantic City Shrine Club, and the citizens of Atlantic City were thanked for their entertainment.

Then, with the Session nearing its end, Senior Past Imperial Potentate W. B. Melish, of Syrian, Cincinnati, as for many years past, installed the newly chosen officers. There was an amusing by-play when past Imperial Potentate Crosland insisted on pinning the badge of honor to his successor, but Mr. Melish insisted on making the speech of presentation, none the less.

The Committee on Time and Place made no recommendation as to the 1928 Session. Cleveland and Minneapolis were in the race, but finally withdrew, after some talk, and an invitation from Mahi, of Miami, was accepted, the date being set for May 1, 2 and 3. Hotel rates of \$8 a day as maximum had been arranged, Potentate Henry R. Pridgen announced, and there was the promise of much regal entertainment.

The announcement of the standing committees, as follows, brought the Session to its final adjournment:

Jurisprudence and Laws—Albert H. Ladner, Jr., LuLu; William B. Melish, Syrian; Albert B. McGaffey, El Jebel; Thad B. London, Ararat; Frederick I. Dana, Palestine.

Dispensations and Charters—George F. Olendorf, Abou Ben Adhem; Thomas P. Bradley, Aad; William F. Taylor, Khartum; Walter D. Cline, Maskat; O. W. Burdats, Osiris.

Finance and Accounts—Lou B. Winsor, Saladin; James C. Burger, El Jebel; Harry E. Sharrer, Orak; John S. Fouché, Alhambra; Thomas S. Rishworth, Osman.

Jurisdictional Lines—George T. Matthews, Moolah; Richings J. Shand, Ansar; Julian Price, Oasis; George G. Beers, Pyramid; Alfred G. Arvold, El Zagal.

Imperial Council Headquarters at Annual Session—Clarence M. Dunbar, Palestine; Frank C. Jones, Arabia; Leo V. Youngworth, Al Malaikah; William S. Brown, Syria; Benjamin W. Rowell, Aleppo.

Consideration of Desirability of Changing Manner and Time of Meetings of the Imperial Council—Percy E. Hoak, Za-Ga-Zig; Allan McCants, Hamasa; George W. Hoag, El Katif; Walter W. Morrison, Aleppo; A. G. Myers, Oasis.

HOSPITAL PROCEEDINGS

At the meetings of the Hospital Board preceding the Imperial Council Session the following business was transacted:

Winnipeg Mobile Unit was increased from twenty beds to thirty. Ten thousand dollars was appropriated for the purpose on condition that a like amount be contributed by Winnipeg and that any additional cost be borne by that city. The contract with the hospital in which the unit operates was renewed for two years at \$2.85 per diem per patient.

The request of Twin Cities Unit that the Potentate of Aad Temple, Duluth, be added permanently to the Board of Governors was denied on the ground that similar recognition might then [Continued on page 62]

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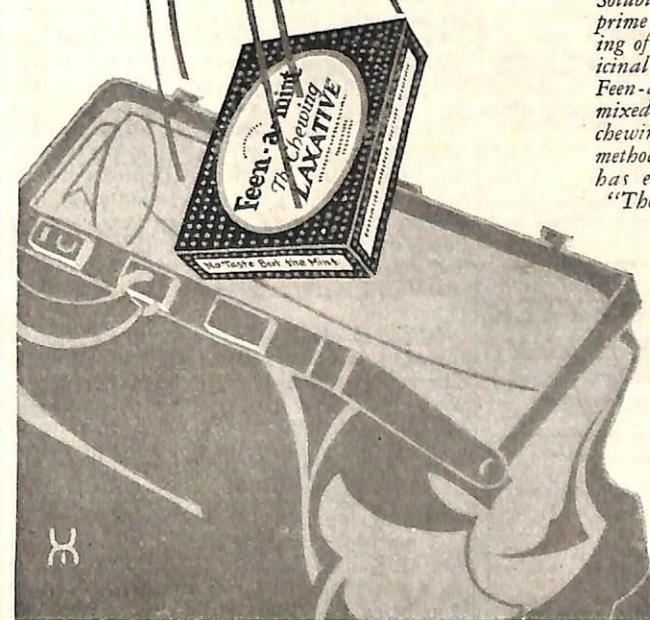
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IMPERIAL COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

[Continued from page 61]



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very properly be sought for by all Temples served by that unit. San Francisco Unit reported that \$32,606.39 had been taken from its welfare fund for permanent improvements to the hospital. It was decided that the expense of sending brace makers of the different units to Atlanta to study the improvements made by the general brace making shop should be charged to the general fund.

Several applications for mobile units and hospitals were received and filed without discussion. It was the feeling of the Trustees that it would be useless to go into the merits of any request until more money was provided for building and operation. Among the applications held in abeyance were those of Calgary and Tampa for mobile units.

Concessions from railroad lines, feeders for the St. Louis, Chicago and Philadelphia units for half fare rates to the children and those accompanying them were announced. A system of cross filing of all bequests was ordered started. A vote of thanks was tendered Noble Harlan Wood, Almas, Washington, for gratuitous services in connection with the two Lansburgh bequests.

The resignation of retiring Imperial Potentate Crosland from the Massachusetts hospital corporation was accepted and Noble Esten A. Fletcher was elected to the vacancy. Miss Margery J. Lee was appointed superintendent of the Spokane Unit.

An offer of several hundred acres of land at a radium springs in Utah, on condition that a hospital be erected there, was rejected on the ground that the site was too remote from the centers of population. In connection with transportation of surgeons appointed to various units it was decided that wives and children should be included in the expense, and that mileage was allowable only over the most direct route from point to point. A bequest of \$300 from William J. Parker of Avalon was reported.

Awarding contracts for the home for nurses at the St. Louis Unit was deferred until such time as finances would warrant going ahead. Decision as to the site of the hospital which had been allocated to western New York was deferred.

A two months' leave of absence was granted Miss Florence Potts, Director of Nursing, whose physician had ordered a period of absolute rest. The addition of another graduate nurse at the Salt Lake City Mobile Unit was authorized. The collection of the legacy of Charles H. Butler was reported, the amount, after payment of inheritance tax and other legal expense, being \$1,918.92.

Legal authorities having agreed that the estate of George M. Burns could not be diverted from the expressed purpose of the donor which was to assist in the construction of a convalescent home at St. Louis within ten years, the Board ruled that the money could not be used for the erection of a nurses' home for that unit. A report was made that the American Surety Company was carrying bonds on fifty-three members of local boards and employees and that the bank deposits of the Board were covered by the same company.

Noble E. J. Lafferty was added to the Board of Governors of the Philadelphia Unit. The brace making headquarters at Atlanta were discussed at length with a view to making the improvements developed there available to the various units. A vote of thanks was tendered Messrs. Hendee, Hofmann and Bauer for establishing an exhaustive cost system without expense to the Board.

A proposal from Noble James A. Hoyt, Ararat, Kansas City, for the establishment of an endowment fund was rejected, the decision being that the plan submitted was not

of a nature that the Board was authorized to administer. It was ordered that the thanks of the Trustees be tendered Noble Hoyt.

Friday evening, the hospital film "An Equal Chance" was shown and a resolution strongly endorsing the picture was passed.

Miss Grace Bratton was introduced as assistant to the Director of Nursing. She will have charge in the absence of Miss Potts.

Noble J. M. Holmes, chairman of the Board of Governors of Greenville Unit, tendered the deed to the hospital property. The building is practically finished and it will be dedicated in early autumn. Building and equipment will cost \$354,000. The Board was invited to hold its next meeting at Greenville at the time of the dedication.

Authority was given the Portland Unit to place a statue of Lincoln on the lawn, if the city government agreed. The statue is a gift from Noble Coe of Al Kader, Portland.

A suggestion from the Grand Master of Mexico that a mobile unit or hospital be established in connection with the Masonic Tuberculosis Sanitarium now being projected was held over for further consideration.

Noble Gaitskill, Mirza, Pittsburg, Kans., asked the Board to outline to the Imperial Council a general building program for the future, to the end that the legislative body might be better informed as to the urgent need for more funds.

A telegram was ordered sent to Dr. O. M. Lanstrum at Helena, deploring his inability to be present with the Board. A schoolroom for the St. Louis Unit was authorized, the expense to be borne by the local Board.

Potentate W. W. Brooks, Alhambra, Chattanooga, presented a proposal from that city for the building of a hospital out of funds from legacies now under control of a local charity corporation or in process of adjudication. The Trustees who were asked to assure maintenance in the event of the plan being accepted, explained that nothing could be done until more money was forthcoming for hospital purposes.

The deed for the property on which a hospital is to be erected at Richmond was delivered to the Board. This hospital will be built as soon as finances permit. Syria, Pittsburgh, was assured that the hospital in that city would be erected immediately after Richmond.

An exhaustive review of the Honolulu survey was presented and considered.

After considerable discussion it was decided that the Board of Trustees recommend an additional assessment of \$2. for the consideration of the Imperial Council.

The annual report of the Board of Trustees shows:

HOSPITALS—Shreveport, opened 1922, fifty beds. Patients admitted, 895. Discharged, 835. Twin Cities, opened 1923, fifty beds. Patients admitted, 600. Discharged, 503. San Francisco, opened 1923, fifty beds. Patients admitted, 435. Discharged, 366. Portland, Ore., opened 1924, fifty beds. Patients admitted, 486. Discharged, 389. St. Louis, opened 1924, one hundred beds. Patients admitted, 868. Discharged, 752. Montreal, opened 1925, fifty beds. Patients admitted, 297. Discharged, 208. Springfield, Mass., opened 1925, fifty beds. Patients admitted, 476. Discharged, 397. Chicago, opened 1926, fifty beds. Patients admitted, 150. Discharged, 90. Philadelphia, opened 1926, one hundred beds. Patients admitted, 111. Discharged, 50.

MOBILE UNITS—Honolulu, opened 1923, thirty beds. Patients admitted, 576. Discharged, 520. Spokane, opened 1924, twenty beds. Patients admitted, 212. Discharged, 176. Salt Lake City, opened 1925, twenty beds. Patients admitted, 164. Discharged, 125. Winnipeg, opened 1925, twenty beds. Patients admitted, 160. Discharged, 132. Lexington, opened 1926, twenty beds. Patients admitted, 31. Discharged, 7.

The financial report by units shows St. Louis to have assets, including real estate \$160,597, buildings \$450,673 and cash and other items making the total \$716,130.56.

Montreal, real estate, \$76,440; buildings, \$356,837, and cash and other items, making total assets \$497,139.37.

San Francisco, real estate, \$67,418; buildings, \$347,520, and cash and other items, making total assets \$491,727.63.

Shreveport, real estate, \$49,162; buildings, \$318,563, and cash and other items, making total assets \$427,072.52.

Twin Cities, real estate, \$43,646; buildings, \$299,323, and cash and other items, making total assets \$398,985.63.

Springfield, real estate, \$30,902; buildings, \$446,683, and cash and other items, making total assets \$567,609.62.

Portland, real estate, \$51,496; buildings, \$307,379, and cash and other items, making total assets \$430,402.92.

Philadelphia, real estate, \$39,347; buildings, \$673,372, and cash and other items, making total assets \$811,424.90.

Chicago, real estate, \$86,924; buildings, \$473,628, and cash and other items, making total assets \$644,374.02.

Honolulu, equipment and other assets, making total \$10,556.16.

Spokane, equipment and other assets, making total \$15,772.93.

Salt Lake City, buildings, \$1,683; equipment and other assets, making total \$16,835.12.

Winnipeg, buildings, \$4,907; equipment and other assets, making total \$21,817.03.

Lexington, equipment and other assets, making the total \$23,996.36.

THE BARKER

[Continued from page 25]

him. He's the sweetest kid God ever let live. (Carrie is too astounded to do anything but gasp). He's got me goin' 'round like a top.

Carrie—You know what you're sayin'!

Lou—All I know is, we both got it the same. An' that I don't want to go on livin' without him . . .

Carrie—You mean you'd marry him!

Lou (confused)—I don't know . . . you gotta stand by me, Carrie. I never thought I could feel this way about anybody . . .

He's so young an' 'clever an' decent, I guess . . . the first one that ever treated me like anything but a common woman—maybe that's why . . . (Hysterically) Can you beat it? Me? Fallin' in love like a school-girl! Me, hard-boiled Hannah! Gee, it's funny . . . !

Carrie—You ain't in love—you're just kiddin' yourself.

Lou—I wish I was! It's only goin' to mean a lot o' misery for both of us. It's what I get for playin' with anything as big as love.

And as for Nifty, it's the last thing on earth he expected. Not for an instant—knowing Lou of old—does he imagine she means to be honest with Chris. "She oughta be horse-whipped," he exclaims.

But the boy is in no frame of mind to listen to sermons or to submit to discipline. If Lou leaves, if through him she loses her job, Chris says he's going with her. Thus does the son decide. And Nifty in a rage knocks the lad down; then in bitter anguish realizes what he has done. Nifty's attitude is the typical example of the wrong way, and he hastens the end. For Lou and Chris get "spliced by a J. P."

Lou—Chris wouldn't take No for an answer. I tried to put him off, but after him an' Nifty had that run-in yesterday—well—I ain't got a mind of my own where the kid's concerned, I'm so hipped on him. If he'd tell me to jump in front of an express train, I'd do it. Honest to God I didn't think there was a guy livin' could get me this way. For the first time since I can remember I'm happy. Real happy . . . Chris is the same way, too.

Carrie—God, when you wake up you got an awful wallop comin'. But don't say I didn't warn you!

Chris has faced Nifty with the marriage license, and he raved; then assumed the white heat of silence. Some way the two, Lou and Chris, must reach Chicago, so, circus-fashion, Hap, the ticket taker, lends them the last money he has in his jeans.

They don't get [Continued on page 64]

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THE BARKER [Continued from page 63]

away, however, before Lou tells Nifty to his face why she tried to vamp Chris, and how she fell for him. "It's all I can do to keep from shovin' my fist down your throat," cries Nifty, shaking all over. This stings Lou to the center of her awakened heart. If Nifty believes she has wrecked Chris, he has another guess coming. Why, can't he see with her eyes? But Nifty is blind to all except one thing: Lou is taking his son away from the Law; she has crushed all of his dreams for the boy.

What is left for Nifty is to choke the truth out of Carrie. He approaches her like a half crazed animal, and she is barely rescued out of his wiry hands by the sudden onrush of the Colonel and his men. "I'm leavin', Colonel... I'm through forever with troupin'." It's took Chris from me, an' sent him to hell."

Nevertheless, Nifty hangs on a while to train a new Barker for the show. Training is a slow process with slow wits. And a new Hawaiian dancer is to take Carrie's place, for she's leaving too. And the new dancer isn't any too good. All Nifty's bad luck has happened to him along the route. It's storming like fury in his brain and raining floods outside.

A member of the troupe has had a post card from Lou. They've reached "Chi," she's hoofin' it in a night club, and Chris—"well," says Maw Benson of the circus, "Lou'll make something out of him, in spite of all the handicaps his pa has given him."

The night clears and Nifty feels charitable; he lets Carrie have her wish—to dance for the last time. And he himself goes front, yelling orders for the show to begin, just like he was the same old manager.

His eye is on the Barker—a poor, weak, stuttering substitute for the Great Him. Nifty hears him try to pull the crowds in, but he hasn't magnetism, he hasn't the hang of it. They turn away from him. The terrific fact stares Nifty in the face. His "understudy" is dying cold on his feet. The Colonel waves frantically: "Get up there, Nifty, and show him how to do it!"

And Nifty goes back to his old stand. Never before has the Barker done such a good job, his circus blood singing in his veins. After all, it's the only life he knows. He forgets the rumpus—for Carrie's still there and the Colonel makes him a partner—and it looks after all as though the boy might study Law.

CURTAIN

MYSTERY HOUSE [Continued from page 37]

Arnoldo had paid over the half million for the incriminating papers alleged to have been discovered by the murderous thieves in Peter Buchanan's famous Scandal Chest. Arnoldo had been granted until Thursday afternoon to make this payment; Peter looked forward with mounting suspense to Thursday afternoon and Burckett's report as the beginning of what he hoped would be the all-revealing final act of the drama he was staging.

Would Arnoldo really pay? That payment of his entire fortune, if made, which would strip him of all the advantage of those dollar-bought tricks of defense by which a rich man seems so easily to squirm out of the hands of justice, was going to determine to a large extent the nature of what came next in Peter's drama. Right after that payment—just how he did not now see—he merely sensed the nearness of the event—the drama was going to come to a climax of success or failure. If the climax did not grow naturally out of events, if it still held back and tried to hide itself, then he would use that long rehearsed and desperate last measure of the twin bottles to try to force the climax out into the open.

But while Peter lay in bed, there were some important matters pertaining to the climax that could be got in readiness, and for these preparations the second mystery of Mystery House, which still held place on the first pages with its sensations, was made the public explanation. On Monday morning Dr. Grayson telephoned District Attorney Jackson, and Jackson very promptly motored over from Waldron for a conference with Peter and his highly esteemed friend the County Coroner.

"I'm sorry to find you laid up like this, Mr. Delacroix," Jackson greeted Peter.

"It's nothing worse than a little jar," replied Peter.

"Jackson," Dr. Grayson began, "Mr. Delacroix believes that this Mystery House affair is soon coming to a head—that in a few days all the truth about the murder of Peter Buchanan will come out."

"What do you know that I don't know, Mr. Delacroix?" sharply demanded Jackson.

"Pardon me, Jackson—I'm doing the talking today for Mr. Delacroix," put in Dr. Grayson. "What Mr. Delacroix knows, or thinks he knows, he'd rather not tell you just now."

"But he has no right to hold back information from the authorities, and especially not in a murder case," cried Jackson.

"He's not holding back information from the authorities, Jackson. He's told me everything—and at this stage in this particular murder case I'm conceited enough to believe that the coroner is just as important as the district attorney. I'm not telling you what I believe, Jackson, because these beliefs are not information you can act upon or use officially in any way. The moment these beliefs become definite information, you are going to be the first man to get the facts," Grayson said.

"Then why did you send for me?" "Because Mr. Delacroix and I want to be all set to act the very moment when beliefs develop into facts, and we want you to be all set. First, I want you to assign a night and day shift of two county detectives to work here in Green Manors, taking their orders from me. Give out that they are here on the Buchanan murder case."

"All right—consider that done, Doctor. What else?"

"Any time during the next week when you're not in your office or in your home, I want you to leave word where you can be reached by telephone. I want to be able to call you any moment, and when you come I want you to come running."

"That's O. K., too, Doctor. I can do the ten miles from Waldron to Green Manors in ten minutes. But I wish to God you'd tell me what's doing—you're giving me the feel of a clean-up!"

"It may be that, Jackson—and again it may be nothing."

"I'll hope it's going to be the big show-down on the Buchanan murder!" prayerfully and bitterly exclaimed Jackson as he arose to leave. "That would only leave the murders of Murray Randolph and Mrs. Dodge for the county to ride me about."

[To be continued]

SPEAKING OF WOMEN

[Continued from page 17]

"How then may a wise man admonish his wife? For woman was created from a crooked rib of Adam. Therefore, if ye wish to straighten it, belike you will break it; and if ye wish to let it alone, it will always remain crooked."

There is yet a fourth of the Prophet's wise-cracks which the editor of this magazine, if he has any sense at all, will undoubtedly delete.

For it bluntly declares: "Verily the best of women are those who are content with little!"

The very words to chisel and carve above the gates of the Alimony Club at Ludlow street jail.

Judging from these maxims one would conclude, and correctly, that "Equal Rights for Man!" is the Oriental's refreshing war whoop in the eternal war of the sexes.

But—does he get his equal rights? Listen to a little bazaar saying, often on Fatima's crimson lips:

"The drum which booms most loudly is filled with wind!"

And must I explain that said drum is the unfortunate Moslem husband?

Yet—and this is what gets me—Oriental women receive almost from birth, a sanely constructive training in the relative importance of the sexes; sanely constructive, that is, from the man's point of view.

At an age when the little Moslem boys run practically wild, playing their East on the Rock and an intricate Arab ball game called "Haddock," the little girls learn already how to be useful in various ways: cooking, embroidering, cleaning up, minding the younger children, running errands, helping the servants, giving in—apparently!—to the commands and whims of their small brothers. Still in her teens, Fatima is taught that the word "Moslem" means "resigned to the will of Allah"; that the word's feminine counterpart "Moslema" adds, without exactly saying so, "also resigned to the will of Man"; and that, whatever happens, it is up to her to humbly bow her head and murmur:

"Mektoob—it is so written!"

She must get used to that gigantic network of Islam which has been knitted about the weaker for the benefit of the stronger, about woman for the benefit of man. She must submit to Fate—must, furthermore, get it into her head for once and all that the male of the species prides himself on being Deputy Fate.

What soundness! What amazingly logical and pleasing philosophy!

What superb theory!

Exactly: theory! That's where the rub comes in!

For—listen to me, brothers!—it does not work! It does not work because woman, in a harem or out, has solved the seemingly impossible riddle of how to eat her pudding and have it too.

Indeed, East and West, wherever the sun shines and rivers run, woman's ways are the same. Nor have these ways changed a particle since the hoary days when the cave-dwelling male flirted delicately if firmly with the help of a jagged, nine-pound chunk of very hard quartz.

Glorious days—you say?

Maybe.

For, after all, we have only the cave-dwelling male's testimony; and perhaps, being a man, he lied to preserve his self-respect.

Since those days man, of course, has tried to fortify his position: in the Occident by using the power of money; in the Orient by calling the precepts of religion to his rescue.

You know what [Continued on page 66]



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SPEAKING OF WOMEN [Continued from page 65]

the power of money has done in the Occident; how it has helped the male. Just take a stroll down the Avenue and look at sable wraps, fifty-dollars-a-throw Paris hats, sheerest silk stockings positively guaranteed not to last out the evening's jazz, 90 h. p. cars, toy Pekinese worth their weight in rubies, improbable orchids, jeweled buckles . . . take a look—sigh—and draw your own conclusions!

The same conditions obtain in the romantic land of camels, dromedaries, and similar lords of creation. There, under the guise of religion, the Prophet Mohammed enjoined certain sane rules of conduct on woman—telling her to be patient, modest, obedient. Then, being a man and thus soft-hearted and sentimental, he spoiled it all by giving corresponding rules to his own sex.

What is the result?
You know!

Man, being by instinct law-abiding, obeys his rules, while woman, being by instinct the opposite, disregards hers; and, if in an argument on the subject she gets the worst of it, she will explain it away to her own satisfaction by saying:

"I'm only a woman, Mustafaa!"

Yet it seems that the Oriental is a glutton for punishment. Jack Dempsey cannot hold a candle to him. For the Koran actually ordains marriage as a religious and moral duty "incumbent on all who possess the ability," and a famous Arab commentator of Koranic law says:

"When a True Believer marries, verily he perfects half his religion!"

The fact that the Koran permits him to practise polygamy is but another proof of this. For the more wives he has, the more henpecked he becomes.

He shrugs his shoulders.

"Ah—" he mumbles resignedly—"it is Kismet—a sending of Fate. Who am I to gainsay Fate?"

Thus, perhaps as an insidious way of preserving the last remaining shreds of his self-respect and not losing too much face, he has invented the theory that woman is the center of life, the one essential reason for existence, the primal cause whence all things spring, the ultimate goal to which all things return . . . and for once, woman agrees with him, whole-heartedly, enthusiastically—and asks for more.

"Love!" he cries, the poor turbaned sap. "Give me love—love—love!"

Look at Oriental poetry. Compare it to Occidental.

The Occidental has occasionally enough horse sense to write verses about war and the chase and flowers and nature and the Creator.

Not so the Moslem.

All his rhymes are about love and passion; are addressed to those who, back of the silken harem curtains, keep the home fires burning—burning brightly, brightly—though the cost of bituminous coal mounts and mounts and mounts.

Good poetry, too.

There is, for instance, my favorite poem; possibly the most exquisite love lyric in the Arab language in which Ibn al-Motazz, a thousand years ago, compares his sweetheart to the young moon, and which begins:

"Our old moon put her horns away and the dark nights were three;
There danced a girl moon through the clouds, pallid as ivory.
At break of day a lone, green star went patrolling down the sky,
Just like a lonely watchman with a lantern passing by . . ."

He wrote these lines to a Turkish slave girl called Tchizani. For her sake—because she nagged him—he renounced the wine cup, became pious, and composed the lines:

"So now I pass along a thoroughfare
With face averted from the vineyards there.
Please give a rose to me as if to say
That ne'er your love for me shall pass away . . ."

But he never had a chance. For as soon as he gave up wine and got religion and generally became a respectable member of Asiatic society, she left him flat, saying that he bored her now.

So, very evidently, the vamp is not altogether a recent invention of the motion picture scenario writers—was already a time-honored institution in the far-off days when Ananias told Sapphira that she was the cutest flapper in all Jerusalem. Thus it is perhaps in self-defence that the Moslem has been driven to polygamy, fondly imagining that, amongst a number of women, he might find one—maybe two or three—who will fill the bill.

Besides nature never intended the Oriental for cloistered, thin-blooded celibacy. He is too deeply religious a man to believe that God gave him five senses unless He meant him to use and enjoy them. He holds that celibacy is blasphemy unspeakable against the divine, creative principle. He considers the Mayflower—well a May flower, a charming garden blossom, not a wire-drawn, blue-nose principle.

Perhaps the legalization of polygamy was originally intended to give to the persecuted Moslem husband a much-needed advantage—so that, should Fatima nag him beyond endurance or Zuleika throw the crockery at his head, he would be able to say:

"Oh very well—there is still Habeebah and Ayesha and Nurmahal . . ."

Yes. The original intent was very logical and laudable. But the Prophet Mohammed, after granting the required permission, immediately spiked the wheels of progress by issuing certain explanatory clauses.

Thus, for instance, the Prophet says in the Koran:

"You may marry two, three, or four wives."

And, in the subsequent line, he backs water by adding:

"But if you cannot deal equitably with all, you shall marry only one."

And I ask you to consider well the far-reaching importance of the italics "may" and "shall."

LATER on, the great Arab interpreters of Koranic law made matters still worse by explaining what the Prophet had in mind when he used the word "equitably"—or "adl" in the Arabic language. Thus Syed Ameer Ali, the great Moslem lawyer, writes: "Adl signifies not only equality of treatment in the matter of lodgment, clothing and other domestic requisites, but also complete equity in love, affection and esteem."

"Complete equity in love, affection and esteem"—though Zuleika may be eighteen and pretty, Fatima seventeen and still prettier, while Ayesha is as attractive as a mud fence and has put on five pounds of fatty tissue for every last one of her forty-seven summers, without counting the winters!

Can you beat it?

I cannot. No Oriental can.

You may judge by this long wail that I am against harems.

You are right.

I'm dead against them. They are a snare, a delusion, a trap, a trick which Oriental woman has put over Oriental man.

And, O Western Brothers in the Ancient Craft, personally I have arrived at the mature conclusion that the original New England Puritans, in spite of their blue noses, were wise birds—oh yes—very wise birds—in their generation as well as in ours.

SPEAKING OF MEN

[Continued from page 16]

To women, men are as open as the sky, as clear as the air, as transparent as glass. That is because, being members of the slave class, women have had to make a minute study of their rulers. What every woman knows! Barry said a mouthful. What every woman knows would fill volumes.

Women have been singularly astute in one thing.

While men were filling plays, novels, poems, with general statements about women, dropping epigrams about them so fast that the literary skies scintillated with these cold stars, women maintained a profound silence in regard to men.

It wasn't that women didn't know all about men. They were too acute to spill it. They were too acute even to betray that they knew it.

But I do not think that any woman has ever been so stupid as to whisper even to herself that men are mysteries.

Women have never been too lazy to study men. From the moment they open their eyelids on a man-managed world, they begin to make their silent, acute observations of the dominating sex. And this espionage ends only at the grave.

The result of all this is that women know a good deal about men and that men know almost nothing about women.

Women have discovered that men have, as I have said, all the powerful qualities which characterize royalties, Olympians and barbarians. They are at once magnificent and simple; omniscient and gullible; knowledgeable and unastute. They are generous livers and givers. They are happy because they are convinced of their own superiority. Besides they have cornered about ninety percent of the racial sense of humor.

Their thoughts have ranged the universe. But so far as women and women's affairs are concerned, men don't know beans.

WOMEN, on the other hand, possess all the second-class virtues of slaves, robots, and savages. They are at once conservative and reckless, industrious and inefficient, unventuresome and rash. They are pliant and suppliant. They are servile and obsequious—they fawn. They don't know what the word *policy* means, but they own a big bag of tricks. They are utterly ignorant of life in all its larger aspects. And as yet they haven't developed a sense of humor.

But man is a mere wad of clay in their hands. Really it is a shame for woman to take his money—but almost invariably she does.

However, Achmed Abdullah and his whole puzzled sex may take hope.

Relief is in sight and coming fast. They say that in a long war, opposing nations exchange qualities. There are the evidences all about us that during their centuries of conflict, the two sexes have begun to swap qualities.

In the last generation or two, women have taken a leaf from man's book. They too have begun to contract morganatic marriages with trade, industry, professionalism and art. From being mere slaves, robots and savages, these women have begun to turn into royalties, Olympians, barbarians.

All kinds of masculine qualities are developing in them. Actually some of them are almost as stupid in regard to men as men are in regard to women. Indeed I seem to descry in their faces the large, insolent, good-natured, unseeing gaze of men.

Perhaps if this keeps on, they will cease to study men; they may lose the art of cajoling and wheedling them.

Men may yet be, not only masters of their fates but the captains of their souls!

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WITHIN THE SHRINE ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 52])

About Ben Adhem, Springfield, Mo., challenges all previous announcements as to the oldest living Shriner by putting forth Noble Job Newton, originally of Ararat, Kansas City, and a charter member of Abou Ben Adhem, who is now 101 years of age. His 100th birthday was celebrated at a banquet in the new Shrine Mosque. Noble Newton is Past Master of his lodge, Past Commander of his Commandery and Past Grand Patron of the Eastern Star.

Although Potentate Fries, Almas, had to limit his visit to New Orleans to two hours and a half Jerusalem Temple found time to escort him to the celebrated Antoinette Restaurant for entertainment. The General says that you can get a lot of hospitality in two hours and a half in New Orleans. Jerusalem's Annual May Ball for the Children of the Nobles and their families was a success as usual.

Bert Scribner dropped and shattered the beautiful glass bowl, while in the very act of presenting it to Potentate O. E. Hemenway of Al Kaly Temple, Pueblo, Colorado, but the Nobles present were even more astonished when immediately afterwards six newsboys dashed into the banquet room, carrying pink "extras" with full details of the catastrophe. Quickest newspaper work ever known.

Moslah Temple, Forth Worth, was host to most of North Texas at a huge Ceremonial and Oriental Festival. J. C. Duvall of Fort Worth was the winner of the Diamond Ring Contest among the novices and was specially honored by being permitted to ride a donkey in the parade.

Hella Temple, Dallas, gave a dance on its fortieth birthday. A large birthday cake was cut and the lady receiving the lucky piece of cake received a prize. Congratulations are due to Hella on the completion of forty years of excellent Shrine work.

Members of Murat Temple, Indianapolis, recently saw a series of boxing bouts in which knockdowns were scored and bloody noses rung up. Practically all of the boxers were local lads who were anxious to forge to the front in their chosen line.

Mrs. Gladys B. McLain, wife of Harry E. McLain, for many years Representative of Syria, has written a "Lullaby 1927 to Lindbergh," music by Edith L. Hall.



(Salaam Temple's Popular Strummers, Newark, N. J. Left to right, 1st row—Joseph Marino, B. Grunhof, Jr., George Blatherwick, Earl Hausen. 2nd row—F. C. Kent, Ted Glazer, Harry Hyde, and A. Hutt.

Kaaba Temple, Davenport, followed up their Ceremonial in which a class of 29 were put on the grill for the edification of the nobility, by putting on a burlesque and cabaret show called the "Follies of 1927." According to the Davenport dramatic critics, it was one of the best shows ever given by any organization in the tri-cities, and those who took part may well be classed as professionals. Outstanding numbers on the program were the Clinton Legion Quartette, Nick H. Woltjer, Marimba expert, who was, for years, on the Keith Circuit, and Sally May Wilson and her company of six girls.

No expense was spared in making the recent Ceremonial of Al Sihah Temple, Macon, Ga., one that will be long remembered. Al Sihah introduced an innovation by putting on an entertainment at the Grand Theater at four o'clock in the afternoon, which was open to the public. Local singers and dancers including the Shrine Chanters were featured, and one of the outstanding numbers was the Oo la la Ballet in which Miss Jane Bussey, four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Bussey, did acrobatic dancing, supported by a corps of seven girls.

Ismailia, Buffalo, put on their first Ceremonial of the year with Potentate Wm. C. Kohlmetz, Divan, and uniformed bodies, to the number of about 400, of Damascus, Rochester. Also in the delegation was Western New York's Imperial Council officer, Esten A. Fletcher. The usual Friday luncheon began the activities of the day. The first and third sections were put on in the afternoon and in the evening an escort parade conducted the guests to the Cathedral, where the second section was put on.

Eight Hundred Shriners from Baltimore, Harrisburg, Washington, Wheeling, Cumberland, and Frederick were in attendance at the ceremonial of Ali-Ghan, Hagerstown, Maryland, which was the first to be held since Worthington P. Wachter was elected Illustrious Potentate. The ceremonial ended in a blaze of glory at a ball given in honor of the Potentate.

Major General Amos A. Fries, Potentate, presided at the recent ceremonial of Almas Temple. Arcadia Auditorium was decorated in Oriental splendor for the occasion. A surprise was furnished when Harry Cary appeared having come from Cincinnati to receive a jewel as Past Potentate. Ralph B. Barnard presented the token.

During the Mississippi river flood Tehama Temple of Hastings put on an entertainment in the city auditorium by courtesy of the city council. A collection was taken up. Past Potentate Tony Lembach immediately kicked in with \$6.60 to make it even money. [Shrine News Continued on page 69]

WITHIN THE SHRINE ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 68])

El Jebel, Denver, recently presented an Oriental Pageant and Minstrel Show entitled "A Night in Mecca" which was witnessed by an audience of 6000. It is said that it was the most lavish, as well as the most perfectly trained of any non-professional show ever staged in Denver. Noble Rev. David C. Bayless acted as Interlocutor. Prominent in the minstrel feature were Nobles Royden S. Massey, D. A. McColl, Joseph Butterworth, D. G. Angevine, Walter Tripp, Robert Edwards, H. Gerald Sherman, Earl Lindner, Harry Goodheart, with Louis Hellborn as director of production. This was followed within a few days by the Moffat Tunnel Ceremonial with a class of 500 initiates labeled as 500 "sticks of dynamite" who burned holes in their red socks traveling the hot sands. Sand pushers and camel doctors hobnobbed with bunk bosses and pole hikers and for one evening at least, dump car brakemen were buddies with Arabian Embalmers.

Forty quaking candidates were surrounded by clanking chains and guarding Nobles when they were taken through the streets for the world to look upon their abject slavery, previous to the Ceremonial put on by El Katif Temple, Spokane. Before the actual initiatory work was begun, life membership jewels were presented to Thomas J. Clark and William Mitchem of Spokane, William F. Stilson of Tacoma, and W. Clayton Miller, formerly of Spokane, but now of California.

A large body of Shriners surrounded entirely by water and having a wonderful time—that is what happened at the Ceremonial which Moslem Temple, Detroit, held on Bob-Lo Island. In honor of Will Curtiss, the Illustrious Potentate, and due to the fact that the class numbered practically 1,000, the class was designated as the "Curtiss 1,000" Class.

Abdallah Temple, Leavenworth, held a Ceremonial at Topeka which is still being talked about. An unusual feature was the afternoon program of Shriners, novices and their ladies, which included a depiction of a "Storm on the Sahara Desert." Clouds, rain, wind, and lightning were all present, and the movies got an advance idea of just how terrible a storm on the desert can be.

Seventy novices learned how properly to tread the hot sands at Yaarab, Atlanta's big Ceremonial. The program was so unusual that it held the interest of even the oldest wearers of the fez. A guest of honor was

Major General Amos Fries, Chief of the United States Army Division of Chemical Warfare, who is also potentate of Almas Temple, Washington, D. C. One of the many enjoyable features was the presentation to Past Potentate Forrest Adair of Yaarab's distinguished service medal in token of his long service to Yaarab Temple and the Shrine of North America. The medal was presented to Noble Adair by Past Potentate John A. Hynds while all of the uniformed bodies of the Temple from the Divan down stood at attention.

OF THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS

1927-28

CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine
Imperial Potentate

FRANK C. JONES, Arabia
Imperial Deputy Potentate

LEO V. YOUNG, Al Malaikah
Imperial Chief Rabban

ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus
Imperial Assistant Rabban

THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah
Imperial High Priest and Prophet

BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo
Imperial Recorder

WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria
Imperial Treasurer

EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig
Imperial Oriental Guide

CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master

JOHN N. SEBELL, Jr., Khedive
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master

DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora
Imperial Marshal

LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas
Imperial Captain of the Guard

HUGH M. CALDWELL, Nile
Imperial Outer Guard

It is with regret that we note the sudden death of Noble W. H. (Bill) Balentine of Hejaz, Greenville, S. C., which occurred on May 27th, the day following the ceremonial at which his three sons became Shriners. Noble Balentine demitted from Omar Temple at Charleston to become a charter member of Hejaz when it was organized in 1919. He was active in organization work, and had always been a loyal member of the Temple's Patrol. Beattie, Carl and Louis were associated in business with their father who owned and operated one of the largest meat packing houses in the Southern states. In addition to the Balentine boys, J. C. Rainey and W. E. Wickliffe, salesmen of the firm of W. H. Balentine, were also candidates at the Columbia Ceremonial. See photograph below. [Shrine News Continued on page 71]



(Noble W. H. Balentine of Greenville, S. C., who died the day after the Ceremonial at which his three sons, Beattie B., Carl E., and W. Louis became Shriners.



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Drawing by
Edward A. Wilson

FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

FOLLOWING a whisper in the stock market has burned up more money than trying to corner wheat.

Men, otherwise hard headed, cool, conservative thinkers, fall ready victims to "whisperitis." Whether they be professional stock dealers or dabblers in the market, they seem to take a tip with equal readiness without regard for the source so long as it is imparted with an appearance of deep secrecy and mystery.

For the professionals, the following of these whispers does not involve great danger. But the amateur may be deluded into buying and holding a stock which does not warrant it or selling a security with a bright future which he ought to hold. Sometimes the whispers are originated merely to give the starter a chance to buy or sell his own stock under the most advantageous terms.

The reason the buying and selling of stocks is regarded by many people as highly dangerous and speculative is because so few of them take the trouble to find out just what they are buying or selling. Men who would not purchase a horse or an automobile without trying them out, buy and sell stocks merely because they hear someone else is doing so. Even men of large fortunes "follow the leader" rather than act on definite reliable information secured by themselves. They are like some race horse fanatics who back the jockey not the horse, forgetting that while the best horse can carry a poor jockey under the wire no jockey can carry the worst horse under the wire first except by accident.

Earnings are what determines the position of a security on the exchanges of the country. Investors buy securities for the returns either present or prospective which come from them. If earnings are low, returns must be unsatisfactory also and this eventually is reflected in the price of the security although it may be concealed for a time.

It is thoroughly legitimate to make investments on prospects of earnings yet to come. Otherwise few new enterprises ever would get started. But even here earnings are a factor. Non-dividend paying stocks are usually entitled to sell at 7 times their earnings per share. If they are quoted far outside that range it is well to see whether earnings are not due for either sharp advance or decline.

There is, for example, a stock now traded in here which has a par value of 25 a share and which is paying 6 percent on that basis. Yet the stock is selling around 175 a share. There is an impression that this can mean only one thing—a melon cutting in the shape of a stock dividend of large proportions.

Nobody Offers a Slice

Nobody comes across a melon cutting fortuitously even in August when melons are plentiful. No outsider gets invited to the

party. If he wants his slice of the melon, he has to crowd his way in and the only admission ticket is sound reliable information on earnings, costs, capital and surplus. If he has that, he is likely to get a chance to get his ears wet along with the others.

On the writer's desk at the moment are statistics on two companies. One in 1926 had an operating profit of \$62,598,764, a net income of \$55,098,764 and a total surplus for the year of \$23,222,027. It has a working capital of \$118,333,796 and a total surplus of \$174,420,511. It also has over 20,000,000 shares of stock authorized but still unissued.

The other company had a net income of \$24,133,655 in 1926, a surplus for the year of \$11,655,072, net working capital of \$89,528,935 and a total surplus of \$68,699,884.

It is no deep dark secret to many excellent judges that the situation in these two companies is going to lead up to a melon cutting through distribution of additional stock. It would hardly be considered wise to advance the dividend rates which in each case is 8 percent with extras. A reduction of dividend rates once they have been established is something always to be dreaded by directors but payment of the rate already established on an additional number of shares would distribute some of the huge surplus accounts without that danger. The deep secret is when the directors will take this action.

Living Off Surplus

One big company on the other hand, which has just passed the dividend on its preferred stock. It has been living off its surplus, so far as dividends were concerned, for years. Yet the action of the directors came as a surprise to many of the stockholders who had not taken the trouble to inform themselves of the fact that instead of net earnings the company in the last year showed a deficit of around \$11,000,000 and that surplus had diminished to about \$30 a share on the preferred which required \$7 a share a year to maintain dividends.

Failure to investigate earnings and conditions before making an investment or not keeping abreast of information about a purchase already made is asking for trouble.

Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries with SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

WITHIN THE SHRINE

With a PERSONAL TINGE

(SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 69)

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, who recently skipped over to France for a week-end visit, is a Mason and a member of Keystone Lodge, St. Louis. Secretary C. W. Spiers says that Brother Lindbergh's petition was more completely filled out than any he had ever handled. Before Col. Lindbergh left on his trip across the Atlantic, he obtained two tags from the Lodge, pinning one on his clothes and the other on his machine.

Doc Kemster, who belongs to Kora, Lewiston, and was a charter member of East Orange Shrine Club, East Orange, N. J., is now an active member of the Northern Lights Shrine Club, Utica, N. Y. He is State Supreme Officer for New York for the Rainbow Girls; is an organizer of De Molay Chapters and he has just completed his term as Watchman of Shepherds in Joppa White Shrine of Jerusalem—all of this in addition to being one of the most prominent speakers in Masonry.

Ninety-one years old and full of "pep" is "Uncle Jack" (A. J.) Swinebroad of Center, Tex., who has been a Mason 70 years but is one of the youngest Shriners in the Southwest. He held on to the rope in El Karubah, Shreveport, La., at the age of 87, a feat that probably never was performed before. He is now a member of Moslah, Fort Worth, Tex. Born in Tennessee, he was made a Mason in 1858 and entered the Confederate army in 1861, serving to the end of the war.

DEATH OF JAMES S. BLAKE



(The late Past Potentate, James S. Blake of Aleppo Temple, Boston, Massachusetts.

A pall was cast over the Imperial Council by the sudden death of Past Potentate James S. Blake, Aleppo, Boston, who was taken ill while riding in a wheel chair on the boardwalk at Atlantic City and died a few hours later in the city hospital. Noble Blake, though not in good health, had come to the convention to nominate Clarence M. Dunbar for Imperial Potentate, it having been his pleasure to make this presentation from the first step in line. His last words were expressions of regret that he would not be able to place Mr. Dunbar's name before the Council this time. Noble Blake was eighty-two years of age and had been honored by being selected to serve in most of the branches of Masonry, both subordinate and grand. His most signal service to the Imperial Council was on the Committee on Charters and Dispensations, a post he held for many years.



(Past Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Henry C. Akin.

Past Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Henry C. Akin celebrated their sixty-second wedding anniversary May 2nd, 1927, out in the golden sunshine of Orange County Park, Calif. The floral tributes—lovely old fashioned blooms—made an appropriate background for the celebrants, and there were even two wedding cakes cut by the bride.

Noble Akin has been accorded many honors in Masonry, having achieved the 33°. Their home was formerly in Omaha, Nebraska, where the Past Imperial Potentate was a member of Tangier Temple. After the war, in which they lost their son, Mr. and Mrs. Akin moved to Santa Ana, Calif.

They were married in Council Grove, Kansas, in 1865. There were three sons, none of whom are now living. Noble Akin has recently passed his 84th birthday and Mrs. Akin is 82.

Arthur B. Wagner, Illustrious Potentate of Murat Temple, Indianapolis, has relinquished his Shrine office because of his acceptance of a position at Elgin, Illinois, which will require him to make his residence in that city. William H. Bockstahler, chief rabban, will assume the additional duties of acting potentate as Shrine laws stipulate that neither the Potentate nor Chief Rabban may resign.

Noble Rex A. Warden, incidentally Grand Master of Wisconsin, who has gathered together such a huge collection of post cards and other cards of Masonic buildings, wishes that the brethren who are kind enough to send him additions to his collection would do so to his home address, Box 251, Waukesha, Wis.

Past Potentate Walter F. Meier, Nile, Seattle, until recently Grand Master of the State of Washington, and six brothers co-operated in conferring the Master's Degree. Two nephews were also present and occupied the places of Treasurer and Secretary. No similar occasion recalls itself to Masonic historians.

One of the speakers at the convention of the Grand Council of the Ladies' Oriental Shrine of North America held in Philadelphia was W. Freeland Kendrick, Mayor of the city and Past Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shrine.

Noble Charles E. Ross, of the Moolah, St. Louis Chanters, on his return from a trip around the world entertained them with an interesting lecture and moving pictures taken on his trip.

A life size portrait of Past Potentate Albert H. Ladner, Junior, has been hung in LuLu Temple. It is the work of Morris Molarsky who was commissioned to do it by LuLu. [Shrine News Continued on page 74]

CHEER UP IT'S NOT A BAD WORLD AFTER ALL

Remember the old days?

Sometimes, the crowd stayed late and high-balls came too often. But the next morning, the real man-about-town cleared his head with a glass of Tarrant's and was ready for the market to open.

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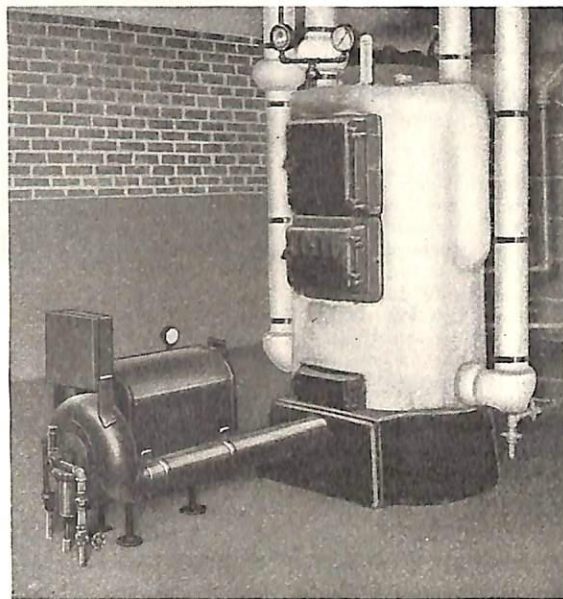


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An oil burner is really a mechanism for changing a liquid oil into a gas.

The "Just-So" of Selecting an Oil Burner

MIDSUMMER may not at first seem the most

seasonable time to discuss winter heating problems. But the choice of a new home heating plant, or the use of a new fuel in an existing installation, are considerations too serious to be left until the first frost spell. Residential heating with oil has seen practical test for as much as twenty years in such sections as our far West. But its recent widespread acceptance and popularity have brought up countless questions from home owners everywhere. "Can we install an oil burner in our present furnace?" "What oil does it use?" "What can you tell me about the comparative cost of coal versus oil as fuel?" "Does an oil burner make a noise while it is operating?" "Does it really give uniform temperature all over the house?" "Is it safe?"

The subject of selecting and installing an oil burner is both technical and extensive, involving as it does not only the burner but the closely allied discussion of the boiler, the radiators, and house heating and engineering generally. In the short space of this article, only the high spots of the problem can be answered.

First: Let it be made clear that installing an oil burner is more than using a new fuel, more than buying a piece of new machinery. It is after all, *securing a better heating service*. In contrast to coal, the oil burner gives not only controlled heat, but lessened work and attention. It removes the need for heavy and unpleasant stoking, emptying and carting away ashes; further, by reducing the amount of soot, dust and grime throughout the house it simplifies cleaning labor for the housewife. Thus the oil burner produces a uniform and satisfactory heat and in addition reduces the drudgery and time required by the coal-fired heating plant. The oil burner gives a *new fuel plus a new heating service*. This is important, and should be kept in mind, either when estimating its first or its later maintenance expense.

The oil burner gives a new fuel plus a new heating service

Second: Before choosing any type or make of burner find out what fuels available for oil burning are distributed in your town. This is just as important as it would be to make sure that there was electric current (and of what voltage) before purchasing a power vacuum cleaner. For considerable misinformation exists on the nature of fuels for home heating uses. Not all localities are supplied with the same grade of oil; neither are all burners adapted to use the same grade or specific gravity of oil. What is commonly called fuel oil is too heavy and too slow flowing in cold weather to be suitable to use in the domestic oil burner. Really, all the products of crude oil are spoken of technically as distillates. It is better to be exact on this point and know that each oil has a definite specific gravity which is spoken of by a number, thus 38°, 24°, 40° and so on. A burner stated to burn low (24°) and cheap oil will probably burn a high (38°) and more expensive oil; but vice versa, a burner stated as adapted to a high grade oil will not give good results on low or heavy oils. *Investigate your available local oil supply, and its cost, and buy your burner to suit.*

Third: Before buying any burner whatever, have your present heating plant inspected by a competent heating expert or engineer. The comfort which your family will experience next winter depends on these three things: (1) the oil burner which produces the heat; (2) the boiler or furnace which transfers the heat; (3) the radiators and their pipes which are the carrying agents of this heat all over your house. No matter how excellent or high priced a burner, you will not have heating satisfaction if something is wrong with the other two units or links which make up a complete heating system. Have the present boiler looked at, it must be free of soot, in the right condition, and of the right type to suit oil burning. Perhaps your present boiler is unsuited for this fuel. Generally

(Continued on page 73)

speaking no oil burner should be installed in a warm air furnace. Further, to be effective with oil, a boiler must have a large combustion chamber. A small chamber will not allow the entrance and mixture of a large enough amount of air, and the result will be poor heat and smoke. If one looks at the usual domestic furnace fire banked with coal, it will be seen that this does not give off a great deal of flame or what is called "radiant heat". On the contrary, the oil burner is distinguished by the great intensity of the radiant heat supplied. Naturally, the type of boiler suitable for coal is not always the best type for oil. In technical language the boiler for oil burning should have a considerable length of "gas-travel" and unless this is supplied the gases of the oil flame will too readily enter the chimney. You may then lose considerable heat and may wonder why so much oil is used.

Again, under no circumstances should the flame of the oil burner be so situated that it comes in contact with those portions of a boiler which have water behind or in the coils. If this occurs, the surface will chill the gas of the flame and cause carbon deposits and will greatly lower the heat. It is such small but important points which determine the perfect success of an installation. In short, it cannot be too firmly emphasized, that one may not buy a burner as one buys a pound of sugar, or expect to take it out of the crate, stick it in any boiler and achieve an efficient heating system. The installation as a whole is fully as important as the choice of the burner itself.

Fourth: An oil burner is not really so much a burner like the burner of the typical gas range, as it is a mechanism for changing a liquid oil into a gas. Liquid oil is difficult to burn, it is slow, and gives a low degree of heat. But liquid oil converted into a gas, and combined with air, gives intense heat. This then is what any oil burner does—it converts liquid oils into high heat by means of: (1) changing the oil into a gas by heating it; or (2) by breaking the oil up mechanically into a fine spray or atomizing it just as we do a perfume.

"Do oil burners make noise?" Yes, they do. Because some noise is a necessary feature of any rapid burning or combustion. But some types of burners are so quiet in

operation that it is impossible to detect when they are "on" or "off". The location of the boiler and the kind of floor and house construction has considerable to do with the amount of noise audible. Properly installed, the noise should be negligible. "What is the comparative cost?" This again, depends on the specific gravity of the oil, the local price, etc. Roughly speaking, 125 gallons of burner oil is equivalent to 1 ton of anthracite coal. But remember that an oil burner gives you more than an equivalent fuel—it gives you service and lessened labor which must be estimated in any relative cost.

Fifth: Be assured of the financial standing of the manufacturer of the burner you are contemplating. Unfortunately, there are many unscrupulous firms putting out burners merely to sell, which have neither mechanical perfection nor business rating. The Underwriters Laboratories, Chicago, have tested countless burners and have issued a list of firms of quality standing. This same organization which has again and again tested oil burners for safety states that if a properly constructed burner is installed according to the regulations of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, there should be no greater fire risk than with coal. Again, properly installed burners do not increase the rate of fire insurance.

The home owner who is seeking to be rid of the bondage of the coal shovel and the ashen should by all means thoroughly investigate the merits and further details of oil burners. Too often it is the housewife herself on whom this heavy burden falls. The fact that oil is a controlled fuel when guided by thermostatic control, does away with the possibility of the fire going out or the need of forcing the boiler in case of severe weather. Uneven temperatures always mean colds and general family discomfort. It is in line with the general progress of household efficiency to substitute science and labor-saving to replace haphazard results and hard manual labor. In the department of home heating, the improved and properly installed oil burner achieves these two results.

Send for LIST OF TESTED OIL BURNERS and further details. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to SHRINE SERVICE, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

JUST A COUPLE OF HEROES

(Continued from page 22)

fighting," he told himself desperately. "If I go home without having a look at the Front, Jigger'll trip me up and make a liar of me."

The morning following this soliloquy, Bud turned up missing. He, too, was on his uncertain way to take a personal peek at the line before the weary war laid down and died on him.

A country road. In the general vicinity of Stenay on the Meuse. A laden ammunition truck, crawling forward. A gaunt soldier darts out from behind a roadside clump of bushes and piles into the rear of the truck, unseen by the driver. He lands on another soldier, sprawled on the shells. The two swear and glare. Amazement. Exclamations.

"Jigger!"
"Bud!"

They hugged and pounded each other delightedly. The thought of each was the same. Roughly: "At last I've found a guy who knows something about this Front and can steer me."

"Where you headin' for?" Jigger asked. Bud thought fast.

"I'm on leave," he lied. "I could o' gone back somewhere and had a swell time, I

suppose, but I'm so used to being up around the Front now I don't feel at home no place else. I thought I'd just go back up to the line and watch the fighting. Just for the fun of it. Where you bound?"

Jigger did his job of mental gymnastics.

"I feel that way about the Front, too," he explained. "Funny how it gets you that way, ain't it? 'Specially if you got a natural taste for war. I ain't on leave exactly, though. My outfit pulled out of the line a couple of days ago and went 'way back to rest up. I couldn't stand it. Couldn't sleep where it was so quiet. I've got so now I'd rather just lay out in a shell hole with the bullets singing around my ears than sleep in any kind of a bed. Funny, ain't it?"

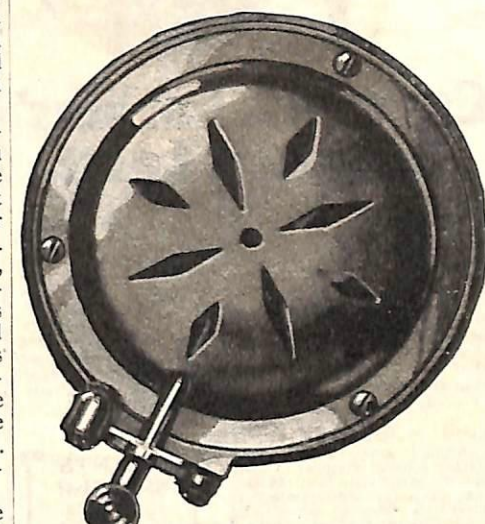
Bud swallowed hard.

"Sure is," he said, somewhat faintly.

He was thinking that this blasé Jigger might be hard to follow where bullets were thick. However, better a reckless friend who knew his stuff than no guide at all.

Jigger had had a hard trip, dodging M. Ps. and pinching food. His morale was so low that he would gladly have knelt and begged the war-wise Bud to chaperone him at the Front. And to have [Continued on page 77]

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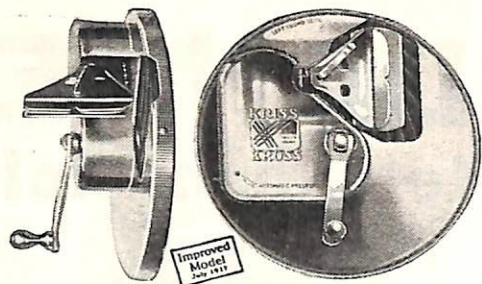
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Address

City State



Captures Barbers' Secret At Last!

THOUSANDS of happy American shavers are rejoicing over the remarkable invention of a St. Louis man. This magic device, which has actually revolutionized shaving habits in all parts of the country, is known as KRIS-KROSS, the blade rejuvenator. It strips any make blade (except Durham) on the diagonal, reproducing master barbers' secret stroke with mechanical precision. Pressure decreases automatically to feather-like finishing stroke! Nickel jig flies up in 11 seconds to notify you that your blade is ready, with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take! No wonder users report hundreds of cool, slick shaves from a single blade!

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Right now—to introduce KRIS-KROSS Stroppler to those who are not already familiar with the marvelous shave-comfort it gives—we offer an astonishing trial plan and a new kind of razor that will surprise and delight you. Novel, adjustable features decrease beard resistance 45%. Nothing like it ever before. Comes with a special-process hollow-ground blades that will last indefinitely. Limited offer. Get yours now. The coupon brings full details without obligation. Mail it quick.

AGENTS \$50 in a Day!

Many report amazing profits as KRIS-KROSS representatives. Each item of Cash made \$200 his first four days in spare time. E. M. Drayton of Conn. made \$25 in a day just showing KRIS-KROSS to fellow-workers on his job. It's easy! KRIS-KROSS sells at sight. Check bottom of coupon and mail to us for full details.

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Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. K-821, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Send me without obligation illustrated description of KRIS-KROSS and details of your offer which includes a 3-way Razor FREE.

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☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking
☐ Stenotypy

Name.....
Present Position.....
Address.....

WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE CLUBS

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 71])

Places and Dates of Meetings

Akron—Tadmor, Fridays, Masonic Temple.
Altoona—Jaffa, Fridays, Penn Alto Hotel.
Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.
Birmingham—Zamora, Thursdays, Bankhead Hotel.
Buffalo—Ismailla, Fridays, Hotel Statler.
Boise—El Korah, daily, Kelley's Round Table.
Cleveland—Al Koran, Fridays, Allerton Hotel.
Columbus, O.—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.
Charleston, W. Va.—Beni Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.
Detroit—Moslem Boulevard Shrine Club, Wednesdays, General Motors Bldg.
Detroit—Moslem, Caravan Shrine Club, Thursdays, Hotel Statler.
Duluth—Aad, Mondays, 105 W. Superior street.
Des Moines—Za-Ga-Zig, Saturdays, Ft. Des Moines Hotel.
Evansville—Hadi, Thursdays, Shrine Club House.
Flint—Shrine Club, Masonic Temple, Wednesdays.
Hastings—Tehama, Fridays, Hotel Clarke.
Hollywood—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Chinese Gardens.
Honolulu—Alaha, Shrine Club, Thursdays, Young Hotel.
Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.
Lexington, Ky.—Oleika, First Friday, monthly, Phoenix Hotel.
Milwaukee—Tripoli, Fridays, Milwaukee Athletic Club.
Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.
Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Building.
Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.
Pittsburgh—Syria, Fridays, William Penn Hotel.
Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.
Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.
Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Mondays, Benson Hotel.
Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.
Rockford—Tebala, Fridays, Tebala Mosque.
Richmond—Acca, Sphinx Club, Thursdays, Seventh street, Christian Club Annex.
San Antonio—Alzafar, Fridays, Nueces Hotel.
San Pedro—Shrine Club, Thursdays, Y. M. C. A.
St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.
San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.
Saginaw—Elf Khurafah, Caravan Club, Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.
Seattle—Nile, Thursdays, Chamber of Commerce.
Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.
Terre Haute—Zorah, Fridays, Elks Club.
Waco—Karem, Tuesdays, Shrine Club rooms.
Washington, D. C.—Almas, Fridays, New Ebbitt Hotel.
Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

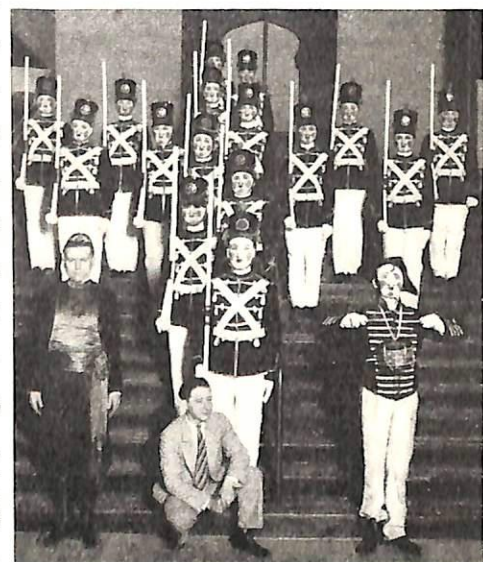
In the national telegraphic trapshoot organized by El Jebel Temple, Denver, El Jebel matched with a score of 235 out of a possible 250. Nile Temple knocked off 228. Arabia Temple was right on their heels with 227. Nemesis Temple, Parkersburg, had 221 and Lulu Temple 219. This long distance trapshooting idea was originated by Cliff Welsh of El Jebel Temple.

The Nile Shrine Luncheon Club of Seattle, have a ladies day program which they make a semi-annual feature at which time, wives, sisters and friends of club members share in the luncheon hour. At the last Ladies Day program in addition to vaudeville and other entertainments, they staged a style show at which the ladies viewed the latest creations of sportswear, afternoon frocks, and evening gowns together with proper footwear.

Thomas M. Askren, Past Potentate of Nile Temple, Seattle, was one of the speakers at a recent meeting of the Military Sojourners Club in that city. The club is an organization of army officers affiliated with Masonic Bodies. It has 59 chapters. Major General Amos A. Fries, chief of the Chemical warfare service, U. S. Army, and Potentate of Almas, Washington, D. C., is National President.

Kalamazoo, Mich., boasts a Shriners' Club, recently formed. Harry Frame, the president, ought to be able to arrange things.

The Al Araf Shrine Club, Columbus, S. C., had a cabaret dinner dance and entertainment, at which it is said the cabaret effect was produced by the arrangement of the tables around the room.



Under the direction of Noble Lawrence Cobb, Captain of the Patrol, 8,000 Nobles of Al Malaikah Temple witnessed the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," a specially prepared drill given by the Patrol, with the assistance of the Band, at their winter Ceremonial. It was the most unique and interesting drill ever presented by the Patrol, and was received by the Nobility with marked enthusiasm. In fact, it was so successful that it was later used to entertain 3,750 kiddies and 4,000 Nobles and their families at a yearly event given by Al Malaikah to the poor children of Los Angeles under the supervision of Noble James W. Jump. [See photograph above.]

[Shrine News Continued on page 75]

WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE CLUBS

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 74])

Down Knoxville way, they have some original stunts for their Shrine Club, which result in extremely entertaining programs. As an illustration, the clothiers took hold of the program for one session and turned out an all wool yard wide production that was highly acceptable; along came election, and the new "gang" was put in charge and given a chance to announce their programs for the conduct of the city. The grocers took a whirl at it and the jewelers also flung a few carats of real entertainment into the ring.

The Eastern Shore Shrine Club is composed of Shriners from what is known as the Delmarva Peninsula, which includes Delaware, the Eastern Shore Counties of Maryland, and the two Eastern Counties of Virginia. Officers of this organization are: J. R. Eddington, Federalburg, Maryland, President; S. O. Neal, Hurlock, Maryland, 1st Vice-President; A. T. Grier, Salisbury, Maryland, 2nd Vice-President; H. H. Long, Federalburg, Treasurer; Reverend P. P. Truitt, Sharptown, Maryland, Chaplain.

The Shrine Association of Yonkers, New York, has been giving a series of interesting entertainments. One of the high spots of the series was ladies' night when the Shrine Orchestra was aided in entertaining by several well-known Radio Artists. Another successful occasion was the Scotch Night entertainment in honor of the members of Bryn Mawr-Thistle Lodges.

The Caravan Club of Almas Temple, Washington, D. C., had an unusually interesting meeting listening to brief addresses by Lieutenant Colonel U. S. Grant, 3rd, Clifford Brooke, director of the National Theater Players, and Edward W. Burkholder, Grand Master of Cryptic Masons of the District. Imperial Captain of the Guard L. P. Steuart, also gave a short talk.

The Cowlitz and Clark County Shrine Clubs took precautions that nothing should mar the pleasure of their hegira to Tacoma, Wash., in forty automobiles to attend Afifi Temple's ceremonial. They gathered all the state speed cops on the road and made them lead the procession. The mayor and other officials of Tacoma met the visitors at the city line and announced that all limits were off.

The Shrine Club of Alexandria, Va., with a charter membership of 85, was entertained recently with music by the chanters of Acca, Richmond, and an address by Potentate James H. Price. George W. Zachary is president of the Club and Roger C. Sullivan, secretary.

The Asheville Shrine Club has adopted a practice of giving the former service men in the government hospital at Oteen, N. C., a musical concert once every month. The musicians play in the studio of the Oteen Masonic Club and each of the 600 patients' beds is wired for radio.

The Bergen County Shrine Club celebrated its first anniversary with an eight course dinner, having attained in one year a membership of 200, representing 18 temples.

The Hollywood Shrine Club cut out the speaking at one of their recent meetings and had a musical program under the auspices of the Hollywood Conservatory of Music and Fine Arts. Carolyn Peters rendered several piano and whistling numbers while Miss Evelyn Gaubman sang.

Al Kaly's Cheese Knife Luncheon Club is doing a big business with eighty-five to a hundred in attendance at every meeting. This is the club where the chairman is known as the "Head Cheese" and a new "Head Cheese" is elected at each meeting to take charge of the following meeting.

Gray's Harbor Shrine Club gave another of its big dances a short time ago preceded by a dinner which was put on by the wives of the local Shriners. Prior to the dinner the Patrol of the Harbor Club in regalia marched and performed a number of intricate drills on Main street in front of the hall.

The Helena, (Ark.) Shrine Club journeyed to Memphis to see thirty candidates get the works in the big Ceremonial staged by Al Chymia Temple. Concerts and parades were given at points along the route.

Florida Shriners made a trip recently from Egypt Temple, Tampa, to St. Petersburg, to dedicate a Shrine clubhouse.

The Paterson Shrine Club gave a dinner dance at the Alexander Hamilton Hotel. Small tables surrounded the dance floor in night club style. A short address was given by Potentate Harry R. Brown, of Salaam Temple, Newark, who, with Mrs. Brown, were guests of honor of the evening.

Some originality was displayed in the titles given the officers of the Palestine, Tex., Shrine Tuxedo Dinner Club, lately formed, which is to meet monthly. W. J. Werner is chief gazabo, L. Q. Linson is caliph of the cupboards, Dr. G. L. Rye is inspector of viands and Marion L. Boyd, keeper of the big stick.

A new song, "The Sands," written especially for the Rochester, N. Y., Shrine Lunch Club by Geoffrey O'Hara, was introduced at a ladies' day session. It will be used as a club "alma mater" song.

William J. Highfield, Potentate of LuLu, Philadelphia, was presented with a handsome silk flag at the annual meeting of the Shrine Club of Delaware at Wilmington. E. B. Griffenburg was reelected president.

The Camel boys of Hackensack, N. J., and vicinity have organized a Bergen County Shrine club. John Borg is president and Irwin B. Hodges secretary.

[Shrine News Continued on page 80]

New! The Halvorfold
Loose-leaf Pass-case, Bill-fold, Card-case, Note exclusive features. Read Special Offer below

Bill-fold
Card pocket
8-pass capacity
Celluloid face protects from dirt and wear
Patented loose-leaf device
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"Made to Order" for Nobles

Newly patented Halvorfold—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card-case—just what every Noble needs. No fumbling for your passes, just snap open your Halvorfold and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting from dirt and wear. New ingenious loose-leaf device enables you to show 4, 8, or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also made of high grade, black Genuine Calfskin, specially tanned for the Halvorfold. Tough, durable and has that beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 1 1/10 14 K. gold corners and snap fastener. 3 1/2 x 5 inches closed, just right for hip pocket. Backbone of loose-leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your Halvorfold!

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Guaranteed For Life
The leather in HALVORFOLD is unconditionally guaranteed for LIFE. It will not wear out. I will replace any HALVORFOLD under this guarantee no matter when bought.

Send me the Halvorfold for free examination, with my name, address, etc., as per instructions below, in 22 K. Gold. If I decide not to keep it, I will return it at your expense within 3 days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send you special price of \$5.00. Halvorfold comes regularly for 8 passes. Extra 4-pass, insert—50c.

For protection mention here your Temple.....
Name.....
Address.....

25c Off to save bookkeeping, if you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied



AMAZING ACCURACY!
A TRIUMPH! Illinois "Sportsman"—the 2-in-1 Strap Watch—a DRESS-watch; a SPORTS-watch. Has remarkable SHOCK-PROOF military movement. RESILIO mainspring; wheels, plates, escapement, secret process tempered. Genuine Ruby Jewels—not 7 or 15—but 17-jewels for Precision! Created by ILLINOIS WATCH CO., Springfield, Illinois. The U. S. Government, during the World War, requested their entire output of Military Watches because they were conceded best.

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BUSINESS MEN, Professional Men, Executives, Sportsmen are ASTOUNDED at its splendid performance under action. Terrific drives down the fairway, smashes on the tennis courts, winter sports, motorcycling, hunting, intense heat or cold, do not affect its timekeeping. It's SHOCK-PROOF! WEATHER-PROOF! DUST-PROOF! MOISTURE-PROOF! Stylish Green or White Case. RADIUM dial GLOWS time BRIGHTLY in darkness! For Red-blooded Men! Hand-secure enough for "tremendous" affairs. \$30.00. Our price for LIMITED TIME to advertise our Direct-to-User values. **\$33.95**

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\$1.50 at all stores \$1.60 Postpaid
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THIS ELEGANT DESK SIGN

Size 2x10x3-16 in.; furnished in mahogany, walnut oak or black, hand lettered in gold. This little plate will add individuality to any desk. Simply send name (plainly written) stating finish desired. If you like the sign send your check for \$3.50. If not, return sign.

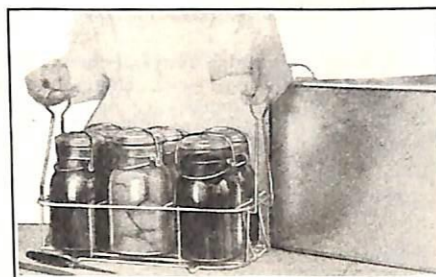
SPECIALTY SIGN CO., P. O. BOX 1187, MIAMI, FLA.

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\$2.00 each. Plat. Fin. Solid Silver. Looks like \$50 diamond. Scarf pin, button or ladies' pin. Must please or money back. Catalog free. Agents wanted. National Emblem. P. O. Box 521-S, Omaha, Neb.

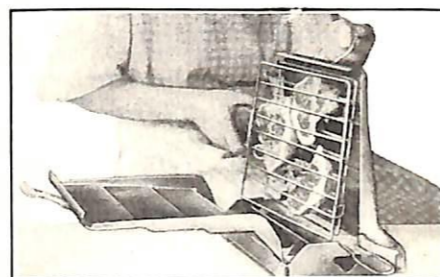


DEVICES TESTED by SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of these devices which all make for summer comfort)

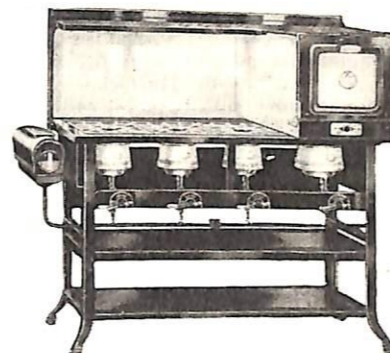


(Above)—This rack will enable any number of jars to be lifted easily and safely from sterilizing bath. The canner itself is small and especially adapted to easy canning by the cold or hot-pack method.

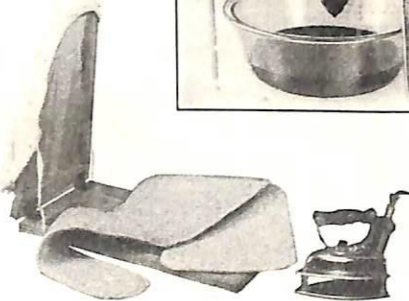


(Above)—A hot weather broiler designed for gas range use, rests upright on single burner and has a drip-pan.

(Right) — The making of jelly, jam or preserves is simplified and made rapid with this very practical strainer.



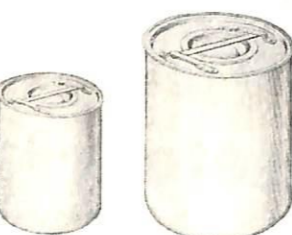
(Above)—A 3-burner oil range with 4th burner having its own oven above, represents the height of summer cooking comfort.



(Left) — A folding ironing board and tiny iron which fits in the top of one's trunk.



(Right)—Cooking in a cool kitchen is assured if this electric ventilator is installed in the wall.



(Above)—A "no cranking" automatic ice-cream freezer—ideal for picnics and motoring.



(A whole outdoor Gym which combines four features—a swing, trapeze, horizontal bar and flying rings.

(Manufacturers, desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be out-fitted with 32-volt motors.

JUST A COUPLE OF HEROES

[Continued from page 73]

him offer his companionship, unasked! "Course I'm kind of A. W. O. L., in a way," he explained.

The truck reached a cross road and turned to the left. Jigger peeked out and saw a village ahead. There were troops there. Where there were troops in a village there were probably M. Ps.

"Maybe we better pass up this town ahead," he suggested. "This might be far enough back from the Front for the M. Ps. to be nosy. What do you think?"

"Good idea," Bud agreed. They dropped out of the truck and returned to the main road.

"Right in here's one of the few spots along the Front I ain't been to," Jigger confessed. "How far is it from here up to the line?"

"I ain't been in right here myself," Bud admitted. "That's why I came up just at this place. When I see the Front right along here, I'll have seen it all."

"Well, we'll be able to tell when we're getting to it," Jigger went on. "It's about the same one place as it is another. Don't you think so?"

"Pretty much alike all along," Bud agreed. "Gets monotonous."

They walked on and lied on and came at last to where shells were breaking in a field at their right.

Bud put on a bold front and looked sideways at Jigger, who was wearing a bold front and looking sideways at Bud.

"Green troops would get scared by a little stuff like that, wouldn't they?" Bud remarked.

"I've seen 'em run like sheep from stuff no worse than that," said Jigger. "'Course when they get wise they don't pay no attention, do they?"

"They just laugh," said Bud. "Sounds good to hear 'em busting again, don't it?"

"It's music," said Jigger.

They passed the spot where the shells were falling. Beyond was quiet. A curious quiet. No soldiers in sight. Just deserted countryside. It was growing dark. They passed through a wood.

"Seems kind of a long way to the Front, here, don't it?" Jigger remarked.

"Quite a piece," Bud agreed. "Ain't much noise here, is there?"

"Hardly any," said Jigger. "Ooh! What's that?"

"That" was a long, drum-like beat of cannon fire from behind them. The air above was suddenly crowded with swift flying, high wailing demons. Jigger and Bud dived into a ditch and lay close, face down.

"Is them G—Germans doin' that shooting or is it us Americans?" Jigger asked in a shaky voice.

"Shut up, will you?" Bud implored. "Don't talk so loud. Somebody might hear."

Jigger paled. "Are we that close to the Germans?" he whispered.

"I ain't sure," Bud whispered back. "What do you think?"

"I didn't see nobody," Jigger said. "Listen, Bud. You don't think they're shootin' at us, do you?"

Machine guns suddenly added their staccatto rattle to the artillery thunder and the whine and scream of shells.

"It's gettin' worse," Bud moaned. "Is it an attack, Jigger? Is anybody coming?"

Jigger rose to his knees and peered into the dusk. A covey of machine gun bullets whined and whistled and snapped in flight, just above his head. He dropped on his face, trembling.

"They're shootin' at us," he whispered to Bud.

"Who seen us?" Bud asked. "I don't know," [Continued on page 78]

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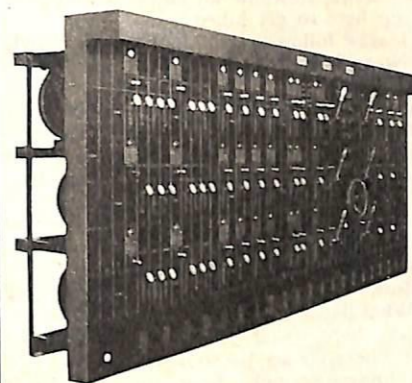
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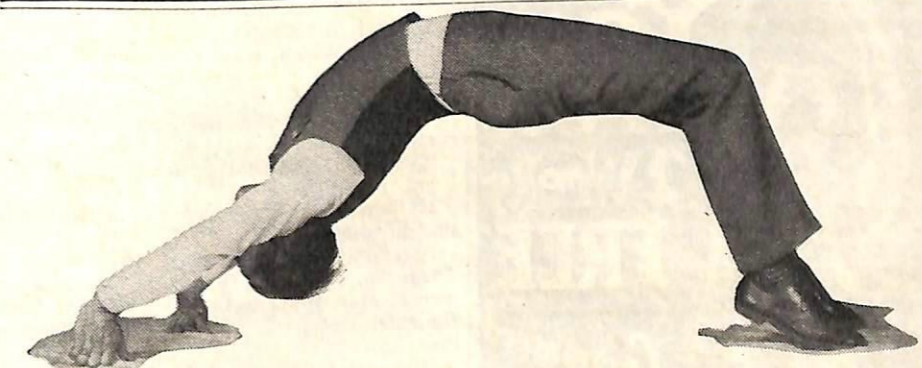
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JUST A COUPLE OF HEROES

(Continued from page 77)

Jigger confessed. "Would it be Germans?" "You been in battles all summer," Bud argued. "Don't you know?" "I—I never been in a battle just like this," Jigger admitted. "You've seen 'em like this Bud, ain't you? Ain't you? I'm depending on you, Bud."

Bud groaned and writhed and confessed. "It's up to you, Jigger," he chattered. "What'll we do?"

The groaning changed from a solo to a duet as Jigger joined in. "I ain't ever been up, either, Bud," he admitted.

"Oh, you dirty dog!" Bud exclaimed. "Pretending to know all about it and gettin' me up here to get killed."

"I was following you," Jigger insisted. "No such a thing!" said Bud. "I followed you."

Machine gun bullets passed close above them. They pressed themselves to the earth. "Don't be mad with me, now, Jigger," Bud pleaded. "Maybe we're going to be killed any minute."

"All right," said Jigger. "I'll forgive you." "Forgive me!" Bud's voice rose. "If there's any forgiving done, I'll do it."

More machine gun bullets. More shells. "What'll we do?" Bud asked at last.

"Lay here," said Jigger fervently. "Lay right where we are till somebody comes along that knows enough about this war to tell us which is the way to go to get away from it. I've seen more'n I want to look at already and I ain't seen nothin'."

They lay there throughout the night. Morning and still no let up.

The fire increased as the morning wore on. Then, suddenly, startlingly, it ceased.

"Let's get out of here before it starts again," Bud suggested anxiously.

He started to run. "Hey! Which way you goin'?" Jigger called.

"Back the way we came," said Bud.

"That ain't the way we came from," Jigger declared.

"Ain't it?" said Bud uncertainly. "Maybe I got mixed."

He joined Jigger and they ran in the opposite direction.

At the edge of the wood, they stopped. There was a reason. Out of the woods came men in gray uniforms and helmets that even Bud and Jigger recognized as having been made in Germany.

Bud and Jigger threw up their hands and hoped for mercy. The Germans surrounded them. They said much but spoke in German, which was Greek to Jigger and Bud.

The two boys stood with their hands up, waiting for death. After a time, Bud had an idea.

"You know what, Jigger?" he said excitedly. "These guys are licked. They got licked in that battle last night an' they want to surrender to us. Put your hands down and see what happens."

"You first," said Jigger. "It's your idea." Bud took a long breath and a long chance. He put his hands down. Nothing happened.

"I'm right," Bud cried, "I've captured 'em, Jigger."

"Where do you get that I stuff?" Jigger asked indignantly.

"It was my idea, wasn't it?" said Bud.

"Yeh," said Jigger. "It was my idea to come this direction, wasn't it?"

"Let's not fight," said Bud. "We got these bimbos now. What are we going to do with 'em?"

"They got guns," Jigger pointed out. "Let's try leadin' 'em."

Jigger and Bud started. The Germans followed.

"Say," said Jigger proudly. "I bet we get a medal for this."

"You would be along!" Bud complained. "If you hadn't hopped in that truck yesterday, I'd o' had this to myself."

"Yes, and if you hadn't been in that truck, I'd o' had it to myself," Jigger retorted.

They crossed the open fields and approached a wood. American troops ran out from the forest.

"Don't shoot," Bud yelled.

The Americans did not shoot. They ran to the Germans and mixed with them, swapping cigarettes, knives, buttons, money.

"Say!" said Jigger, puzzled. "What is this?"

"Fine lot of American soldiers these are!" Bud said bitterly.

An officer approached.

"Where are you fellows from?" he asked.

An hour later Jigger and Bud were in charge of the M. Ps.

"Armistice!" Jigger said bitterly. "Wouldn't you know the war would go and quit on us just when we got to it?"

"We never had a chance," said Bud. "That's the way things happen."

They served their time in a labor battalion. Together they returned to the States, in the summer of 1919. Together they were discharged and together they traveled to Kendalville.

On the train they laid plans for mutual protection. Each was to back the other's story of duty done and dangers endured.

They shook dice to see which should see May Somers first. Jigger won.

There was no band to meet them at the station. The agent recognized them and granted a casual greeting.

"Kind o' late gettin' back ain't you?" he asked. "Have a good time?"

The two boys walked uptown. At 2nd and Main, they met May Somers and the Reverend MacSmythe.

"Oh!" said May. "Are you two just getting home?"

Jigger and Bud pleaded guilty.

The Reverend MacSmythe looked at his watch.

"I must make some calls," he said to May.

"Be sure and have dinner by six. This is prayer-meeting night, you know."

Then he spoke to Jigger and Bud.

"I hope you young men will get war notions out of your heads and settle down to work," he said sharply. "The returned soldier is becoming a problem."

He went away from there.

"Listen," said Jigger to May. "What did he mean, 'dinner'?"

"Hadden't you heard?" May asked. "We were married Armistice Day. It was so romantic. We were together so much in war work, you know. Ellsworth did such noble work for the Liberty Loan. He just gave himself to it, heart and soul. Now he's simply engrossed in the problem of reclaiming the demobilized soldiers. You must get him to advise you. He's so helpful."

She went away from there.

Jigger and Bud walked along for a half a block without speaking. They entered the Elite poolroom.

"Shoot a game?" Jigger asked.

Bud nodded. They took cues and began.

"The three down here in the corner," said Jigger. "You know Bud, the Battle of Paris wasn't so worse."

"Six in the side," said Bud. "Bordeaux had its good points."

"Combination," said Jigger. "It wasn't a bad war at that."

"Good shot," said Bud. "I didn't think it was on. Yes, Jigger. You're right. We had a good war but—we blew it."

(Continued from page 33)

it, has thus an advantage of eight percent over the independent. But if the latter bought in large quantities he might reduce his overhead sufficiently to overcome this chain-store handicap. For the latter must meet the expense of warehousing, distribution and stock-keeping and the very nature of its cash-and-carry business subjects it to the burden of peak loads of selling, either by days or hours which adds to selling overhead. Even the self-service stores have shown an overhead of eight and three-tenths percent of sales and they have reduced selling cost to the minimum.

Carrying this comparison into other fields one finds that retailing costs are about the same for independents and chain stores in drugs and shoes, the former about thirty and the latter about twenty-four percent. The Harvard Bureau of Business Research has found that the average cost of retailing general merchandise is about sixteen percent of sales. The largest "chain" handling general merchandise charges off seventeen percent to cost of sales. The inevitable conclusion therefore is that chain stores thrive because of superior general and individual efficiency.

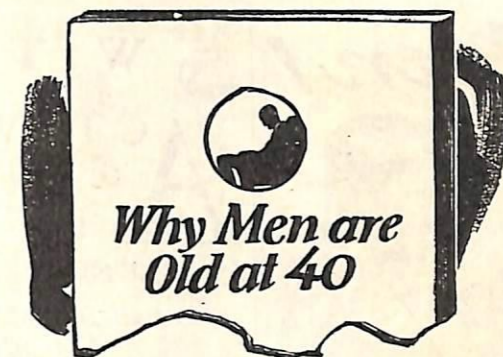
THE problem of low-priced buying may be solved by the independents in more ways than one. Group bargaining is one of the oldest tricks of the trade. The chief difficulty in the present case is presented by our too pronounced and much advertised American individuality. Each retail merchant, whether he be a pooh-bah in his little town or merely a small toad in a large mercantile puddle, rejoices in his individuality. He probably takes a trade paper, which he seldom reads, and once a month journeys to a state or national convention of his clan, listens to more or less illuminating papers and indulges in a banquet or a theater party with a few bright lights thrown in. But beyond that and the trade talk he gets from traveling men his knowledge of his business is apt to be circumscribed by local circumstances.

One way in which the proposed super-chain may meet the opposition of thousands of "one-price" stores is by selling eighty-five percent of their merchandise at three prices on the so-called "model stock system," that is, the "cheapest full-line price," the "best selling price" and the "highest full-line price." This may sound theoretical but it is really an extension of the Woolworth idea based on the knowledge that retail prices are eventually determined by the incomes of the masses of buyers and that price simplification increases sales.

Naturally, if these great chains of department stores should be extended from coast to coast and should be as dominant locally as many of their sponsors believe they will, the going will be still tougher for the individual.

In spite of our vast amount of cash-and-carry buying millions of Americans continue to seek novelty, and one does not need to study a department store to know that women prefer wearing apparel that has that elusive thing called style.

So while chain stores will grow faster than the non-chain establishments, the latter, possessing personality and individuality, need not do a disappearing act. So long as individuals are able merchandisers, so long as they make an intelligent study of human needs, so long as they find new ways of meeting the hunger of men and women for something different in model and material, just so long will we have some form of independence or individualism in the retail world.



FREE To Men Past 40

A well-known scientist's new book about old age reveals facts, which, to many men, will be amazing. Did you know that two-thirds of all men past middle age are said to have a certain seldom mentioned disorder? Do you know the frequent cause of this decline in vitality?

Common Old-Age Symptoms

Medical men know this condition as hypertrophy of the prostate gland. Science now reveals that this swollen gland—painless in itself—not only often cheats men of vitality, but also bears on the bladder and is often directly responsible for sciatica, backache, pains in the legs and feet, frequent nightly risings, and dizziness denoting high blood pressure. When allowed to run on it is frequently the cause of the dreaded disease cystitis, a very severe bladder inflammation.

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Prostate trouble is now reached immediately by a new kind of home treatment—a new, safe hygiene that goes directly to the gland itself, without drugs, medicine, massage, lessons, diet or the application of electricity. It is absolutely safe. 40,000 men have used it to restore the prostate gland to normal functioning. The principle involved in this treatment is recommended by practically all the physicians in America. Amazing recoveries are often made in six days. Another grateful effect is usually the immediate disappearance of chronic constipation. Usually the entire body is toned up, as much of your youthful vigor is restored. Under the terms of our

gilt-edge money-back agreement, either you feel ten years younger in six days or the treatment costs nothing.

Send for FREE Book

If you have this gland trouble or if you have any of the symptoms mentioned above, you should not lose a day in writing for the scientist's free Book, "Why Many Men Are Old At 40." It will enable you to ask yourself certain frank questions that reveal your true condition. Every man past 40 should make this test, as insidious prostate disorder often leads to surgery. This book is absolutely free, but mail coupon immediately, as the edition is limited. Address

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Breath taking Beauty! Quality! A Chinese red, decorated, folding bridge set, with Boy and Dragon design in rich oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. A wonderful gift to your home. Dainty loveliness in every line, yet strong and comfortable, convenient and long lived. Set folds into a carton that slips into any closet. Bentwood, round-cornered; upholstered seats; decorated leatherette top; two convenient ash trays furnished. Ask for beautiful descriptive folder and prices now. You'll want this sure!

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GOOD-BYE to those extra inches and that uncomfortable feeling! The "Little Corporal" gives that springy step, youthful alertness and athletic poise which every man wants and needs. Prove it by a two weeks' trial at our expense.

Little Corporal ELASTEX Belt

New! An exclusive feature! The famous "Little Corporal" Belt has been greatly improved and is made entirely of the newly patented ELASTEX webbing. This marvelous fabric retains its elasticity and adjusts itself to your size at all times. Launder perfectly. Individually tailored. It's simple! No clasps, lacers or buckles. In and off in a jiffy.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 75])

(ZORAH DEDICATES ITS NEW MOSQUE

The recent dedication of the new Mosque of Zorah Temple, Terre Haute, was a ceremony that will be long remembered. Among the visitors present were Imperial Outer Guard Leonard P. Steuart, representing Imperial Potentate Crosland and Recorder F. Lawrence Walker, both of Almas Temple; Past Potentate Clyde I. Webster and Wm. J. Murray, Moslem, Detroit. The first Divan to arrive was that of Mizpah, Ft. Wayne, and included Potentate J. H. Haberly, Chief Rabban Robert Klachn, Assistant Rabban Ermin Ruf and Past Potentate E. H. Merritt, George W. Killie and E. H. Kilbourne. Orak Temple, Hammond, was the first Temple to arrive in a body, coming by special train. Potentate M. A. Monnett was in charge of the delegation, which included the Divan, two Patrois, Drum and Bugle Corps, Chanters and Ceremonial Directors. Hadi, Evansville, was represented by a Band, Drum and Bugle Corps and a large delegation of the Nobility. Murat, Indianapolis, was represented by its Gun Club Patrol and Mizpah, Ft. Wayne, brought all the uniformed bodies and the camel Mizpah. Imperial Outer Guard Steuart acted as Imperial Potentate at the dedicatory exercises. Past Potentate E. H. Merritt, Mizpah, Ft. Wayne, as Imperial Chief Rabban; Past Potentate Fred C. Goldsmith, Zorah, Terre Haute, as Imperial Assistant Rabban and Past Potentate Clyde I. Webster, Moslem, Detroit, as Imperial High Priest and Prophet. There was a ball in the evening to say nothing of the two official parades and dozens of unofficial ones. A Ceremonial wound up the festivities. A banquet, in honor of Imperial Outer Guard Steuart was attended by about fifty people.

The novices who went through the last class of Al Bedoo out at Billings found out how excruciating Oriental tortures can be when they are put on with Western refinements. The workers were instructed by the Potentate that "when the bells of the mosque's minarets, in clarion tones, rang out a clear call to duty, the workers were with six guns to demand that the tenderfoot yield obedience and with lariat bind them and bring them in." The orders were obeyed and bankers, sheep men, cattle men and miners grasped madly for the rope. The affair wound up with a grand ball at the Air-dome which was opened by exhibition drills put on by the ever-present, hard working Arab Patrol.

Cairo, Rutland, collected \$345 for the flood sufferers at the annual Spring Ceremonial, when more than 500 Shriners brought ten Novices into full Arabic light. There was a Patrol drill and Band Concert, but the star event was the introduction of William De Lorenzo, who had been sent by Cairo to the New England hospital unit at Springfield. On entering he was almost a hopeless cripple with club feet, but his feet are now in normal condition. Noble Will Rogers, Akdar, Tulsa, entertained the Temple with an hour's monologue after the initiation. He was elected to honorary membership in Cairo Temple.

The Business District League of Kansas City which annually awards prizes for the best new building erected during the year has awarded first prize for 1926 to Owen, Saylor & Payson, architects of the Shrine Temple.



(Noble David W. Eggleston, Chairman of Building Committee, Zorah Temple, Terre Haute, Indiana.)



(Zorah Temple, Terre Haute, Indiana, dedicated its new mosque—a beautiful and dignified building—May 11, 1927.)



(Noble Charles G. Reynolds, Recorder, Zorah Temple.)



(Noble Jay Short, Potentate, Zorah Temple.)

FREE TRIAL GROWS HAIR



Amazing New Electrical Discovery!

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

Famous Surgeon's Discovery

All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own

baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has Dr. Theodore H. Larson, permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

Infra-red Rays Reach the Roots!

In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots.

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red

Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair-root and electrically, almost magically revitalizes it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

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You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

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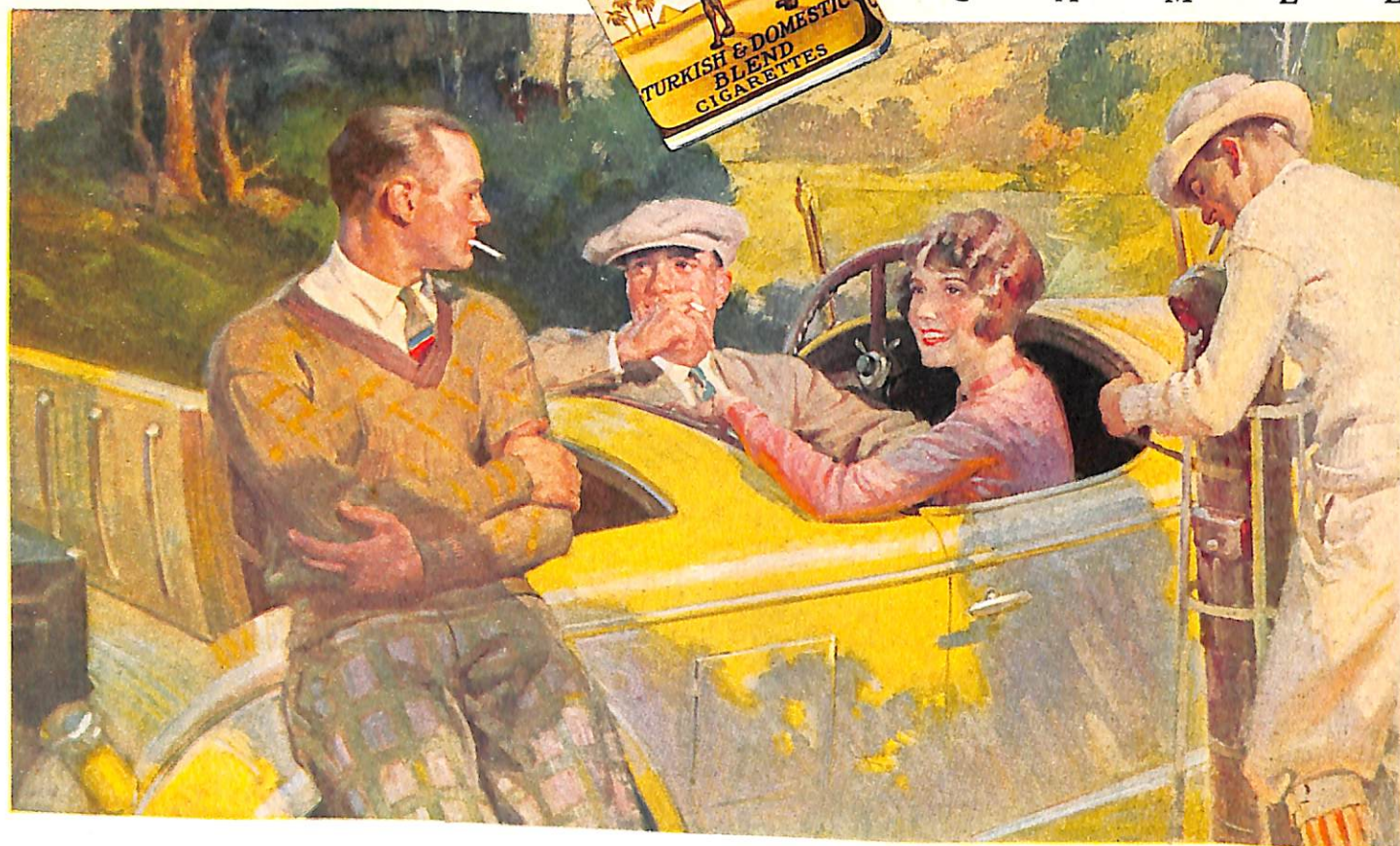
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Such blending as you never dreamed of for enhancing the taste of fragrant tobaccos. And through it all a skill and sureness in producing the world's best.

Modern smokers are the hardest to please ever known. And they find their favorite in Camel. No other cigarette in any age was ever so popular as Camel is today. Your supreme tobacco pleasure is waiting for you here.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.